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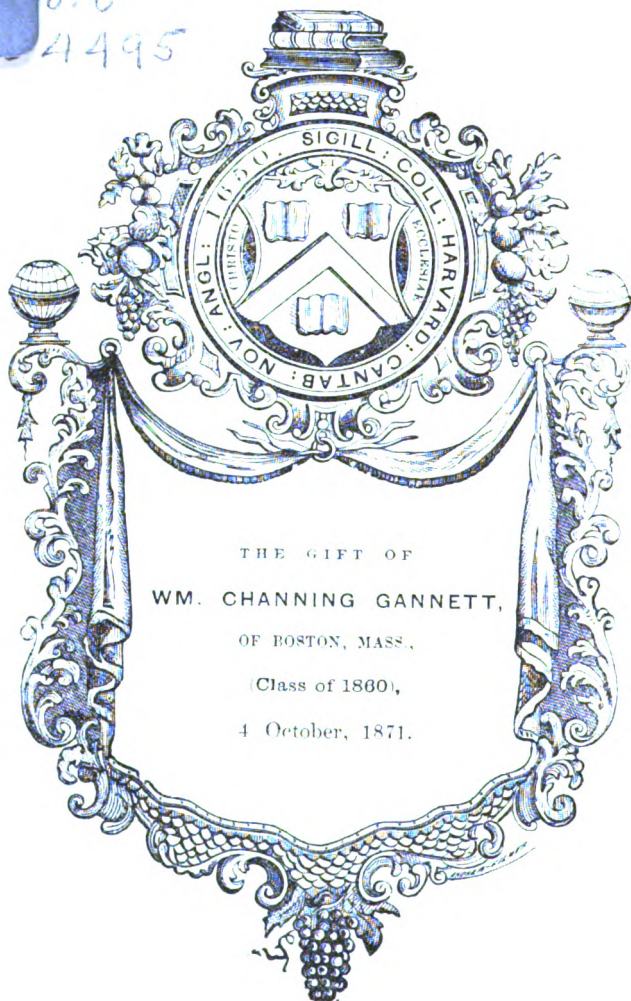
*Child's friend
and youth's magazine*

Eliza Lee Cabot Follen, Harriet L. Brown, Anne Wales Abbot

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J. Andrew & H.W. Smith

North Day

THE

CHILD'S FRIEND

AND

FAMILY MAGAZINE.

*Edited by
Anne Hales School*

VOL. XXVIII.

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THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

THE DEPARTURE.

(See Engraving.)

"O, it is such a hard life, and so full of danger! I hope you will make up your mind to stay at home, after this voyage. You could find something to do on shore; I know you could," said Emma, sobbing.

"It is a hard life," said Harry, "no doubt about that. But it makes a man of me. I am not a bit afraid of hard labor, not I. I am able seaman this trip. I may be mate, next. None of your pity, sister, for me. I have chosen my profession, and I'll not desert it. What would become of commerce, if tender mothers and sisters had their way?"

"But Commerce might afford her trusty servants better food, and more comfortable quarters on board. They deserve it."

"Very true, and good sailors are scarce, because they are not properly cared for. But an intelligent sailor has a better chance to rise, for that very reason,

Emma. I shall be captain some day, and then I will not live on salt junk, I promise you ; nor shall my crew either, if I can help it."

" You are likely to rise, if God preserves your life, Harry. But did not Ned begin with as fair a prospect as you ? And he is before the mast still, and now he never comes home to see his mother. He is ashamed to show his red, bloated face."

" Tobacco and grog, Emma, are worse than rocks and gales of wind ; they destroy more likely fellows, I promise you, than were ever wrecked by the elements. But I was laughed at, even by the Captain, because I had given my word to you and mother never to use them. They said a man could not be a sailor without them."

" But are not you a sailor, I want to know ?"

" They have rather dropped that, now that I am no longer a green hand. But I did sometimes want a little comfort, when I was wet, and cold, and tired ; a good cup of coffee, or tea, such as any man may get on land, when he needs it."

" Could you not make friends with the steward ?"

" O, I'm not going to pet myself ! Only it should be a matter of course, and there are *some* captains — Well, never mind. They are getting the anchor up, and I must be off."

" I have the comfort of thinking you have a good chest of clothes, all in order, to the last button. And don't be afraid of petting yourself, pray. You have new, warm baize shirts ; I made them, — they are not slop-work, to rip at the first pull."

" Good, but you cannot beat *me* at sewing, I promise you."

"I have found very ingenious patching upon some of your things, to be sure. I have renewed your stock of needles and thread, brightened your rusty shears, and had them ground, and I have filled up your button-box. Ah, Harry, you will think of me sometimes!"

"I hope you will remember me, Emma, in your prayers. Good-by." And with a kiss the brother and sister parted.

Some weeks after, Emma, in studying the ship-news in the newspaper, saw a brief announcement that the ship Anna Mary had been abandoned at sea. The Anna Mary was the ship in which her brother had sailed. Poor Emma could not have her mother's sympathy in her grief and suspense, for she lay very ill. Any agitation might prove fatal to her.

The wind whistled drearily about the house, and roared in the chimneys, that night. The rain beat against the windows with a sullen, dismal sound, which made the stillness within the sick-room more oppressive to the heart of the watcher. The sick woman moaned in her sleep, and murmured the name of Harry. Emma stepped lightly to the bedside, and tenderly raised the pillow, changing the position of the sleeper, without disturbing her. It seemed to her as she did so that a dark shadow passed away from the pale features. The expression of pain and anxiety was gone. A sweet, calm smile rested upon the lips; the brows and the closed eyes were beautiful in their expression of peace. "She is better," said Emma; "she is relieved from pain."

And she softly withdrew to the easy-chair by the fireside, and with a sigh of fatigue fell back into it. Where, where was Harry, the only brother and only son? Emma fell asleep, and dreamed that he was alone upon the vast ocean. The black waves did not roar like the surf upon the beach, but swelled mountain-high, and the form of her brother, dimly seen, lashed upon a plank, now rose upon the whitened crest, now sunk out of view in the deep hollow. "Harry, dear Harry! O that I could reach to save you!" she cried in her troubled sleep; and from the dark water came a voice, faint, and mingled with the whistling of the wind: "Emma, fear not for me. *You* cannot help me, but one Friend is with me; in the depths of the sea shall his hand lead me, and his right hand shall hold me."

The dream was broken by a knocking at the house door. Who could be asking shelter at midnight? She was startled and afraid; but she would not shrink from the duty of opening the door to a benighted and storm-beaten traveller. She pulled back the bolt with trembling fingers; there stood a man in an oil-cloth coat and sou'wester, dripping as if he had just risen from the sea. It was Harry, and the bound which brought him to her side upon the mat showed him to be strong and hearty as ever. One boisterous shout of gladness, and then his voice sunk to a whisper. "My poor mother is no better, then?" he said, for his quick eye had perceived his sister's anxious glance towards the stairs.

"There has been a change within an hour. Perhaps — I dare not say there is hope, Harry; still, perhaps —"

•

"A change!" repeated Harry, wildly.

"I mean a change from suffering to sweet, calm rest. I hope our voices have not waked her."

Harry made no answer to his sister's advice, that he should take off his damp clothing and go to bed. "It will be better that she should not see you till the quiet night's rest is secured. She could not sleep after the excitement of meeting."

With a serious, sad gaze into Emma's face, Harry put his arm round her, and, supporting her tenderly, went softly up the stairs. He lingered a moment outside, as Emma entered the still, warm, cheerful room. "Is she gone? Am I not to see my dear mother once more, living?" he said to himself.

"Harry! Did I dream, or who was it I heard?" said the voice he had feared was hushed for ever.

"He is here; he was picked up at sea by a home-bound vessel," said Emma, keeping Harry back with her hand, as he came lightly behind her. "To-morrow you will see him."

"I shall see the dawn of an eternal day;—no morrow on earth, my children," she said, with a happy smile. "I thank God that in his good providence both are here to receive my last blessing."

The hardy sailor trembled, and could not restrain his deep, strong sobs; but Emma laid her cheek upon the cold, white hand which clasped hers, with a look of solemn joy.

"Life is beautiful,—all my sorrows, all my trials,—more beautiful as I look back in gratitude, than when in youth I looked forward with hope. Love your God, and it will be so with you, in the last

hour. Let no trouble overcome your faith in him. If you wander, return to him, and he will abundantly pardon. I have gone astray, often; but I humbly believe he accepts the intention of my life. I have aimed to be his servant. I have loved his service. He gives me joy and peace now. Harry, will you too be his servant?"

"As long as I live," sobbed Harry.

"And you, my daughter?"

"I will, dear mother," said Emma, solemnly.

"I know not but I may yet be permitted to watch over you, a guardian angel."

"We will think of you as always near us."

"Now leave me, that my last thoughts may be a prayer."

They sat down to watch, but neither of them knew when the last breath was drawn.

EDITOR.

NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.

My dear young friends, I most sincerely wish you a happy New Year, and I am desirous to do something to render this year *truly* a blessed one. You will, no doubt, receive a great many gifts, and a great many kind wishes. But they alone cannot make you really happy. It must depend upon yourselves,—upon the state of your own hearts and characters. You might be made miserable by indulging in wrong feelings, or ill temper, before the

end of this very first day, in spite of all that has been done for you, and all the tokens and expressions of affection you have received.

It is very common for both grown people and children to begin the year with general resolutions of improvement. They satisfy themselves in this way, and think they cannot fail of growing better in growing older. But indefinite resolves do very little good. It is better to fix upon some one fault to which you feel yourself to be peculiarly liable, and determine to correct that. Pause at the commencement of this year, and look back over the last. Consider in what respects you have been most prone to go wrong. If you cannot tell, ask your parents, or some judicious friend, to point them out to you.

It is very likely, for instance, that you are conscious of having, at least occasionally, wasted your time, both in school and out. When you should have been busy and studious, you have been lounging, or talking and playing with your companions. Is it not so? Then consider seriously that you will deeply regret in after life any neglect of your present opportunities of improvement; be grateful that these opportunities have been yours, and are still continued to you; and determine that your industry shall be habitual, and sustained by principle, not wavering and impulsive.

Or, possibly, you may remember to have been at times disrespectful, or even disobedient, to your parents; perhaps your heart reproaches you with petulance, or coldness, or downright unkindness, towards brothers, sisters, or companions. Will you not, then,

begin with this year a better government of your temper? If it seems hard at first, remember that every trial and victory will make it more easy. The sincere endeavor will gain for you the respect of every one who sees it, and will promote your happiness in proportion to your success.

Have you been negligent in your duty towards your Father in heaven? In the hurry of the morning, have you forgotten to ask his blessing? Have you allowed sleep to overtake you, before any expression of thankfulness, or of contrition for the shortcomings and faults of the day, has gone up from your heart? Or are your prayers repeated as a mere form? Strive that henceforth no engagement, nor company, nor weariness, shall interfere with this duty. If I could be sure that each of you, every morning of this year, in ever so few words, would ask God to take care of you, and keep you from sin during the day, and that, when the evening came, you would always ask his forgiveness for the sins of which you had been guilty, and thank him for the mercies of the day,—and do it with the heart,—I should feel that this year would indeed be a happy one, for you would be secure from doing anything very wrong.

I could suggest other questions to aid your self-examination; but I must now proceed to give you such advice as I hope may be useful, in correcting the faults you discover.

First, whatever the fault may be, try to remember some particular instances in which you have been guilty of it, and write them down, in order to impress

them distinctly upon your mind. Having done this, ask God to forgive you for the past, and help you in your endeavor to do better in the future. Keep the record, and often look at it, that you may be kept humble and watchful. Think of the different methods which can be employed, to keep your resolution alive and active. There are certain thoughts you can make so familiar, that they will come up to your mind in the season of temptation, with power. When tempted to be petulant, remember the beautiful life of Jesus, — how he was tried, yet never was angry. You can remember in season, if you try, how sorry you will be afterwards if you give way to passion. You can think, when you are not in good humor, and are disposed to be disagreeable, how you dislike to be treated in the same way by any one else. However slight your wrong propensities may seem in your own view, never be afraid of doing too much to check them. If you are easily annoyed and disturbed, compel yourself to endure small troubles patiently; it will do you no harm. If you are the least inclined to be passionate, there is no danger of your growing *too* meek. If you are disposed to be indolent, undertake boldly as much as you can possibly do.

In the second place, when you have thus laid all your plans, in the quiet of your chamber, before temptation comes, just as you would plan a piece of work you intend to do, deliberately resolve to do your utmost for *one week* to correct your faults. It is better to look forward for one week, at first, than for a year. At the end of one week, resolve for the next, and so on.

In the third place, keep a written record of failures and falls. Be not discouraged if at first they are many, for your very faults can be made to help you on, provided you do not shrink from the smart of conscience the remembrance of them gives you. On every Sunday, if not oftener, take your pen in hand, call to mind, and write down, every instance in which you have broken your resolves. If they are too numerous to be set down in detail, with all their circumstances, take one in each day, or even one, the worst and least excusable, in the week.

In the fourth place, when you cannot wholly control your wayward feelings, guard against any *expression* of them. This is very important. If inclined to be angry or unjust, you should not allow yourself to speak one word, or to manifest your undisciplined feeling by a look or gesture even. There is no danger that the suppression of an impulse your heart tells you is wrong, can make you a hypocrite. If it is vanity, or the love of dress, you feel conscious of, make it a rule not to talk of yourself, nor to allow partial friends to flatter you; and also make sacrifices in matters of show and personal decoration, in order to give to those who need. You will find a pleasure in this.

Try very hard that every day there may be some improvement in one way or another. As Canova, the famous sculptor, is said to have resolved, and to have kept his resolution, never to pass a day without making some design in his art, so you should endeavor that no day should go by without some advance towards perfection in the Christian character.

With these methods diligently and prayerfully followed, my dear young friends, I have no doubt that at the end of this year you will be much improved in some one respect, at least, and happier also. If you persevere in conquering one fault every year, you will be continually, as you grow older, growing, as Jesus did, "in favor with God and man."*

SALEM, November 28.

BERENGER.

"ADÉLE, come to a more sheltered place; the breeze from the lake is blowing your curls about somewhat too briskly."

"O no, papa! I like it."

The father made no reply, but held out his hand to show that his command remained in force, notwithstanding the expression of reluctance. So Adèle sprang up to obey, but with a scream of pain and surprise fell back into her seat again.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Ethelind, who supposed she was stung by a bee, at the very least, and ran to her, followed by Leo, Henri, and Aribert. Adèle sobbed passionately, and would not answer. Berenger was sitting by himself on the wall of the little terrace where the family were assembled for

* The above was not written for publication. The Editor is very glad to be permitted to present it to a larger class than that for whom it was prepared by a teacher.

the evening, and swinging his feet over the water which came up to its foot. He laughed loudly, and clapped his hands; on which Adèle's sobs grew louder and more violent, and took the tone of anger more than grief. Perceiving this, Ethelind's compassion suddenly cooled, and she walked away.

"Baby!" cried Berenger, while Leo whistled, and Henri and Aribert took a spy-glass to the end of the terrace, to spy a boat which had come into sight, its white lateen sails catching the last rays of the setting sun.

"Adèle, why did you not come when I called you?" asked the father, who had not moved from his great arm-chair, though for a moment a little alarmed at the sudden cry of pain. "Why are you crying?"

"I was coming, but Berenger twitched me back by the hair."

"O, I did not!" cried Berenger. "How could I? I was sitting away off here, all the while." But he had tied two long tresses together round a branch of ivy against which Adèle was leaning. As soon as this became manifest, there was a suppressed titter among the brothers, but Ethelind did not smile.

"These scenes are becoming too frequent; the peace of the family is seriously disturbed by them," said the father, sighing. "Berenger, you may withdraw."

"Is it my fault that Adèle is angry at a joke?" said Berenger, obeying however. As he passed Adèle he whispered, "I will be even with you for making me lose the story; I shall remember it."

"Papa, Berenger gave me a push, and he threatened me. He is an ugly boy. I wish the water-fiend would come up and take him," cried the little girl, running to her father's knee.

Ethelind said he would have to bring two bags, if he took all the quarrelsome people; upon which Aribert and Henri laughed, and Adèle's sobs recommenced.

"My little daughter, how old are you?" said the father, stroking the little shining head, as it lay upon his arm.

"Why, you know, papa; it was only yesterday I was eight."

"Eight years old, and not more patient and reasonable! How shall I help my darling to a better state of mind?"

"But Berenger, he is twelve, and —"

"Yes, Berenger is twelve, and should behave better; but that is not *your* affair, is it?"

"Are you going to punish me too?"

"If you think it would be a good plan. I wonder if you would not be more patient, and forgiving, and forbearing, if I helped you by a little discipline?"

"I could be all the good things, every one, if it were not for ugly Berenger. I was not so very much hurt, and I should not have cried, I know, if it had been an accident. I should only have laughed, if I had not thought he pulled my hair, and on purpose to hurt and provoke me."

"I know he teases you a great deal, and I do not wonder your patience is somewhat worn, and your temper already to fly out, when he is by. We all

have much to bear from Berenger, at present. We are trying to do the best we can by him; are we not, Ethelind?"

"Yes, dear father; but sometimes I cannot remember not to fret his temper by sarcasms," said Ethelind, blushing.

"Now, my little one, give me a kiss, and go to your own room to think this over."

"What, papa! and so lose the story of the Unseen Benefactor? I could forgive Berenger a great deal better, if you let me stay."

"But you acknowledge, now you are cool, that, in this disturbance which has been the cause of his banishment, you were quite as much to blame as he?"

"Not quite; but I need not have made such a fuss. I was only cross," said Adèle, "not much else."

"Will you go, or stay? I give you leave to choose!"

Adèle sighed. "I had rather you should say, papa."

"My little girl has an upright heart."

Ethelind smiled brightly, and her eyes sparkled.

"O papa! It is very hard! I remember so well just where you left off, yesterday. I long to hear whether Eugene obeyed the silver-toned voice he heard close by his pillow, in the silence of night. It said, 'Fear not, for I am with you. Trust in me, and I will never fail you. In temptation, think that my eye is upon you; in danger, that my power surrounds you; in perplexity, that my wisdom is sufficient for you, if you obey me always.'"

"You must have been much impressed by those words, to remember them so well."

Adèle said Ethelind had repeated them to her.

"I was thinking all the while," said Ethelind, "that God is *our* Unseen Benefactor; he is always speaking so to us, in the silence of our hearts."

Leo, Henri, and Aribert came and seated themselves before their father, who always drew his children round him at the twilight hour, and entertained them with stories or pleasant chat till the time came for evening lessons. This was also Adèle's bed-time; therefore they commonly sang together the vesper hymn, and joined in the evening prayer, before they separated.

"Are you waiting for anything, papa?" asked Adèle, with a faltering voice.

Ethelind smiled, and said it was pretty evident Adèle had decided to remain.

"Very well," said the father, coldly.

"Papa, will you not pardon Berenger, and recall him? It was only a joke, you know. I ought to go away, and not poor Berenger; I hope you will let *him* come back," said Adèle.

"Call him, Aribert, and let him know that it was his sister's desire," said the father.

"He is out on the lake," said Leo. "The boat came to the stairs at the landing, and Berenger leaped in. I could not see very well, but I thought the miller's boys, and Pierre Leblanc, and Jacquot, were there."

"Fine company!" cried Ethelind, indignantly.

"We'll see if he gets back by study hours," said Henri.

"Whose garden are they going to rob now?" said Aribert.

"I trust they could never lead a boy of mine into a dishonest action," said the father; "but Berenger ought not to have joined them, even for an hour's sail; he knows I do not approve of such associates."

"And it is my fault he is gone," said Adèle. "I will not stay and hear the story, since he cannot, papa. O, I am so sorry! So sorry!" And putting her arms round her father's neck, she gave him the kiss, and received his warm embrace in return. As she turned from him, she was caught in the arms of Ethelind, who gave her a cordial kiss, with eyes full of tears.

"I'll remember for you," said Aribert, "every word, if I can." Leo hastened to open the house door for her, and Henri offered his Molière, full of droll pictures, to keep her from dropping asleep before the bell rang for prayers.

Adèle was surprised to find herself quite happy and light-hearted, as she sat down alone in the library. Sep, the house-dog, came and laid his great head in her lap, and looked up at her with loving eyes, as she softly pulled his shaggy ears.

"Ah, Seppa, I am going to be good-tempered like you," said she. She was quite in the habit of talking to Sep, who was an excellent listener. "How many a time I have pulled your hair, and you have not even growled; only winked hard, and swallowed two or three times, with a beseeching

look." Sep thrashed the floor with his bushy tail, and looked gratified. "I know very well, so I do, that to have one's hair pulled is very provoking." Sep sat up and offered his paw. It seemed to Adèle quite remarkable that he did so of his own accord, and without even a hint from her. She wondered whether dogs did not understand language a little better than was generally supposed. "Yes, Sep, shake a paw, for I am going to be amiable, after your example. You did not snap, and snarl, and bark, when Berenger kicked you this morning; no, no! you are never cross. He wanted you to go into the water. You do not like swimming. It is hard work. You will not go in for everybody. But you went in for poor Louise, when Berenger tossed her out of the boat. There's the mark of your teeth on her painted cheeks still. It is well she is only a doll."

(To be continued.)



CHARADES.

No. I.

As my *first* floated by on its airy wing,
 A delicate, soft, and feathery thing,
 The boy leaped up in his gladness wild,
 The man of business paused and smiled;
 Yet the engine stopped on its fiery track,
 And the pauper shivered in terror back,
 For he saw it creep with its stealthy tread,
 And stifle the breath, and shroud the dead.

2 *

It vanished quite ; and, bright and warm,
 Showed my *second* then its tiny form ;
 When the opening leaf in the breeze was swung,
 With a trembling clasp to its tip it clung ;
 It cradled itself in the red moss-cup,
 It laughed from the glancing streamlet up,
 Then, stealing away from our nearer view,
 It painted the cloud with its rainbow hue.

My *whole* 'neath my first's broad mantle slept,
 Till, waked by the tear my *second* wept,
 It starteth up from its mossy bed,
 And, daintily rearing its drooping head,
 It quivers and shakes at the breeze's sigh,
 But feareth naught from the angry sky,—
 Nor spreads for the sunbeam all aglow
 A single blush o'er its breast of snow.

No. II.

UPON the broad and open sea
 My first doth find a home :
 To do my *second*, more and more
 Some men abroad will roam.

My whole is covered o'er with scars,
 With many a ghastly wound,
 And yet it never doth appear
 Upon the battle-ground ;

And though upon its open breast
 The arrows pour like rain,
 Though deadly weapons pierce it through,
 It never can be slain.

THE LIFE OF A CENT.

FROM AN UNPRINTED SCHOOL NEWSPAPER.

I MAKE no apology for obtruding myself upon your notice, and let no one sneer at my humble claims to attention; for a Cent, in these hard money times, is not so very insignificant, as I think my story will prove.

Be it known to you, I have a fine head, and a handsome countenance withal, of the brightest tint of the copper complexion, for I began my career in 18—. I wish you to know, also, that I have been accustomed to *polished* society. I left the place of my education, the mint, in company with some thousands no older than myself, to perform my part in the busy scenes of the world. We travelled together a long time. We were finally deposited at a broker's in Boston. Here our numbers gradually diminished. A few hundred at a time were sent abroad, till my turn came at last. A rag-man came to exchange his bills for specie, for greater convenience in making his purchases of thrifty housekeepers, and I fell into his hands. "Now," thought I, "I shall see something of the world."

A mountain of rags was rising in the cart, as the rag-man travelled from house to house, and still I remained unnoticed. Finally, I, and forty-nine more, were exchanged for two huge basketfuls, at a house in Salem. Here we were greatly admired, rather for our shining qualities than our intrinsic

worth, however. Fifty bright cents together, you will allow, is no common sight. We had a merry time of it for a while. A little boy amused himself with making us run races on the smooth kitchen-floor, — a kind of exercise which was quite a novelty to *me*, and it is no wonder that, in the heat of the pursuit, having knocked down a companion, and run over him, I awkwardly turned aside into an ash-pit, where rolling was quite out of the question. “Here is an end of my *seeing the world*,” thought I.

But the same day the ash-man called. The ashes were shovelled out, and I with them, undiscovered. I was lying in my soft bed, at the door of the next house, when a well-dressed gentleman in a fashionable carriage with no top — (I believe it is called a buggy) — came dashing by. By some chance, the wheel of the buggy locked itself into that of the ash-cart, and the charioteer was thrown face downward into the ashes. There was a roar of laughter through the street, — the most polite man in the world could not have stood by with a grave face, to see him rising, not much like a Phoenix, from the ashes. His black hair and whiskers were as gray as if they had seen the snows of threescore winters; and then his nice black coat! Alas!

Such a cloud of dust was raised by his getting up and shaking himself, that I still lay unnoticed, though uncovered; when out came the ash-man, and, turning his head the other way to avoid being choked, poured another bushel over me, and escape was rendered hopeless.

But being buried was nothing to what I next

endured. The ashes were put into a great vat, and water was poured in. A bath of strong lye, let me tell you, is no luxury. Had I remained there long, I should have been as black as a cent of the last century. By good luck, the man who was pouring in the water, catching a glimpse of something glittering, dug me out, and, washing me clean, put me in his pocket, not without a wish that I had been a dollar, instead of *only a Cent*.

Only a Cent,—yet this man's fate was most probably decided by me. He was a lad from the country, where he had been exposed to no great temptations, as he had happened to have good companions. An idle, good-for-nothing fellow, lounging about the factory, sometimes entered into conversation with the simple youth, and tried to persuade him to join a club of gambling, dissipated fellows like himself, but for some time without success.

Finally it was agreed that tossing up a copper should decide the matter. I was made to execute a somerset, or rather a dozen somersets, in the air. I came down face upwards. To the tavern he went, and I helped to pay for drink and cigars. Poor fellow! I left him on the road to ruin.

I was taken from the till of the bar-room by the landlord's son. Had I been capable of blushing, I should have blushed for him. "It is *only a Cent*," he said, "and father won't miss it"; but after he had put me in his pocket, he had no more peace that night. I weighed like a mill-stone on his mind, and he wished me back again. He thought the irksome feeling which pursued him was *fear*, and tried to

reason it away. "It is impossible I should be found out," he said.

He sat down in silence to his supper, with down-cast eyes. He no longer looked his father in the face, with the sweet confidence of childhood. He had *defrauded* him, and he felt every kind word as a reproach. "Poh!" he tried to say; "what 's a Cent to a man like father!" But a voice within him told him it signified a great deal as a theft, though very little as a loss. He could not relish a morsel till he had resolved to go and put me back in the drawer.

With this intention, he quitted the table before his father had finished his supper. The father had noticed something unusual in the child's appearance, however; and, setting down his cup of tea, he softly followed him, and seized his hand in the drawer, with the fingers yet closed upon me.

"Ha, you little rascal! now I shall give you something to remember!" cried his father. "No excuses,—not a word. You know better, and I shall make you *do* better, if I can."

So he gave him a few blows, which the boy received without complaining or shrinking.

"Is that enough?"

"I hope so, father," was his reply, looking him full in the face. Struck by his manner, his father looked at him steadily.

"Father, it was right I should be punished; but I did not take the Cent *now*: I was putting it back."

"Well, you *did* take it?"

"Yes; but I had resolved never to take anything again, before you whipped me."

"Why did you not tell me how it was?"

"You would have thought it was only an excuse, to escape punishment."

"So I should. Richard, should you have told me of this if I had not found it out?"

"I shall always feel better to think you know it, father. I should have always had it to think of, and blush for, when you praised me. I don't know as I could have had the courage to tell you —"

"For fear of being whipped?"

"No, father, — you know it is not *that*!"

Just then a woman came in with a handkerchief at her eyes, and asked to speak with the landlord alone. I was lying on the bar, where Richard, as he went out, had laid me down. How I exerted a great influence on the success of the poor woman's petition, I will set forth in the next number of the *Herald*, if the public should be enough interested in my humble memoirs to wish them continued.*

I have lived to know that the grand secret of man's happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of *too many irons in the fire* conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many; poker, tongs, and all, — keep them all going. — DR. E. D. CLARKE.

* This story is reprinted from *The Evergreen Chaplet*, in order that the writer may fulfil the promise with which it concludes, as she has sometimes been requested to do.

THE CLOTHES MOTH.

PERHAPS my young friends may have found, this winter, on opening a drawer or box containing the muff and tippet, or the scarf and mittens, laid away last spring, some holes in the latter that were not in them when they were worn last year; or may have seen the hair drop off in bunches from the beautiful furs, leaving unsightly patches of bare skin. Or, if still too young to take much personal care of these things, there are few, I think, who do not know that some kind friend does anxiously see to it that their woollen garments and furs are wrapped up every summer, or guarded in some way from "the moths." Is there one amongst them who has never seen a "moth-hole"?

The word *moth* has a much wider application than is usually given to it in our common speech. It includes a great number of insects, that resemble butterflies in many respects. As these last fly about by day, and moths by night, they are sometimes called night-butterflies. You have all heard them called *millers*, no doubt, and can remember the half-pitying, half-accusing spirit with which poor "miller, miller, musty-poll" was greeted, on his appearance in the nursery, leaving some of the meal he stole on your little fingers, if you tried to catch him to give him a moral lesson. As moth and miller mean precisely the same thing, I hope you will never call anything that flies a "moth-miller." It is as incorrect as it would be to say heart's-ease-pansy, or oriole-hangbird.

Moth is an Anglo-Saxon word, derived, probably, from one that means to gnaw or eat. Though the name includes so many insects that in their winged state attract us by their beauty, or in the form of caterpillars destroy our valued possessions, both in nature and art, it was originally given exclusively to the little creatures now under consideration, — the caterpillars, or young, of certain insects, and well known, time out of mind, as the destroyers of clothing, and carpets, and various household goods. Old English writers speak of the moth in this sense. It is so used in the New Testament: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt." You know, perhaps, that in Eastern countries, in ancient times, a man's treasures consisted not only of gold and silver, but of garments made of fine woollen stuffs, richly colored and embroidered, and very costly; and therefore the moth is spoken of as that which might corrupt, that is, cause to decay, these treasures.

All insects exist in three forms or states, more or less distinctly marked. In the first state, called by naturalists the *larva* (a word signifying a mask), because the future form of the insect is, as it were, masked or hidden in it, it has no wings, it grows rapidly, and spends its time mostly in eating. It is to this period of the insect's life that the common names of grub, caterpillar, and worm are applied. In the second period it is called the *pupa* (a puppet or doll), because some insects in this state resemble an infant wrapped up in bandages, as was the custom in ancient times. In this state they take no food,

and are in a condition resembling sleep, almost like death. The pupa of a moth or butterfly is generally called a *chrysalis* (from a word signifying gold), because in some species it is speckled with golden spots. In their last or perfect state, they are provided with wings, and do not grow. No fly, or bee, or butterfly, or moth, however small it may be when it leaves the pupa form, ever grows any larger. Children often say, when they see the tiny flies that cover the windows in spring, "O, here are the little baby flies! By and by they will be great buzzing flies." But it is not the case. These little flies belong to a different species from the common house-flies, and neither of them ever grow.

The great division of the insect kingdom to which all moths and butterflies belong is called *Lepidoptera*, which means having scaly wings. The powder which you may have carelessly brushed off from the wings or body of some pretty little white miller, or gay butterfly, that happened to rest near you, was composed of little scales, arranged like the scales of a fish, one lapping over the other; and each scale has a stem by which it is inserted into the wing. The *Lepidopterous* insects are again divided into butterflies, hawk-moths, and moths. The most obvious differences between a butterfly and a moth, to a common observer, are these: the butterfly has antennæ (the delicate, jointed, and sensitive horns that project from the head of most insects in the winged state) of a thread-like form, knobbed at the end; the moth has antennæ that taper from the base to the tip, sometimes smooth and sometimes feath-

ered ; — the former flies by day ; the latter by night ; — the butterfly, when at rest, folds its wings, so that they stand perpendicularly, with the upper sides close together ; the moth's wings generally lie flat, or somewhat sloping, when at rest, with the larger pair folded over the hind wings.

Among moths are found some very large, such as the Atlas-moth, a Chinese insect, whose wings, when expanded, measure a quarter of a yard across, and the Polyphemus, one of the largest of our native moths, expanding sometimes to a width of six inches, and others so small as almost to escape the eye, unless sought for. Most of them have a long sucking-tube, which is formed of two hollow threads united, and when not in use is rolled up in a spiral form ; but in some of them this tube is very short. Their caterpillars are sometimes naked and smooth, sometimes hairy, or covered with prickles ; some are three inches long, and as thick as a man's thumb, others are less than a quarter of an inch long, and slender in proportion. Their bodies have twelve rings, or separate joints, as it were, and from ten to sixteen legs. They have six little eyes on each side of the head ; and their jaws are strong, and open and shut sidewise. In the middle of the under lip, there is a tube from which they spin the silk that they use when they make cocoons, or whenever they have need of silk. In their bodies are two little ob-long bags, full of a sticky fluid, and these open into the spinning-tubes. When it flows out through these into the air, it hardens, and forms a silken thread.

The tribe to which the clothes-moth belongs is

called *Tinea*; and some of the very smallest of the Lepidopterous insects are found in it. It is in the larva or caterpillar state that they do the mischief for which we bear them such ill-will. They gnaw holes in the substances in which they live, and make winding paths to sport in. Some of the fragments, or woolly saw-dust, they eat, and some of it they fasten together with threads of silk, from their silk-bags, so as to cover their tender skins. Sometimes they make a sort of burrow or tent, in which they hide, and eat at leisure; as they grow larger, enlarging their dwellings at either end, and sometimes cutting them open, to set in little gores. Some of them make cases just large enough to live in when at rest, little hollow rolls, lined with silk, and, when they creep about to find fresh pasturing-ground, carry their houses on their backs, as snails do. They are sometimes of a dingy white, sometimes dark-colored. They spend the summer in their work of destruction, but in the autumn they leave off eating, and remain torpid generally all winter. In the spring they are changed to chrysalids, in the case in which they have lived, and sometimes they spin a cocoon of silk inside of it. In about three weeks they are transformed to perfect moths. Their wings are long and narrow, and fringed at the edges, and when at rest, they are folded round the body.

In the latter part of May, and in June, the little moths may be seen flying about in the evening. They wish to find a place to lay their eggs in, to found a new colony of caterpillars. They will glide through the cracks and chinks of trunks and drawers,

under the edges of carpets, and into the folds of hanging garments and curtains. There are many distinct families in this tribe, and some of them have pretty names, such as *Tinea vestianella*, the clothes-moth; *Tinea tapetzella*, the carpet-moth; *Tinea pel-lionella*, the fur-moth; *Tinea crinella*, the hair-moth; but I fear neither their pretty names, nor their pretty satin wings, will bring them many friends. You will say, "Handsome is that handsome does," and will desire to rout out their eggs and their little ones, whenever you find them; and when they fly abroad, "some food for their young ones to seek," you will take care to fasten up your furs and woollens in paper or linen bags so tightly that they cannot enter, and to put some strong-scented substance — camphor, pepper, or other spices, cedar-wood, or tobacco — near and amongst them. The winged moth will not fly into any places, to lay her eggs, which are guarded by these strong odors; and even sweet perfumes, like lavender, will repel them, if strong enough.

In this large group of insects, the moths, the young students of nature will continually find objects to excite their wonder, admiration, and gratitude. A common single microscope will reveal exquisite beauty of form and coloring in the smallest of the little destroyers we have been considering; and even a faithful use of the delicate lenses that have been so wonderfully fitted into their frames in your own heads, my young readers, will bring you great enjoyment, in the observation of the forms and habits of this often despised but most truly interesting portion of God's glorious works. They are

finite; but their construction, their instincts, and adaptation to the world in which they live, will reveal to you a glimpse of infinite wisdom and infinite love; and in the brilliant and delicate beauty lavished upon them, only passed by thoughtlessly, because so common, you will perceive how the hand of a loving Father has provided for the continual solace and delight of his human children, endowed with powers that can only find their full unfolding and exercise in eternal life, yet so frail on earth as to be "crushed before the moth."

S. S. F.

CHRISTMAS.

Come here, my little daughter,
And sit upon my knee,
And listen to the pretty tale
That I will tell to thee,

About three little children,
One dreary Christmas night,
Who sat together, cold and sad,
With neither fire nor light.

The sky was dark and stormy,
The wind howled loud and shrill,
And pattering rain fell thick and fast
Upon the window-sill.

A tattered shawl was closely wrapped
Around the children three,
As Josey clung to Mabel's side,
And Jane sat on her knee.

"Dear Mabel," said the youngest,
"Will mother never come?
She said we should have bread and milk
As soon as she came home."

"And oh!" cried little Josey,
"It is so dismal here!
The room is dark, and mother gone,—
Where is she, Mabel dear?"

"Be patient, darling sister,
And, Josey, do not cry;
Dear mother in this rain has gone
Some food for us to buy.

"And when she brings us bread and milk,
Dear children, do not say
How late and poor a dinner this
For merry Christmas day."

Thus spoke the gentle Mabel,
And thought with grief and pain
How hard her widowed mother toiled
Their daily bread to gain.

Then she invented stories,
And in that room so drear
Her pleasant voice and artless words
Were sweet indeed to hear.

For at the door I listened,
And Cesar, close behind,
Bore a huge basket, loaded down
With food of every kind.

And soon upon the hearth-stone
A fire was burning bright:
You would not then have known the room,
It was so warm and light.

Then came the weary mother,
All wet, and tired, and sad ;
A little loaf, a pint of milk,
Were all the store she had.

She stood upon the threshold,
She could advance no more,
So changed was all the dismal scene
She left an hour before.

The ruddy blaze so cheerful,
The sounds of mirth and glee,
The table set, and all prepared
By Mabel and by me,

The turkey and plum-pudding,
The store of Christmas pies,
The sauces nice, and tarts, and all,
She saw with wondering eyes.

With many a shout of triumph
They drew their mother in,
And laughed and danced about her ; ne'er
Heard I such merry din.

With one glance, short and tearful,
The mother looked at me,
Then turned and kissed her children
With joy 't was blest to see.

She could not speak to thank me ;
But the young children's glee,
And that one look of gratitude,
Were thanks enough for me !

And now, my little daughter,
Would you keep Christmas right,
Try to make others happy ;
Try to make some face bright ;

Try to remove some evil,
To cheer some sorrowing one;
For the merriest Christmas day is that
On which kind deeds are done.

* * * * *

WILLOW FARM STORIES.

No. I.

"COUSIN Julia, *do* tell us a story!" whined a small voice at my elbow, as I laid down my book, and looked out at the glowing west.

"O yes! There's just time enough before tea! Do, Cousin Julia! Please, *do*!" cried Richard, and Jane, and little Mollie, all echoing the request of curly-pated Willie.

"O, but I do not know how to make stories!" remonstrated I, rather alarmed at the request, and the impetuous crowd which beset my rocking-chair.

"O, you can, I know! Only *think* you can! Please try!"

"Let me think," said I, moved by the pleading eyes of my special pet, little Mollie. With expectant faces, they drew their little chairs and crickets to my feet, and Mollie claimed her seat in my lap.

"Would it do if I were to tell you about my own self, and the good times I had when I was a little girl like Jane?" said I, diffidently, for pure invention seemed to me quite impossible.

"O, a great deal better than made-up stories!"

Did you have blue eyes, or black, then? How long ago is it? Had you a grandma?"

"I will tell you about my first visit to Willow Farm. I remember I was almost out of my wits with joy for some time before we started from home. My mother was very busy finishing little dresses, and trimming small bonnets; and there was a most delightful bustle and confusion while she was packing my sister Edith's clothes and mine in a small trunk, and her own in a big one. When they were strapped and marked for P——, I could not understand why Willow Farm was not printed in large letters upon the card. I inquired, rather anxiously, and my mother assured me it was all right, but that she should certainly forget something very important, if I talked so much to her.

"Edie and I were dancing and jumping upon the door-steps when the coach came. It was a long journey then, — much longer than it is now."

"Why?"

"The rail-cars had not begun to run."

"Oh!"

"Edie and I were very tired at night. We went on board a steamboat. My mother laid us both into her berth, and made up a bed for herself on a narrow settee in front of us. In the night there was a high wind. We thought it a great storm, and cried with fear; and I think we were excusable, for the boat rolled and pitched so much, that some of the lamps were broken. Once a heavy wave struck the boat's side, like a monstrous hammer. Mamma's settee was started from its place, and two or

three others at the same time, and they all clashed together with a great noise, in the middle of the cabin. We should have been terribly alarmed if my mother had not waved her hand to us, and called out, 'Good-by, darlings!' laughing to show that *she* was not at all frightened.

"When we came to the landing, Edie and I agreed heartily in a resolve never to set foot upon a deck again; at least, not if there was any other way to get home. We had almost forgotten our bright hopes in the discomforts of the rough passage; but we began to think of Willow Farm again, as the boat drew slowly up to the wharf. My mother pointed out my uncle and two cousins in the crowd, waiting to welcome us, and the moment a plank was ready, they darted on board.

"How delightful it was to be on land once more! That was a pleasure in itself. But to be riding to Willow Farm, we little folks with my mother and Uncle Sam, while the two cousins, Tracy and Edward, followed with the baggage in a wagon, quite transported us. My mother was obliged to put her arm round my waist to keep me safe, in my raptures at the trees and fields, and my desire to peep out at the wagon behind.

"At last we drove up a little lane to the door of the cottage, and were put into the entry, mamma, Edith, the two trunks, and I. I felt that we really were at Willow Farm."

"Places never look as you expect," remarked Richard, with an air of experience. "Were you not disappointed?"

"It was more lovely than I had imagined. The large, low, white cottage was partially covered with a luxuriant vine, not a grape-vine, but a graceful and glossy climbing plant from the woods, which I had never before seen. A broad gravelled path in front was shaded by noble trees."

"Willows?"

"No, not willows; many of them were maples, I believe. Beyond them a steep bank went down to a broad field or meadow, richly green. A brook ran through the middle of it, shaded by willows, and far, far away, the view was bounded by thick woods. I remember we used sometimes, in a still evening, to hear the barking of the dogs hunting the foxes, in those woods.

"Behind the farm-house was a great yard, and here there were more willows, very old and large. It seems to me even now, that the sun was never so bright, nor the wind so soft and sweet, nor the song of the birds so delicious to our ears, as on the bright June mornings when Edie and I played under those old trees. There was an ice-house with the roof coming down to the ground, so that we could run up on one side, and slide down on the other."

There was a murmur of admiration among the children.

"The great charm of the yard, however, the thing which drew us out there before breakfast, and again in the forenoon, after dinner, and after tea, till it was too dark for us to be abroad, was the swing. It hung between two giant willows. When the boys were at school, and we were tired of swinging each

other, we amused ourselves for hours in a way no other children ever thought of, I imagine."

There was a great stir at this, and very eager attention.

"There were little red excrescences, or bunches, upon many of the willow leaves."

"Yes, I've seen such," said Richard; "caused by insects, I have been told." He spoke to Jane, who looked up to him as her elder.

"We collected a store of them, and, ingeniously making dishes of leaves, we pretended to get up an elegant dinner, adding as vegetables whatever pebbles or other substances resembled them. It required imagination, and was therefore very entertaining."

"Imagination means making believe," explained Richard, with a nod at Willie.

"Sometimes Edith and I were allowed to pack ourselves in, when my mother and my aunt were going down street in the chaise, one of us sitting upon a footstool in the bottom, with her back against the dasher. We took turns in occupying that rather inconvenient seat, and I remember were obstinate in calling it riding *in* the dasher."

"Ho, ho!" cried Willie, and they all smiled, superior, and sat up a little straighter.

"There was one thing that occurred in those drives pretty often, that caused great anxiety and excitement in Edith, (who was the elder sister, you know,) and of course in me. Aunt Sarah and my mother would go into some house or shop, 'just for a minute,' leaving us to hold the sober old horse.

Whether Edith was timid, or self-distrustful, or it happened by accident, I do not know, but this duty almost always fell on me. I felt that it was an immense responsibility."

"What?" asked little Mollie.

"A great care," exclaimed Richard. "You should not interrupt."

"I always looked straight at the horse's ears, holding a rein in each hand. If he moved, head or foot, Edie and I both cried out 'Whoa!' in frantic tones. What a relief it was when my aunt came back to us! Once, honest Dobbin actually ran away with us; that is, he *walked* away, a few steps, and came to a stop at our pulling the reins with all our united strength. The moment we let them loose again, he set off, and walked on. We checked him again, by great exertion, and again he took advantage of our fatigue. At last, with a courage Edie and I both admired as heroic, I scrambled out of the slowly moving chaise, and ran distractedly for help."

"Ho, ho!" said Willie, and the whole party laughed condescendingly.

"I guess *I* could stop a horse," mused Mollie.

"One afternoon, — it was on a Saturday, when there was no school, — Tracy told me he was going down to the brook, fishing, and invited me to go too. I ran in eager haste to ask leave. 'You will not like it, Julia,' said my mother, seriously. I pleaded so hard, that she reluctantly consented. Tracy and I trudged off with the basket and rod, in great spirits. The sparkling brook played with the sunbeams, and babbled as it ran. It made me ache and shudder,

to see Tracy bait his hook. But I stood that. It was not till, with a cry of exultation, he twitched a poor little shining fish out of the water, and threw it flapping and gasping into the basket, that I turned and ran home as fast as I could run. I thought to myself that I should never feel like playing with Tracy again, — never!”

Richard colored, and looked at Jane, whose eyes were very wide open, and sorrowful.

“I have never seen any fishing since that day. I always avoid it. It is painful to me.”

“You can’t understand what fun it is,” said Richard. “I suppose I could not make you think it is not cruel. But I imagine a fish does not feel much; do you think he does, now? Why, the same fish will bite again directly, if you throw him in.”

“That is not very bright in him, to be sure. But it does not prove that he felt no pain; only that he has not reason, to tell him its cause.”

“Please tell something else,” pleaded Willie, who was not much interested about fish, not being at the fishing age.

“The sheep, — would you like to hear about them, — how I saw Daniel, the hired man, and my uncle, and all the boys, running to save a lamb which had been seized by a savage Indian dog belonging to a neighbor?”

“O, there’s the supper-bell! I am hungry, but I wish it would not ring just this minute,” said Willie.

“I will tell you to-morrow, in the twilight, how the poor little thing escaped. Poor Mollie is asleep.”

JULIA.

ANECDOTE OF A CAT.

SHE was a slender, airy little puss, with large ears, something of a forehead, and a sharp, saucy little nose. The name of Charley had been bestowed on her in her kittenhood, on account of her whimsical resemblance to a gentleman who occasionally allowed her to climb upon his shoulder, and mingle her whiskers with his. She early showed uncommon talents for mischief. She learned to let herself out of prison, when the admiring patience of the family gave way, and she was shut into the cellar or attic. But when shut out of doors, she was obliged to wait till some arrival or departure caused the heavy iron latch to be raised. There was not weight enough in her delicate paw to press down the thumb-piece. She was not convinced of this without repeated experiments. She sprang up and patted it with one paw, while she hung herself upon the handle with the other, but it would only click ; the latch would never fly up.

One day puss was in a frolicsome mood, and the girl, who was ironing, found her clean nightcaps and handkerchiefs clawed from the bars of the clothes-horse as fast as she hung them there. " Out, you scrub ! " she cried, opening the inexorable door. Puss skulked under tables and chairs, but was finally driven forth, and shut out. This time she made no attempt upon the latch. The girl had hardly begun her ironing again, when she heard a faint and irregular tap at the back door. " Only some child,"

thought she, "and she can wait till I have got through with this article."

Tap — tap — tap, and a pause. Tap — tap — tap, louder, but still childishly uncertain and weak. Nancy went to the door at last, and was sorry to find no one there. She supposed the little messenger had gone away discouraged. Puss attempted to enter, but was kicked and pushed out, before the door was closed.

Presently "tap — tap — tap" again called the girl to the door. In her surprise this time at finding no one waiting, she did not care when puss lightly sprang in, and ran through the kitchen into the stairway. Charley must have been highly pleased with her success, for it was not long before she found a window open somewhere, and jumped out to repeat her experiment. The girl heard the tapping again with a suspicion that some roguish child was imposing upon her good-nature. She ran to a window which commanded a view of the outer door, and to her astonishment saw the cat knocking at it with the elbow of her hind leg.

She called the family to see the strange sight, and among the children who ran to look out was the writer of this article.

A happy disposition gathers all the roses, and a discontented temper all the nettles, in its path.

A S L I D E .

. I soon discovered that the task of getting down the hill was likely to be a much more arduous one than that of ascending it; for I was obliged to take short steps, and before I could take them at all, had often to dig holes with my staff, wherein to set my feet, so that, after toiling an hour, I saw that I had not proceeded a quarter of a mile. I however felt no cold by that time; on the contrary, I never felt warmer in my life. At length, the steepest part of the hill seemed to be got over; all was white and smooth before me, and I determined to slide down the surface of the snow on my feet, judging myself to be exceedingly adroit in such experiments. The glaring whiteness had, however, deceived me. The hill turned out to be much more steep than I had conceived it to be. For some time I glided on, swiftly indeed, but with great ease; but at length I began to fly with such velocity, that my eyes fell a-watering, and I entirely lost sight of my course. In my hurry, not knowing well what to do, I made a sudden lean backward upon my staff, in doing which, my feet, being posting on at such a rate, went faster than I could follow them; I lost my equilibrium, fell on my back, and darted down the side of Ben More,

“ As e'er ye saw the rain down fa'
Or yet the arrow gae frae the bow.”

My staff, of which I lost the hold when I fell,

quite outran me ; my clean shirt, which was tied neatly up in a red handkerchief, came hopping down the hill, sometimes behind, sometimes before me, but my hat took a direction quite different. I struck the snow desperately with my heels, in hopes to stop my course ; but all to no purpose, until I came to a flat shelving part of the hill, when I lay still at once, without being a farthing the worse. The first thing that I did was to raise my eyes to the top of Ben More, and was astonished at the distance I had come. As nearly as I could calculate, I had travelled post in that manner upwards of a mile, in a little more than a quarter of a minute. I indulged in a hearty laugh at my manner of journeying, with some difficulty picked up my scattered travelling accoutrements, my staff, my hat, my shirt, tied neatly up in a red handkerchief, and, proceeding on my way, reached Bovian in Glen-Dochart about eleven o'clock at night. — *Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.*

THE MYSTERY OF GROWTH.

Charley. Grandpapa, how old are you ?

Grandpapa. O, I am a very old man, now. I am older than this house we live in. It was built when I was a boy at school. I am older than the pear-trees in the garden. I planted them with my own hands, when your father was a small boy like you.

Charley. I thought this house was as old as the world. And if you have had so much more time to grow than the trees, I should think you would be taller. Tell me, grandpapa, why you are not as tall as the house, and the trees?

Grandpapa. I stopped growing, a great many years ago, or no doubt I should now be able to look in at the chamber windows. I should not like to be so very tall, I am sure.

Charley. Why not? I do not mean to stop growing, if I can help it. Only the chairs, and the carriages, and everything else I use, would be too small for me at last. So I think I will stop when I am as tall as Goliath, in the picture in the large Bible.

Grandpapa. Could you stop growing now, if you should choose? No, indeed! You outgrew your cradle, and could not take your nap in it. Next you outgrew your crib, and had to sleep in a trundle-bed. And mamma had to give away your green suit, and your last winter's boots, because you were sadly pinched for room in them.

Charley. O, how it made my mother laugh to see me try them on!

Grandpapa. Would it not be a pity that your new blue suit should get too small before it is worn out?

Charley. Yes. But I had a little rather not stop growing. I wish my clothes would grow too, like the socks grandmamma knits.

Grandpapa. Are not these which you have upon your feet socks knit by grandmamma?

Charley. Yes.

Grandpapa. Do they grow? Will they soon be large enough for me? Put your foot by the side of mine.

Charley. Oho, grandpapa! you know my socks cannot ever be large enough for you. They never grow after they are done, I am very sure. Instead of that, they shrink when they are washed, and have to be given away, like my green suit and my last winter's boots. I outgrow socks sooner than anything.

Grandpapa. I thought you said grandmamma's socks grew; did you not?

Charley. Grandmamma says when she is knitting, "See how my sock grows."

Grandpapa. Is it a whole sock, that grows all over? Or only a piece of work, that grows stitch by stitch till it is made a whole sock?

Charley. O, I see, it does not really grow, like the trees, and plants, and me. I grow all over, one part as much as another; for my last year's mittens pinch as well as my boots, and I cannot wear my old hat. It is very strange. What makes me grow, grandpapa? I do not feel it; I do not know how it is. Is it done when I am asleep? Nurse always says I must go to bed early, or I shall not grow fast. But I never can find that I am a bit taller in the morning, if I run up to bed the moment she calls. But I grow, for all that.

Grandpapa. I have here a vine that grows as many inches in a week as you will ever grow in your whole life. Yet I cannot see it grow, when I

watch it. It is very wonderful that every day there is more of it than there was the day before. Where does it come from, do you think? Who is making this beautiful green foliage, and these twining stems all the time, without resting; and not only this vine, but all the vines and all the plants in the world?

Charley. It is God.

Grandpapa. I thank him for keeping my beautiful vine alive, and causing it to grow to delight my eyes. But who is it that takes such care of my little grandson, and keeps his little heart beating, his whole body healthy and full of life? Who is it that keeps his eyes bright for seeing? Who keeps his ears so quick, that no sound can escape them? Whose power is constantly with him, to keep him growing larger and stronger and wiser all the time?

Charley. It is God, grandpapa. I knew before, that God made me. Now I know that he is always working in me, or I should not grow, but die. I love God.

Grandpapa. I thank God that he is keeping my dear little grandson alive and growing, to delight my heart.

Charley. I will try to grow good, grandpapa, for mamma says that pleases God. I will grow a little better every day, till I have done growing bigger. Then I shall be good enough, like you, grandpapa; shall I not? When did you stop growing good?

Grandpapa. I hope I shall never stop, my dear child; for I feel that God is working in me by his holy spirit, that I may continue to grow in my soul, as you are growing in your body. He gives me

happiness, that I may grow more grateful ; he gives me trouble, that I may grow more patient ; he gives me wealth, that I may be generous, and do good to many ; he gives me knowledge and faith, that I may lift up my thoughts to him, through his wonderful works ; talents, that I may be useful and busy in this mortal life. He gives me dear children, and grandchildren, and many other friends, that I may be full of love. He is my best friend, and yours, my child. Let us love him best of all.

THE HOLE IN THE SLEEVE.

I HAD a play-fellow whose name was Alfred. We both were wild and ungovernable boys. Our garments were never new, for they were very soon soiled and torn. We were punished at home for it, but no sooner was the punishment forgotten than it was the same thing again.

One day we were sitting in a public garden on a bench, telling each other what we would make of ourselves. I wanted to become a lieutenant-general, and Alfred, general superintendent.

“ Neither of you will ever be anything ! ” said a very old man in a fine dress and powdered wig, who was standing behind the bench, and had overheard our childish plans. We were frightened. Alfred asked, “ Why not ? ” The old man said : “ You are the children of good people ; I see it by your coats.

Both of you are born to be beggars. Were it not so, would you suffer *those holes in your sleeves?*" Saying this, he took both of us by the elbows, and thrust his fingers in the holes that were in our sleeves. I felt ashamed; Alfred also. "If," said the old man, "nobody can sew it up for you at home, why do you not learn to do it yourselves? You might at first have repaired the coat with two stitches of the needle; now it is too late, and ye go about like beggarly boys. If you wish to become lieutenant-general and general superintendent, begin with the smallest things. First, *sew up the hole in your sleeves*, ye beggar boys."

We both felt greatly ashamed, and walked silently away. I turned the elbow of my coat-sleeve in such wise that the hole could not be seen by anybody. I learned to sew of my mother, but did not tell her why I wished to learn it. When a new seam opened in my garments, or if they happened to become soiled, I repaired it forthwith. I did not even suffer any uncleanness to be seen in my worn clothing; and as I became more clean and careful in my dress, I was glad, and thought that the old gentleman in the snow-white wig was not greatly in error.

Alfred did not take it so much to heart. We had both been recommended to a merchant, who was in want of an apprentice. The merchant gave me the preference. My old clothes were whole and clean; Alfred's best coat gave evidences of negligence. Afterwards my employer said to me: "I see you take good care of your own, but Alfred will never be a merchant." — *Zschokke*.



Meyerhaas, Frankfurt.

H.W. Smith, Sc.

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MARIE.

(See Engraving.)

"Do not scratch my baby, pussy! Your own babies are saucy, mischievous little things too. See, Pardo is too full of fun and frolic to eat her supper! And little Branco, in her hurry, has dipped her nose in too far, and is sneezing and spattering the butter-milk all about!"

Puss seemed to understand that the baby did not know any better than to clutch her long fur, and pull out a good pinch of it in trying to lift her. So she made no fuss about it, only moved beyond his reach as soon as she was free. She would not have borne as much from a grown person, without complaint or revenge; for she was a cat of spirit, a cat that would have set up her back at the Dog-fiend himself, had she chanced to meet him in his nightly rounds, dragging his broken chain through the streets of Horta.

"O Marie!" said a plaintive voice at the open door.

"O José!" responded Marie, softening the first letter of the name, so that it sounded like Zhosáy.

"An American lady who lives at the Casa de Pasto bought your stockings. I was afraid she would not, for she made signs that they were too large in the ankle, and too short in the foot. I was going to come down to three serilhos, but she gave me four, and this geranium flower; for I could not

help looking at it, as she laid it down on the *saguao* stairs, while she was considering about the stockings."

Marie went to the door to receive the four pistareens, but was not too much delighted at the reward for her beautiful knitting to look with eager pleasure upon the geranium.

"It is like those in the Consul's field, by the avenue gate. O the lovely thing! Do not let baby clutch it! Ah, he has pulled off one pretty leaf, little rogue!"

"O Marie! O Marie!" said a distant voice.

"Here comes the father! See how baby jumps! He knows his voice, though he is so far off he does not know where to look to see him."

"O Marie!" said the same voice, nearer. It was plaintive in tone, like that of José, though deep and manly.

Marie responded, "O Antoine!" and hid the silver, with a look which José understood, and answered by a smile. Antoine came and threw himself down, without even a chirp or a snap of the fingers at the expectant baby.

"It is enough to drive a man to a seafaring life, it is! Such a winter as this, when, in the best of times, we can but just live! Since this last storm, the cows find little enough to eat. You could count their ribs now! You will not long have buttermilk to waste on cats, at this rate! They told me at the hotel that your last lump of butter was hardly worth salting. The Americans will not eat it at all, such poor stuff! And the milk, they would not believe it was not half water."

"But the lupine is up, and a week of sunny weather —"

"Which we are not likely to have. Who ever saw snow on St. Jorge's before? And Pico has not shown his head more than once this fortnight."

"O, the bright days will come, Antoine," said Marie; but she sighed as she spoke. Her soft voice had a melancholy cadence, like a strain of the popular Portuguese music, which, unlike the Spanish, is plaintive, even when the feet of the merry dancers are beating time to it in the national dance.

"Has it not been said that no day in Fayal is without a gleam of sunshine, be it ever so stormy? We must have drifted to the north; for many, many sullen, chilly days have given the lie to the proverb since January came in. Tomaso Aurelio has lost his crop of peas this time, as well as the last, when all in bloom. They were torn all to pieces by the wind."

"He must plant once more. The third cannot fail," sighed Marie, and José exchanged glances with his sister. The third attempt to find a sale for the ill-proportioned stockings had been crowned with triumphant success.

"O Marie!" cried a voice from the *canarda*, or narrow road. Marie went out to meet the speaker. She was a fine, tall woman, with magnificent eyes, and teeth that were white, polished, and even as those which challenge admiration for the dentist's art in America. On her head was a wooden vessel of the size and shape of a churn, full of water, and a little branch of faya, the tree from which the island

of Fayal derives its name, was used as a sort of cover to protect it from any chance dust. Her air and movement under this heavy load were queenly, though her feet and ankles were bare; her shoulders were finely thrown back, and her lithe form as straight as a dart.

"Sad news from ——!" said the water-carrier. "Manuel Vilhoa has fallen from Castel Branco. He was digging roots for the cattle, and went too near the brink of the precipice, it is supposed. They found his basket, partly filled, and a newly broken gap upon the mountain's crest, nothing more. His poor old mother had only the boy to lean upon in her age, and not even his body is left to her. The cruel sea has not given it up; and yet it is well, for it would have broken our hearts to have seen it, after such a fall!"

Without pausing on her way, the water-bearer told this sad tale, and Marie went sadly back to the hut to tell Antoine.

"Did I not tell you the cattle had no feed? And now I shall have to sell the cows, no doubt, or die, as he has done, for their sake, some day. I know a man who is gone all the way to the Caldeira for a back-load of fodder."

"To-day?"

"Yes, leaving his cattle to browse on brambles in the *canardas*, and take care of themselves. Lorian told me they found the way in at the Consul's gate, standing open after a sedan had passed in. One of the young ladies saw them upon the lawn, eating the fine English grass which it has cost so much

trouble to keep in its velvet smoothness. She ran to inform her father. 'Will they not do a great deal of damage?' Shrubs and hedges, the geraniums, and camellas, and roses, all round the field, and nice gravelled paths for the horses, when the ladies ride there, you know. Well, what do you think he did?"

"Sent a man to drive them out, to be sure."

"No; he told the family to be careful to look the other way till the poor things had filled themselves! 'For what is the little damage they may do, compared to the necessity of their owners to keep these animals, which are all their means of support?' said he; and Loriana says —"

"O the geranium by the gate!" cried José, almost crying.

"I can certainly go this spring to Australia," said Antoine; "for the family will never let you want, I know, for bread; and I shall come home with my pockets full of gold-dust."

"Plenty of corn-meal is all the gold-dust I ask for," said Marie, smiling. "You surely will not leave me, now wages have risen to fifteen cents a day, for a laboring man, — and you so strong and able?"

"Then we'll go to America together. Are not many of our folks living at New Bedford in comfort, and are not wages high enough there to make a man's fortune *here* in a year's time?"

"And has not our neighbor, the tinman, come home as poor as he went? The Yankee tinmen seemed to him to work by magic; he could not get

along among them with his slow, old-fashioned ways, and the high prices he must pay for everything. Hark ! hear his clink — clink — clink — ”

“ José at least might go : *he* is young enough to learn.”

“ We will talk of that, some time. He is too young at present, surely. Home is home, dear Antoine. You would never be so happy in America, I fear, even with plenty of such gold-pieces, with eagles on them, as Eugenia gets at the boarding-house in pay for her washing.”

“ Never so happy as now, do you say, when we must share our corn with our hungry cows, and perhaps have nothing for them or ourselves before the spring revives the blighted green about us ? ”

“ Tell him ! ” whispered José. But there was a little irksome feeling in the wife’s heart, which made her feel disposed to tease Antoine till he should be in a better humor. His discontent was not likely to yield, however ; and a tempting offer, which his almost amphibious habits as an islander had procured for him, from a vessel in the harbor short of hands for a voyage, had nearly overcome the reluctance he felt to leave his home and family.

But baby was not to be longer slighted. Giving a great jump, he pitched himself heels over head into his father’s bosom. Marie screamed at his utter disregard of all danger in the leap, but the boy’s instinct was sure. The father’s arms caught him, and clasped him close, with a sudden overflowing of the heart and eyes.

“ I cannot leave *him* ; no, I *will* not leave my

boy! No, Marie, it has not come to the worst with us yet. We will not be down-hearted. We are not so poor, quite, as the old woman who begged of the American padre to-day. 'Give me charity, for God has given me nothing beside but the day and night,' said she."

Then Marie, with pride and joy, produced her earnings. Here was bread for many days, where a daily income of ten cents is a livelihood. A light clicking of shod feet brought a man to the door on a little donkey, and Antoine and José were hired to accompany an excursion-party the next day, among the many necessary attendants and guides.

THE BEST FRIEND.

My dear children, have you never in any trouble or difficulty wished for the presence of some friend to whom you could tell your troubles, and who would assist you? When left alone, do you never wish for the society of your companions? When you are enjoying anything particularly, have you never wished that your parents or some dear friend could be with you to enjoy it too? When you have made some great effort to do right, have you not thought how much pleasure it would give those dear friends to know it? And will not then the knowledge that you are never alone,—that not only the very *kindest* friend you have, but the *wisest*, one who

knows all your wants, is able as well as willing to supply them, is *continually* with you, — give you pleasure? If you are perplexed and distressed about your lessons, or have a difficult piece of work to do, or are required to make a great sacrifice, or perform some disagreeable duty, you have only to ask this Friend to direct and strengthen you, just as you would ask your mother to help you, and you may feel sure that he is infinitely more able and more willing to sustain your weakness than any earthly friend. Have you been neglected or treated unkindly by any of your companions, or unjustly blamed by any one, or disappointed of any anticipated pleasure? Perhaps, if you told all your feelings to earthly friends, they might not understand them, and might think these things were very trifling, and need not trouble you so much; but there is nothing so small that you may not venture to tell it to him, and ask him to help you to bear it, and to make it the means of your improvement. In the busiest scenes of the busiest day, in your school or in your amusements, you can remember that this Friend is still with you; and as you would always find time to speak to your mother, or to welcome any friend from a distance, so you can always find time to speak to him, and ask him not to allow you to forget him, in the number of your engagements. If you are alone, then you can hold uninterrupted intercourse with him, and ask him to put good thoughts into your minds. If you are very happy, and enjoying yourselves very much, either in a ride, or walk, or visit, or in the reception of some much-desired gift, how sweet it is to

feel that he is with you, giving you the pleasure, and delighting to make you happy, and that you can thank him for it, just in the very place where you are. When you feel tempted to say, or think, or do any wrong thing, no earthly friend can help you, even those who love you ever so well, farther than by giving you good advice; but if you ask him in sincerity to help you, he both can and will. Before you go to Sunday school, remember that you may be tempted to be inattentive, to laugh and talk with your companions, and that he only can give you the influences which will make your attendance there a benefit to you. Then ask him for his assistance and blessing, and you will have strength to resist the temptation, and will go away better than you came. When you leave the place, think what has been said that you can practise, and ask him to help you to do it through the week. Before you go to your week-day school, before you engage in your play, before you make a visit, or take a pleasant excursion, ask him to keep you from harm, the only *real* harm, just as you would ask your mother to grant you any favor. It needs but few words: "Father, keep me from doing wrong"; "My God, let me not sin against thee"; "Help me to do thy will"; "Assist me in all that I do." O, what a comfort it is, that we can never sink so low in sorrow, or even in sin, that his arm cannot reach us; that we can be in no difficulty from which he cannot relieve us; that we can never travel so far, that his love will not surround us; that we can never call, and he be away, or sick, or asleep, or refuse to answer us!

M.

THE LIFE OF A CENT.

(Continued.)

THE landlord listened civilly and thoughtfully, while the poor woman entreated him to give her his word that he would not sell her husband any more liquor. She said that the unfortunate man was himself desirous to escape from the terrible power of habit and appetite; that he was an object of pity to herself and his children, although they were daily in terror, and in want, and could keep nothing from his grasp that could be turned into money. In his sober hours he was grieved at the state to which he had reduced them, and if he had power over himself to make a stand against this one temptation, he would be always a kind husband and father.

The landlord was sorry for her; he thought it a hard case. It was very bad when a man went too far, and took more than was good for him. Still, he thought it a very unreasonable expectation of hers that a tavern-keeper should undertake to make a difference between his customers. As long as he solicited no custom, he believed it was not his business whether any person had not discretion, any more than his neighbor, the shopkeeper, was responsible for the extravagance of anybody that had dealings with *him*. If he sold to one man, he must sell to another, or the advocates of total abstinence would consider him as making an admission which he was not ready to make, to the injury of his business.

He opened the door, and bowed, as he said this, hoping the woman would go away. He felt uncomfortable at her forlorn appearance, and would have given her money, if she had asked it. It was a relief to him to be made angry by her offering to pay him weekly the same amount he had received from her husband, if he would deny him that which he had not force to deny himself. She thought, when he alluded to the injury to his business, he meant simply loss of profit by one customer withdrawn.

"I can ill afford it, as you may see," said she, bitterly, with a glance at her ragged and dirty dress. "We are nearly starving. But you have long been taking the bread from my children's lips; you will not longer take from them also the father's love, which would make privation endurable."

"Do you say that *I* have taken the bread from your children's lips?" repeated the landlord, indignantly. "What is your paltry custom worth to a man like me! You are a foolish woman." His cheek burnt and his lip trembled. But he resolved to keep his temper, and presently said, in a kinder tone, "I will do all I can for you, and more than some would do. For the credit of the house, of course, I endeavor to prevent any man exceeding the bounds of temperance. I refuse when I see that any one is disguised. I will keep a more watchful eye upon your husband than I have done heretofore."

"There is no hope in that! He must not have one drop! Not one drop!" cried the woman, weeping and wringing her hands. "Have compassion on his weakness!"

"Certainly, certainly," said the landlord, impatiently. He would keep him within the proper limits; anything more she need not look for. On principle, he should not promise to enforce total abstinence. Excess there was not the least need of, ever. And again he held open the door for her. She looked into his sternly fixed eyes, and saw that it was useless to linger. She wrapped her poor shawl about her, and shivered as the cold air rushed in. I wished myself in her pocket. It was little one cent could do, to be sure, I thought, and I repined at my insignificant part in the affairs of men.

"May God change your heart!" she said; and with the prayer came a heavy sigh. He seemed a little moved as she went sadly away. It would have been strange if the scene had not touched him at all, for it was almost enough to melt *me*.

As he came back from the door, his eye by chance fell on me, lying where Richard had laid me down. He started, and opened the drawer, as if to knock me into the till. But he did not; he stood thinking, with his thumb pressed against his teeth. He loved his little boy, and had all the anxiety a good father feels that he should grow up to be a worthy and respectable man. He had been terribly alarmed at the first instance in which he had ever known him to take what did not belong to him. His heart was wrung, as he thought of the blows he had inflicted, when the boy's upright heart had already moved him to repentance and restitution.

"I meant it for his good, however," he said to himself. "And I always have set him an example

of the most scrupulous honesty. I never overcharge; I never cheat, in the smallest trifle." At that moment the words of the drunkard's wife came into his mind, and with them the sharp pang of an accusing conscience. "I have long taken the bread from their mouths, she said. The bread from their mouths? Yes, their bread, their fire, their clothes, their every comfort, I am taking; *I* deliberately take these things in suffering *him* to do it, and every time he pays me my rightful dues, I rob them as much as if I went personally to take the bread from their lips."

The landlord had a good heart, and it was deeply stirred by these self-condemning thoughts. He looked at the money in the till, and the strong shudder of disgust with which he pushed it back into a heap seemed to say, "Blood-money! Tear-money! Wicked, accursed lucre! Away! You have tempted my son,—you are the root of all evil! I loathe you, vile dross!" It was not for money's sake,—no, not for that alone, at any rate,—that he had resisted the promptings of his better nature, and the well-meant, though often injudicious, admonitions of zealous reformers. He shut the drawer and took me up, impatient to get rid of me in some way or other, when the door opened, and his wife came in.

"Peterson is dead. No loss! But I feel for his mother. I remember him as pretty behaved a lad as our Richard, and as healthy. She little thought *then* he was to die a sot." And without waiting for an answer, she went out again.

The landlord had done his best, as he thought, to arrest his neighbor's only son in his downward career. He had warned him *in season*; had he not? In season! Was it before he had once thought that water was not good enough to slake his boyish thirst,—before he began to hanker for cider, and for ale,—before he had begun to spend his pocket-money at the bar? No. Suppose Richard should *steal* the liquor his mother had forbidden him to taste,—forbidden him on account of his tender years, a reason which could not appear to him sufficient against a mere taste,—A CENT's worth, as it were, of disobedience. Once on the slippery steep of a depraved appetite, could a warning do more to arrest him than it had done for Peterson? He trembled as he thought of the boy's weak will,—how it needed a *principle* to be its prop against a temptation, and a pure motive for self-denial to counteract the juvenile tendency to self-indulgence.

As he stood looking out at the bar-room window, with these anxious thoughts, the lad was full in his eye. He saw with fond pride his quick and spirited movements, and the healthy, glowing face, so full of childish simplicity and sweetness. Catching his father's glance, the boy pointed with a smile of triumph to a full basket of kindling-wood he was about to carry in to his mother.

Up went the sash. "What! All those! Bravo!"

"Yes, and all that heap of oven-wood besides!" said Richard, panting, and showing his little white teeth in the broadest of happy smiles.

"Famous! Since you can handle an axe so well,

I think you should have wages. What will you take, to be your mother's little wood-man in future, and keep her well supplied?"

Richard was grieved that his father offered him money. He thought of the momentary impulse of covetousness, which had made him lay his hand upon me, with new shame and regret, when he saw that his father thought him mercenary.

"I will do it for mother; I will not be paid," said he, a little sulkily.

His father did not understand him, for I lay out of sight, and he was not thinking of me at all at the moment.

"Why, why! There is no money like earned money. Is it not pleasanter that I should pay it to you for good service, than give it to you for nothing?"

"It would spoil all my pleasure. I was so happy to be doing something for you and mother, who have given me so much for nothing! When you are old, I can do more. You'll see!" And a tear dropped from Richard's bright eye into the basket of chips, as he carried them into the wood-shed.

There was a glittering moisture in the landlord's eyes, when they again fell upon my humble copper countenance. I felt that I was not insignificant to *him*, and here I am, sealed up in a paper, with a date, and something else written upon it, and reposing in a fine, arched chamber,—that is, a pigeon-hole in the old mahogany desk in the best parlor. Not a cent ever went into the till as the price of liquor from that day. The landlord has sacrificed

the most lucrative part of his business, for he had also a Father who had given him much, and received little except love and reverence; and by much thought he had become convinced that it was that Father's will. The old sign has long ago been split into kindlings by Richard, and a smiling head of Franklin, with "TEMPERANCE HOUSE" printed beneath, swings in its place.

BERENGER.

No. II.

OLD Marcella came into the room just as Adèle was dropping asleep. Her exclamations of impatience roused the child, and made Seppa withdraw behind the great reading-chair.

"What now, I wonder? Some of Berenger's doings, I dare say! My sweet darling shut up by herself, again. She has no mother to stand up for her; poor, poor little poppet! Come to old nurse: lay your little head on my bosom. Tell me all about it."

Adèle nestled in Marcella's arms, and gaped. Presently she remembered her hopeful resolves, and announced that she was cured of quarrelling with Berenger by self-punishment, and Seppa's example of good temper.

"Father did not shut me up, nor did Edith scold me. Berenger was not to blame; he was in fun all

the time. I was cross. I shall not be cross any more, I am determined. You will see, Marcella dear, how good I'll be."

"You are a little angel!" said Marcella, with a kiss, and a hug that was almost tight enough to be painful. And she continued to caress and flatter Adèle till the bell called them to prayers. Berenger had not returned, when the family assembled in the porch which looked out upon the terrace. Seppa followed Adèle, and lay at her feet as motionless as if he too had a soul, to join in the evening worship. Poor Seppa! His instinct was all for earth. He had no power to rise above it, to hold communion with his Maker. The prayer was so simple that Adèle could understand it, and her heart swelled with sincere devotion, as her father's sweet and solemn voice asked Divine help for the tried and tempted, and a blessing upon every endeavor after a better Christian life.

While they were yet kneeling, some distant sound caught the attention of the watchful Seppa. He started,—sat up,—erected his ears, and presently ran to the edge of the terrace, from which, after a moment's hesitation, he leaped into the water. It was dark, and when the father and children came to look over where they had heard the plunge, they could see nothing.

"I heard the dash of oars," said Leo, "and it was that which roused the dog." And all ran hurriedly to the landing, alarmed, though not knowing what to fear. Berenger was loved, with all his faults, and his absence was the uppermost thought with all as

they stood trembling and peering into the darkness which rested upon the bosom of the lake.

"Let us get out the little boat, Henri," said the father. "It *may* be of use." And directly Ethelind and Adèle were left upon the stone steps alone, and with beating hearts saw the skiff disappear in the fog, while they could still hear the sound of voices and the dash of the oars.

"Time to go to bed," cried Marcella, from the terrace. "Come, little poppet; come to your foster-mother!" Not loving Berenger, the old nurse had not shared the unexpressed alarm of the brothers and sisters.

Adèle did not move. It was much that she suppressed the cross exclamation that was ready to burst out, at such an unwelcome summons.

"Make her come, Miss Ethelind. You are always saying I indulge her to her hurt. How long are you going to keep her here out of her bed, and she bareheaded, in the damp night air, poor little motherless one?"

Ethelind took Adèle's hand, and they both went into the house, and thus escaped a terrible shock. For directly after the boat emerged from the veil of mist, at the foot of the stairs on which they had been standing, and the motionless form of Berenger was lifted out, and gently laid upon the lowest step.

Obedying the whispered directions of their father, Henri ran to the stable, and sent off a man on horseback for the doctor. Leo brought a light settee from the porch, and Aribert told Ethelind to bring blankets and a pillow for Berenger, and prepared her to see him in a senseless state.

Thanks to Seppa's timely aid, the boy was not drowned. He had been knocked overboard in a scuffle with the miller's boys, who had not troubled themselves about him, knowing that he was a good swimmer, and near the stairs. But he had been stunned by a blow he had received from Jacquot's fist, and knew nothing until he opened his eyes in his own bed, and saw his father and the physician bending over him with anxious faces. They saw by the expression of his eye that he had recovered his senses.

"Ah, he'll do now. Keep him still a few days, and there's no harm done, I believe," said the physician. Berenger saw him put on his hat and depart, attended to the door by his father, and thought it was all a dream. He was kept in bed for a day or two.

"I wish I could be always a *little* sick, not really ill, you know," said the languid boy, smiling at Adèle, who was tenderly brushing the hair back from his discolored temple, and touching his forehead now and then with her soft lips. He was lying on the sofa in Ethelind's room.

"I wish so too," said Ethelind, with a satirical smile. "I must say, I admire your pensive graces hugely!"

The color rose in Berenger's cheek. "You need not say anything," said he; "it is Adèle who has most reason to want me to be ill. I have teased her abominably."

"I do not want you ill," said the little girl; "I would much rather be so myself. It is so hard for

a strong boy to be cooped up! But I always have a good time with my dolls, and my porridge, and don't mind it."

"You are a good girl, my *own* sister," said Berenger, with a glance at Ethelind. She and Henri were adopted children. "I am sorry I have tormented you so much. I won't again, if I can possibly help it."

"Of course you can help it," remarked Ethelind; "you never tease *me*."

"Because I am afraid of your sharp tongue," said Berenger, angrily. "But I love Adèle best, all the while."

"I am very willing," said Ethelind, "if you always show your love by teasing its object."

Berenger compressed his lips, and his eyes flashed fire. But one of Adèle's kisses came just then to soothe and soften him.

"I am afraid I shall be as rough as ever, when I get strong," said he, sadly, after thinking a little while, with his hand over his eyes. "I do not know what it is that gets into me, sometimes, when I am in full health and spirits. I must have something or other to wreak myself upon; I am wild to get up a row of some sort. I should not plague Seppa, if he did not bark, and snarl, nor you, Adèle, if you did not cry. I hate quiet life; I hate restraint. I don't know what will become of me as a man. I am cut out for a pirate, I am afraid."

"I should judge so, by your choice of associates," said Ethelind. "Think of your descending to a fight with Jacquot! I cannot bear to think of it. It brings you down to his level."

Berenger respected Ethelind, though she often made him angry. He was anxious to justify himself, so far as he could, in her opinion.

“ You have sneered at those boys, if I so much as looked at them ; and so I was of opinion it was only on account of their poverty. Well, being a gentleman’s son, and well taught and clothed, gives me no right to look down on any good fellow, I think. He may be as good as I, and is very likely to be better.” Ethelind smiled a little. “ I thought father was wrong, too, though *he* has no vulgar pride, we all know. He said they were bad ; I would not believe it. But when they began to consider me one of themselves, you see, they got talking about some of their wild pranks, as they called them. It was Jacquot who robbed poor Ursula’s hen-roost, and the miller’s boys clapped their hands when he told about it. I said it was the meanest mischief I ever heard of, and I hoped he had carried the fowls back by that time. But he had no such intention. I said he should do it, or I would tell of him, and get him punished ; and I believe I called him a thief, in my hot indignation. And — and — that was the way we got fighting.”

Ethelind thought there was no need of the fighting at all, and inquired who struck first. Berenger thought it was Jacquot, and wanted to say so ; but he was not quite sure that he remembered clearly about it. He was afraid of doing injustice to Jacquot, to exculpate himself. So he said his memory was rather confused, the effect of the blow that had taken away his senses, he supposed. Then Ethe-

lind came and gave him both her hands. "There is something noble in you, Berenger," said she, warmly. "If you would take the right turn, you would go beyond any of us. You will be a good, and perhaps a great man, yet!"

WILLOW FARM STORIES.

No. II.

THE next evening, as soon as the sun was down, I was beset by the four children, all clamoring for more Willow Farm stories. I dearly like to have the little loving ones close around me; so, placing Mollie on one arm of the great stuffed chair, and Willie on the other, I sat down between them, and, with an arm around each, tried to recall for their amusement some more of my grand childish frolics at Willow Farm.

"Did you ever see a field full of bonfires, all blazing? It is a splendid sight! One day Edward burst into our room, crying out in a loud, excited tone, 'Edith! Julie! Come! we 're going down to the new field! Father says all the stumps are to be burned to-day! Come! Tracy 's waiting for us in the back yard, — do make haste!'

"Only stopping to receive mamma's ready consent, and her warning not to venture too near the fire in our calico frocks, Edith and I snatched our hats and ran to meet Tracy, as eagerly as Edward could de-

sire. How we raced across the fields and climbed over the walls and the fences, little city ladies like Jane and Mollie cannot imagine. We were obliged to pause, however, when we reached the brook, and go over on the log which formed its bridge, with great deliberation and care. Edward stood on one bank, and Tracy on the other, and reached out their hands to aid us. Then we were in the 'new field.' For a long time Uncle S—— had been clearing it of stones and trees, and now it was dotted over with huge piles of brush and dead branches and stumps, which had been accumulating for many months. Some of these were already on fire, and were sending up columns of black smoke into the clear, sunny air. Tracy and Edward, and even Edith and I, were soon provided with huge, blazing torches, which Tracy had made by splitting a stick at one end, and crowding in some birch bark. When we lighted the bark, it curled and twisted itself round the stick, with a loud, crackling noise. With these torches in our hands, we roamed over the field, setting fire to one great heap after another, with shouts of glee. Edith and I could seldom make ours burn. But Tracy, moving about with an air of dignity, and no little mystery, succeeded in communicating the flames to every one he approached with his torch. He muttered something about the 'direction of the wind,' when he heard our exclamations at his skill; but we were in altogether too great a frolic to stop to hear him, and consoled ourselves for our failures with the thought that we could have the fun of trying the same pile a great many times, which Tracy could

not. Edward had brought down a large store of apples and potatoes from the barn, to roast in the ashes; but the heat from the roaring, crackling flames soon became so intense, that we dared not go near enough to put them in; so we were forced to content ourselves with the apples in their natural state, and to leave the potatoes untouched.

"Uncle S—— left a few of the largest heaps to burn in the evening. Edith and I were so eloquent in our petition to be allowed to go down, that mamma could not withstand us. She was generally very careful to have us go to sleep early,—for, you know, Mollie, that is the way for little folks to grow up well, and be strong." Mollie pouted at this, which made Willie laugh immoderately. "She did not say, 'Little girls, it is time to go to bed,' over and over again, as some mothers do, but her watch always stood on the mantel-piece, and she taught us how to know what o'clock it was by it. When the hands reached a certain point, she expected us to bid every one good night, and go to bed without any direction from her. If we forgot to notice till it was five or ten minutes past the hour, we went to bed just so much earlier the next night. This arrangement saved a great deal of trouble and worry, and, on the whole, we liked it, although it was sometimes rather hard to stop in the midst of a story-book, or a game with paper dolls."

"I should n't like it *a bit!*" remarked Richard, with emphasis.

"No, I don't suppose you would," said Jane; "for half the time you tease mother into letting you sit up till ten o'clock."

"Well, what if I do? *You* would if *you could*," retorted Richard, rather hotly; but seeing Jane look disturbed, he added in a more pleasant tone, "What is the use of our stopping Cousin Julia, and getting into a quarrel? Please go on, and I'll try not to interrupt again."

"Well, where was I? O, mamma said she would also go to see the bonfires herself, which was truly delightful to all of us. As soon as it was dark we started down the road. Of course we did not go across the fields this time! Mamma would not have liked climbing the fences and crossing the brook as we did, even if it had not been dark. The stumps were all on fire when we reached the field, and I never shall forget the sight. I was almost frightened at the red glare and the flying sparks, especially when Edward and Tracy threw great stones into the midst of the glowing embers. The trees, standing full in the lurid light, seemed to lie flat against the background of black sky, and looked like gigantic branches of sea-weed. You have never seen such a strange sight, any of you; and I cannot give you an idea how wild and almost frightful it was. But see, Mollie's eyes are as round as saucers! I must try to think of something pleasant to tell, or she will be dreaming of fire all night.

"Let me see, — I think I will tell you about a grand picnic I went to with mother. The Wednesday before, there was a children's party down in the village; I could not go because I was unwell. I felt the disappointment very much, especially when I saw Edith and Tracy and Edward start, leaving me alone.

But I tried very hard not to be fretful and troublesome, and so the next week mother resolved to take me with her to this grand picnic.

"All the company, except myself, were grown-up ladies and gentlemen. It was a glorious day, when early in the afternoon Uncle S—— lifted me into the chaise to ride to the pond with mother and a gentleman from the village. I sat on a little cricket, between a basket of dishes, and a box containing bait, and leaned against mother, and felt very proud and happy indeed. How green the trees were, and how brightly the sun shone, and how happy all the world seemed to me to be, as we trotted briskly along the smooth road! I remember with what delight I spied out a squirrel running along the wall with his tail up over his back, and while I was calling to mamma to look at him, a wood-robin struck up his delicious note from the depths of the wood we were passing. It was such a delightful ride, that I felt almost sorry when we came in sight of the broad pond glistening in the sunshine, and saw the groups of ladies and gentlemen under the trees, awaiting our arrival.

"Very soon most of the gentlemen took the boats and went out on the pond to catch fish for a chowder. The rest of us had to entertain ourselves on shore, as they thought us too precious a cargo to be risked in the somewhat leaky craft. For an hour or two we roamed about in the beautiful woods that bordered the pond, and over the grassy fields, hunting for wild-flowers. I filled my apron full to carry home to Edith, and wished she were with me to race

down the slopes. After a time somebody suggested that we should begin preparations for making the chowder, for the gentlemen might soon arrive with the fish. Then I had grand fun helping to collect dry wood. An open place was found in the midst of the woods, and we soon had a large fire blazing. One of the ladies went to the only house in the neighborhood to borrow a kettle, and the pepper and salt, &c. were all taken out of the baskets, to be ready when the fish arrived. Still the gentlemen did not come, and it was now quite dark. So we all sat down around the fire on some planks we had procured for seats, and began to talk. One lady proposed that each of the circle, in turn, should be called upon to do something for the amusement of the company, and this was agreed upon with much applause. Being very diffident, I was alarmed at the proposal; but that was very silly in me, for nobody thought of asking anything of such a little girl."

"What could they do to amuse each other away out in the woods, Cousin Julia?"

"O, one lady sang a droll song about 'The Little Tailor'; another recited a piece of poetry; a third told a story about a man in black, that I thought was the funniest thing I ever heard; don't ask me what it was, Willie, because I have entirely forgotten it. Two others sang a beautiful duet together, and one lady repeated 'Chicken Little' in such a lively voice, and with so many droll gestures, that I laughed till I was tired. I suppose it was done for my special diversion. It was almost nine o'clock, when at last the gentlemen appeared. They brought

plenty of fish, but every one said it was too late to make the chowder in the woods. So the fire was smothered, all the good things packed up again, and the kettle and planks returned to their owner. The stars were brilliant as we drove rapidly back to the village, and I almost went to sleep trying to count the brightest ones. We went to the house of one of the party, and the chowder was made in the kitchen in a very commonplace way. But long before it was brought to the table I was sound asleep on the sofa. I have but a dim recollection of anything that occurred after that, till Edith waked me very early the next morning, eager to tell how she and Tracy and Edward had passed the time of my absence, and to learn everything about the picnic.

“ And that ’s all I can tell to-night, my darlings.”

• • • • •

MY BROTHER.

PART FIRST.

I HAVE a little brother,
The sweetest child alive, —
The loveliest of the household, —
The busiest in our hive ;
And he, that darling brother,
Is a joyous, sunny boy ;
With his clear, ringing, merry shout,
A very type of joy.

His hair is soft and wavy,
The sunniest of brown ;

His lip is like a rose-bud,
His cheek is soft as down ;
His eye is large and sparkling,
And dark as midnight sky,
And 't is beaming with intelligence
And a love wealth cannot buy.

A sturdy little fellow
Is my brother bright and bold,
And resolute and daring
As errant knight of old.
'T is really quite tormenting,
Sometimes, I must confess,
When mischief falls within his plan, —
But we do not love him less.

For sensitive and watchful,
The tears will quickly flow
Whenever he displeases,
A cold look grieves him so.
O, should our Saviour take him,
How lonely were our hearth !
And yet he seems too beautiful
To dwell with us on earth.

O, may He make him spotless,
And pure from every stain,
And innocent and childlike
Keep him through life. And fain
I'd save him, too, from sorrow,
Were this our Father's will ;
But I know it cannot be on earth,
Where life is fraught with ill.

Wherefore, O Saviour, keep him,
And guide him with thine eye ;
Sanctify all his sorrows ;
But if our boy should die, —

MY BROTHER.

If Thou shouldst, in thy wisdom,
Remove him from our love, —
Grant that we *all* may meet him in
Thy blessed home above !

PART SECOND.

I HAVE no little brother now, —
A broken home is ours, —
And many are the tears that fall,
As we strew his grave with flowers.

The sun looked calmly, brightly down,
Through June's unclouded sky,
When he, a busy, happy boy,
Went gayly forth — to die !

One drop of balm in sorrow's cup
The Lord in mercy left ;
The wave gave back to us our dead,
We were not *all* bereft.

There was no trace on cheek or brow,
To mark the dying strife ;
That little form, so stiff and cold,
Yet looked *too much* like life.

How calm in that last sleep he lay !
The last. O, never more
Shall those dark lashes close in sleep ;
For on that blissful shore

Where they for ever shall unclose,
There is no sleep, no night.
O for that meeting ! when we shall
Regain our lost delight !

R. R.

THE WRECK OF THE HUSSAR.

DURING the Revolutionary war, a noble frigate, called the Hussar, sailed from England to this country with a large amount of gold on board, for the purpose of paying off the British naval force, stationed at Newport, R. I., which at that time had not been paid for three years. The frigate arrived safely at New York, where about seventy American prisoners of war were placed on board of her, and also a large additional amount of gold, to be taken to Newport. In passing through Hurlgate, only ten miles from New York, the vessel struck upon a rock, and sunk almost immediately. The officers and crew of the vessel had barely time to escape, while the poor American prisoners confined below went down with the ill-fated frigate, only a few rods from shore.

After the close of the war, the British government sent over a vessel with the intention of recovering the lost treasure. Our government would not allow them to go on with their operations, however, and therefore the project of recovering the lost gold was abandoned at that time. Before they left, they had erected two little huts for the accommodation of the workmen, and these huts, or shanties, still stand, and are occupied by the divers employed at the present time in what may be almost called the *forlorn hope* of regaining the treasure.

Some years after the departure of the Englishmen, a company of private gentlemen was formed in

New York, for the purpose of raising the vessel. But after sinking all the funds of the company in vain attempts, they gave it up. A number of other persons from time to time made efforts, with more or less energy ; but all were alike unsuccessful in obtaining any of the much-wished-for gold.

For the proper understanding of the difficulties attending all the endeavors to raise the vessel, we must consider, that, though she sank very near the shore, the water was very deep (seventy-six feet), and the tide running with fearful rapidity ; so much so, that it is only practicable to work at the wreck for two or three hours a day, and even this only for a few months in the year. Before the middle of June, the water is too cold for the divers to work in it, and after the middle of September the storms drive them off.

About ten years since, a Mr. Taylor conceived the idea of removing the treasure without attempting to raise the vessel. He had invented a diving-dress, called "Taylor's Armor," consisting of an India-rubber suit, with a copper helmet attached to it, supplied with air, through strong gutta-percha tubes, by an air-pump. A company was formed, seven years ago, and operations commenced, which, with wonderful perseverance, are still carried on. However certain the process, it is necessarily slow and tedious, almost beyond the limit of mortal patience. Only one man can work at a time, and only for an hour before the tide turns ; and he brings up perhaps a wheelbarrow-load in the whole for a day's work.

In order to get at the gold which tradition said

was under the powder-magazine, it was necessary to remove the decks of the vessel. In the course of the removal of the rubbish which had fallen in on removing the decks, old guns, cannon-balls, grape-shot, and chains, with the bones of the prisoners, were found, and then came up ton after ton of gunpowder, in a state of black mud. Very strong hopes were entertained at that time that the next thing would be the money. Such was the state of things last summer, when my attention was called to it by receiving an invitation to be present as a spectator during the descent of one of the divers.

At the time I went on board the stationary vessel from which the operations of the divers are carried on, the tide was running out very strong, and we waited nearly an hour for low water. The diver in the mean time put on his dress, the India-rubber suit with a copper helmet. To the bottom of the jacket was attached a copper band which fitted on another copper band connected with his overalls, and the two bands, when fastened with a clamp, made the joint water-tight. Everything was now examined very carefully, to see that all the joinings were properly fastened, as the slightest carelessness in this respect would cost the diver his life. Upon the word being given, "All right!" the little glass door in the helmet, through which the diver breathes while dressing, was shut, and he was swung off and dropped into the water. He instantly disappeared, being heavily weighted with lead fastened on his legs and round his waist. The only trace of him we could see was the air-bubbles which escaped

from his helmet. The air-pump before mentioned was constantly worked by men on deck, to keep him supplied with fresh air to breathe.

The man in charge now seated himself on the rail of the vessel, with a rope in his hand, by which he could signalize with the diver below. The signals were repeated at certain intervals, to show that all was right. In case any signal was not answered, the man would be drawn up immediately.

I watched the return of the diver with the greatest anxiety ; the others, however, looked on with the utmost coolness. In about twenty minutes, he returned, bringing a bag he had filled with mud and rubbish of various kinds. This was emptied on deck to be washed over for valuables, and again the diver went down. This had been repeated four times when the work was abandoned for the day, as the turning of the tide rendered it impossible to work longer. During the last summer more or less money has been found. One little box I saw, containing nineteen guineas. This was obtained but a short time before my visit. The main body of the treasure has not been reached, and, indeed, it may take some years longer to decide the question, whether the speculation will be successful enough to pay for the weary waiting and the labor.

The action of the salt water on the various metals was of course very different. Cast iron was almost destroyed, while wrought iron was improved in quality. Lead was not acted upon, while silver was much corroded. The gold was bright and unchanged, and it is supposed by some that at least

three millions of dollars in guineas have been lying there, deep in the accumulating mud and rubbish, for more than eighty years.

A. H. E.

New York.

BLUE-BELL.

Look at Jamie in the garden,
Five years old, and getting tall ;
In his sack he looks *so* pretty !
Driving hoop, or tossing ball.

Prettier still is cherub Charlie,
Digging gravel with a spoon ;
Ripe, and round, and rich, and ruddy
As a peach, and fresh as June.

Step into the house a moment, —
We have something prettier here !
While beholding it we think so,
Though 't is not a whit more dear.

'T is a lady, fair and dainty,
Who to board and lodge has come.
She has made us all her servants,
And our house she makes her home.

Lady fine ! she does not even
Dust her room, nor make her bed ;
Nay, we even make her toilet :
Ought we not to be well paid ?

With her prettiness she pays us,
As the buds and blossoms do ;
Pays by letting us behold her ;
Pays with smiles and kisses too.

'T was in Baby-land we found her,
Picked her up, and brought her home ;
She is sweeter than new honey,
Honey in the honeycomb.

Helpless new-born twins her feet are, —
So she cannot run away ;
Though our manners may not suit her,
Poor Blue-bell is forced to stay.

See her hands, all day so idle !
Into balls she rolls them tight.
Baby fists ! why does she clench them ?
If she *could*, she would not fight.

Into her small mouth she 'd thrust them
Both together, if she could.
Are they idle ? When she waves them,
She is doing *my* heart good.

What she does, she does completely :
She can laugh, and she can coo ;
Who could speak so well as Blue-bell
That sweet baby word, " Ahgoo ! "

You might sing or preach an hour, —
Yes, and doubtless very well ;
Yet I would not for song or sermon
Give the babble of Blue-bell.

How we squeeze her, — bite her, — shake her !
Poor defenceless babe, Blue-bell !
And to " eat her up " we threaten ;
If we don't, 't is very well.

Buttercups are not more common ;
Babies bloom by every door ;
Yet we gaze as on some wonder
We had never seen before, —

Let her turn us round her finger,—
Hold us 'neath her fairy thumb,—
Tie us to her little apron,
At her nod to go and come.

She's our queen and rules the household,
And her will we all obey.
If she rule with rod of iron,
Still we 're blest beneath her sway.

A. A. C.

Sparks Street, Cambridge.

ANSWER TO CHARADES

IN THE LAST NUMBER.

No. I. — Snow-drop.

No. II. — Target.

STORIES ABOUT MULES.

IN an inhabited and fertile country a mule is not a very interesting animal. While standing beside the fiery and graceful horse, he looks as if he were ashamed of his clumsy, drooping head, his big ears, and mean little tail. He is not so large, he cannot draw so heavy a load, nor run so fast, as the horse; in fact, he seems inferior to his proud rival in every point of view.

But we must not judge him too hastily. Let us

go to the sterile plains of the Far West, and travel day after day through the trackless wilderness. The sun blazes down upon us from the cloudless sky, and there is no tree to give us shade. We struggle on, suffering much from thirst and fatigue. The sandy soil is bare, or thinly dotted with sage-bushes of a sickly bluish color, and the hungry animals search for grass in vain. We toil up rugged mountains, and follow narrow paths along the edge of precipices where a single misstep would hurl us to instant destruction.

Now look again at the rivals. The horse, who arched his neck and pranced so proudly at the start, now staggers along with trembling limb. His fire is gone. His eye glares anxiously for food and drink. At length he falls, and tries in vain to rise again. A merciful pistol-shot puts him out of his misery, and we travel on, abandoning his body to the wolves.

Where is our ugly, long-eared friend now? Here he comes plodding along, looking gaunt and hungry, it is true, but now and then taking a bite from bushes and clumps of weeds that the horse had passed in disdain, and thus sustaining his strength. See how carefully he bears his heavy load down that precipitous mountain; watch his little feet and slender legs as he steps in exactly the best and safest place among the rolling stones! There, he has reached the bottom, and is it not pleasant to see him drink his fill, and then stand in the thick grass by the river bank, and eat away in the same steady, unexcited manner in which he has borne all his privations and sufferings! Which is the most valuable animal

in the wilderness, the mule or the horse? We must remember that every creature has his peculiar sphere of usefulness, and that the most beautiful are not always the most serviceable.

But I hear some little boy exclaim: "I thought mules were always obstinate. Bridget told me I was as obstinate as a mule, the other day, when I was naughty, and would not have my hair brushed."

Mules are sometimes very obstinate, it is true, but it is generally because they are beaten and abused, instead of being kindly treated. I once rode many hundred miles through the wilderness on a little mule, and no dog could be more gentle and patient than she became, after she had learned to know me. Before I chose her, she had never been ridden, but had been "packed," as it is called. That is, a peculiar kind of saddle, named a packsaddle, had been put upon her, and a load attached. Mules ought not to carry more than one hundred pounds in this way, for a long distance over a mountainous road, but they are sometimes compelled to carry three hundred, and even more. This mule had only been packed a few times, when I was attracted, one day, by her handsome shape and spirited motion, as she was running away from the packer. I determined to take her for my saddle mule, and to try by kind treatment to make her gentle. She was of a clear dun color, and had soft, expressive eyes, and huge ears. Her lower lip hung down a little, giving her a pouting expression very ludicrous to see. I called her "Bessie."

At first she was very wild, because she had been

accustomed only to abuse, and in the morning it always required two or three men to catch and saddle Bessie before we could begin our march. Each man was provided with a long rope called a lariat, or lasso, one end of which was fastened securely to his saddle, and at the other was a noose which could be thrown over her neck. No matter how fast she was running, she immediately stopped when she felt the lariat, for she had learned that, if she did not do so, it would choke her.

When I began to ride Bessie, she was very much frightened, and almost every day tried to run and to throw me off. As I did not strike or spur her, however, she soon ceased to be afraid. I often gave her pieces of bread, of which she was very fond, and before long I could approach when she was grazing, and catch her without any difficulty. Bessie was very intelligent, and I used to be much amused to see how she always tasted of the new varieties of plants as we discovered them upon our long journey. Some she liked and eagerly ate, others she never tried a second time. Sometimes we were obliged to encamp where there was not enough grass for the animals. Bessie seemed perfectly to understand this, and, unlike some of the rest, she used to eat as much as possible on the road. Mules dislike exceedingly to be separated from one another. Often, when we reached some nice grass, I used to allow her to stop, and it was very funny to see how she was divided between her wish to eat, and her wish to keep with the other mules. She generally ate as fast as possible for a few minutes, and then, after filling her

mouth with choice tufts to chew on the way, started off at a brisk trot to overtake the train.

Bessie's fondness for bread once created quite a commotion in camp. The cook had been busy till very late one evening, in baking bread for the next morning. He left it on the ground near the fire, while he went to the brook for water. On returning, he awakened the whole party by his exclamations of rage at finding Bessie just finishing the last loaf!

Before she had become fully trained, Bessie once played me a very provoking trick. I had ridden with one of the party a considerable distance away from the rest. As we were in a hostile Indian country, we at length thought it best to stop and wait for our companions. On dismounting, I usually tied Bessie by a long rope, but she had become so gentle that I thought it unnecessary to do so this time. After waiting for nearly half an hour, and seeing nothing of our friends, we began to fear that they had taken a different route, and my comrade proposed to return to meet them. I walked towards Bessie to mount her, but she gave me a mischievous glance, and began to trot away. I followed, but she kept out of my reach. When I walked, she walked, and when I ran, she ran a little faster. My large pistol was on the saddle, and thus I found myself with only a small pocket weapon alone in a dense forest, chasing a runaway mule with little prospect of success. It was a hot day in August. The Indians had set fire to the dead trees a short time before, and as we hurried along, the smoking embers lay on every side. My heavy boots and spurs were

ill adapted to a race, and after running one or two miles I was tired enough of the fun. Not so Bessie! She really seemed to enjoy the excitement, and gradually increased her pace. I followed rapidly enough to keep in sight without driving her. At length, when my breath was almost gone, and the perspiration was running in streams down my face, I saw two of the party through the trees. They heard my shout, and succeeded in catching the runaway as she passed. It was with a feeling of great satisfaction that I slowly retraced my steps, seated comfortably on her back. The temptation to give her a gentle hint of my displeasure was very strong, but I forbore.

Before many weeks Bessie and I became excellent friends. When we came to a steep hill she regularly used to stop for me to dismount and walk up, as I generally did. I could leave her untied while I went to examine a rock or a bush, and always be sure to find her waiting when I returned. Once I was absent from the main party for nearly a month, on a trip to the mountains, and I left Bessie to recruit her strength on the excellent grass of the little valley where the party was encamped. The day after returning I told my servant to bring her for me to mount. He was gone a long time, and on looking out from my tent I saw him, and three or four others, trying in vain to catch the active little creature with lariats. It was really a pretty sight, as she bounded lightly over the grass, full of life and spirits, shaking her head, and revelling in her liberty. I watched her awhile, and then thought I would see

if she remembered me. So I waited till she stood still, and then walked slowly towards her. She looked at me, but did not move. I gradually approached, put my arm around her neck and patted her in my usual way, while one of the men cautiously brought me a rope. I put it over her head, and led her away without the least resistance. Bessie had not forgotten that I always treated her kindly.

A funny accident happened, one cold morning, to a member of the party, named Dick, who was in the habit of ill-treating his mule. We were encamped in a lovely little valley, at the foot of a steep, rocky precipice, from the face of which a stream of ice-cold water forced its way. After falling about thirty feet, it wound through a little meadow, and disappeared. We wished to cross it to pursue our journey. The banks were about three feet deep and very miry. Mules are greatly afraid of mud, for their little feet sometimes sink down into it until they cannot move. Dick's mule did not dare to enter the stream, on this account. He used whip and spur, but in vain. Seeing most of the party had crossed, and fearing to remain behind much longer lest the Indians should shoot an arrow at him, he had become almost desperate, when suddenly a bright idea occurred to him. One of the men had cut down a large tree the night before, and it had fallen directly across the brook. Dick determined to walk over on its huge trunk himself, and to lead the mule after him through the water. So he took one end of the rope in his hand, and began to advance very slowly and carefully upon the

log. Just as he reached the middle, the mule seemed to understand his object, and suddenly twitched back. Dick let go the rope, but it was too late! Although he frantically clutched at the air with his hands, and eagerly thrust out one foot to restore his balance, it was all in vain. He fell faster and faster, until with a great splash he disappeared under the cold water. In a moment his head came up again, and, blowing the water from his nose and mouth, he scrambled up the muddy bank, wild with fury. Seizing the rope, he jumped into the water and tried to pull the mule across by main strength. But she braced her feet and stood immovable, although he exerted his utmost force, and fairly yelled with rage. At length his laughing friends came to his assistance, and the animal was compelled to cross.

As I saw Dick start on his day's march, wet to the skin, and with the cold water trickling in little streams from his boots, I thought to myself that kindness was far better than violence with a mule.

H. L. A.

THERE is in life no blessing like Affection.
It sits beside the cradle, patient hours,
Whose sole enjoyment is to watch and love.
It bendeth o'er the death-bed, and conceals
Its own despair with words of faith and hope.
Life hath naught else that may supply its place.
Void is ambition, cold is vanity,
And wealth a glitter, without Love.

A READING LESSON.

Bessie (half crying). Annie! Annie! Where is Annie? Annie! Where *are* you, I wonder?

Annie. Here.

Bessie. Where?

Annie. Ha, ha! Can't you see? On top o' the wood-pile.

Bessie. Peep! *I* see! Is it nice to be up so high? I am coming up there, too. Yes; do let me!

Annie. No, no, Bessie. You are a *very* little girl. You would fall, and hurt yourself. Even *I* am afraid, a little. How *shall* I get down! I am coming. Stand out of the way. O the splinters!— Oh! oh!

Bessie. You have torn your dress! O Annie!

Annie. No matter. It is old.

Bessie. But mamma will have it to mend.

Annie. O, I am sorry!

Bessie. Perhaps I shall tear mine soon.

Annie. O, I hope not!

Bessie. But we must be dressed alike; must we not, always? Yes, Annie.

Annie (laughing). Do you want a patch on yours, too?

Bessie. Yes.

Annie. Is this log steady? I think it shakes. Oh! oh!

Bessie. Now jump!

Annie (all in a heap among the chips). All safe now. I shall not try *that* again, though.

Bessie. What did you go up for?

Annie. Because Kitty ran up there. But she has grand, sharp claws to climb with. She was down the other side, and away across the yard, when I was but half-way up.

Bessie. Little funny puss! Well, what would you play, Annie, now?

Annie. Let me think. It is a great while since we have played doctor.

Bessie. How? What shall *I* be?

Annie. O, you shall be my horse. I shall drive round to make visits. I shall have saw-dust for powders.

Bessie. No, I would not. Here is some nice gravel!

Annie. There is somebody very ill, over by the pump.

Bessie. Yes, and play the trough was a bed.

Annie. No,—a bath! Yes!

Bessie. Well. But —

Annie. I must go very quick. My slate is full of names. I pretend this shingle is my slate. Do you see?

Bessie (puzzled). A slate? What for?

Annie. Never mind. Here 's the bridle.

Bessie. I don't like it in my mouth. Put it round me,—so!

Annie. Stand!

Bessie. I am ready, sir.

Annie. Don't *speak*. A talking horse! Tchick! Get up, pony. Make haste. Now—whoa!

Bessie. You must not pull so, Annie. It cuts me.

Annie. But, you know, you are a restive horse.

Bessie. No; I am trotting all the while. I am not a resting.

Annie. You must caper, and jump sideways. John always does, when I drive *him*.

Bessie. I will, then. But what *are* you stopping for? Eh, Annie?

Annie. I am getting some bark, for medicine.

Bessie. Very nice. Here! a whole handful ready for you!

Annie. But, Bessie, you must not pick any up; you are a horse, mind.

Bessie. What shall I be doing then? I do not like it, being still so long.

Annie. You must stamp, and toss your head, and make believe eat the bushes.

Bessie. The leaves are all bitter. Pah!—Now I am running away.

Annie. Stop, stop! Whoa! Don't, Bessie! You must not! Dr. White's horse never runs; he stands waiting a long while. Doctor's horses always do.

Bessie. Come and catch me!

Annie (sulkily). I will not. I am getting my medicine.

Bessie. I want to be doctor myself. I shall not be horse all the time. I am tired. I am warm, too, out here in the sun.

Annie. Here comes Johnnie. How do you do, sir?

John (riding a stick). Come up, Dobbin! Can't stop, ma'am! He has run with me a mile. He tried to throw me over his head. So now I won't let him

stop, though he wants to rest himself. Get up! I'll teach you to run!

Bessie. What a nice horse! Where *did* you get him? O, is it Grandpa's cane?

John. I got it out of the entry. A furious beast, as ever I saw. Take care, or I shall run over you, little girl!

Bessie. I am not a little girl, John. I am a *curious* horse, John; I am. I have run away. Catch me, catch me!

John. I see the reins, now. Loose horse! Loose horse! I will chase him on horseback. I shall soon come up with him, on my swift beast. No! He *will* go sideways. (*Whipping.*) How he dances! How he rears! If I were not such a fine horseman, — I —

Annie. Catch my horse! catch him!

John (cantering after Bessie). You go that way, Annie, and head him off. We are after you, full chase, you runaway! Ha, ha, ha! Fun!

Annie. Bessie has gone up on the platform, and she is hiding in the wood-shed. A curious horse, (yes, indeed!) to run up steps!

John. Psho! My horse can do it, — don't you see? — very easily. Tchick! O, he nearly tripped me up!

Grandpa (at a distance). Here, you little monkey! Hand over my cane. I could not imagine what had become of it. I have been hunting for it, high and low.

E. E. A.



Painted by E. H. Edghe

Engraved by H. W. Smith

THE SISTERS.

Do you see? That is my sister Fanny, the very best sister any little girl could ever have. Do you think otherwise? You will not, when I have told you all. And that little girl, with a pale, thin face, and such a large, wondering pair of eyes, — that is I, — Maggie, or Margaret, or Daisy, or Owlet, or — No matter; everybody gives me a pet name, and you may call me what you will. How well I remember the day Mr. William made this picture. I am not such a silly, bashful little girl as I was then! I stood still as he bade me, but I kept fast hold of Fanny, you see, for I was almost afraid, and my face was covered with blushes. Fanny did not suppose he was going to draw her too! No! She was keeping me from running away, as I was wishing to do, and I clung to her, and leaned against her, till he put away his pencil, and called us to come and look. There she was, and so like! I jumped up and down, and laughed, and clapped my hands. I even sat on his knee at last, and when he asked me, I let him kiss my cheek, for I was no longer afraid of him.

“Will you go home with me, little Owlet?” said he. He has called me so always, but I was never offended, because he looked so kindly at me. “I want to color my sketch,” said he to Fanny, “and to get the mixed expression of this marvellous pair of peepers.”

Fanny said I might go, if I would. She could

not be coaxed to go with me. But after he had talked to me awhile, I had courage to take hold of two of his fingers, and go away with him to a grand white house with green blinds, where he lives. And I staid all day long, playing with beautiful toys, and seeing new things, and fell asleep in Mr. William's arms, at night, while he was telling me a story. So they put me in a bed, and when I waked up in the morning, I thought I was somebody else. A red-cheeked doll (the one I call Fanny, because I like her best of all my baby-house family) — what was I saying? O, Fanny was sitting on my pillow, and looking straight before her. I turned her face round, — so that her blue eyes looked at me, — and began to talk to her. A woman came in to dress me, and as I had never seen her before, I began to cry. I was very foolish, for it was only good Jenny, whom I love now very dearly. Mr. William heard me whimpering, and he came in, and tied my frock himself. I rode down to breakfast in his arms. I was very happy that day, only I thought poor Sister Fanny must be lonesome without Maggie. Mr. William said she was coming soon to see me. But she would not come; I wonder why.

And here I am now! It is a very long time since that day, when I came home with Mr. William. I sometimes go to the farm a few days. Then I am Maggie Moore again. But at home, they call me Margaret Stanley. This is *home* now, because I stay here nearly all the time. You see Papa Stanley and mamma cannot spare me very well. They had once a little girl like me, who went to heaven.

And they want me, to love them, and make them happy, in her place. I think sometimes, the little angel Mary is glad when I am good, and looks down sorrowfully from the sky when I am naughty. I think, when I am a *very* little older, I shall be able to be good all the time. Mr. William thinks I shall, and he is my best friend, next to my dear sister Fanny. And lest mamma should be grieved, I must say next to *her*. And poor papa! I love him as well as anybody, you know.

I always say "Mr. William," even now. He prefers I should call him brother, and has promised no longer to keep up "Little Owlet," if I will. But one day, when I was not thinking, and called him so, instead of his own loved name of Mr. William, he turned very red, and hugged me so tight that I did not like it. He says, one of these days I shall *have* to call him brother. I don't know what he means; do you? I mean to ask Fanny.

It makes me very sad, whenever I see little children who are poorly dressed, and poorly fed. I should be glad to give them all my dinner, and go without. Only mamma lets me have food for them, when I ask her. And, do you know? I have a poor-purse, and money in it of my own earning, — a great deal of money, for Mr. William paid me double for my last pair of wristers. By the way, I never saw so careless a man! I can never keep him supplied. He loses a pair always before I have a new pair done. I knit but slowly, not to drop stitches, and I am often tired, and have to run about and jump. But I get a pair knit at last, somehow.

I have rather suspected Jenny of helping me in the night. It is certain that I often find a longer piece than I remember to have left the night before. However, I am not very sure, ever, that I did not knit it all myself. Only I fancy the knitting is more even in some places than in others, and the needles always move more easily in the morning than usual, as if they had got into good habits after I left them.

When I get money enough, I buy a little warm petticoat, and mamma lets me make it myself. Indeed, I cut the last one. Mamma told me where to put my scissors, and how to follow the pattern pinned on. I often cry when we go to put my little warm petticoat on a little child, for it is winter now, and they live in poor, cold rooms,—*so cold!* Once Fanny and I lived in a dark, dirty street; we had only one dark, ugly room for a home. We had a mother then. I can hardly remember her. Only there was always some one lying in the bed, with a white face, and white, thin hands. I think I used to help Fanny carry a bowl from the fire; I suppose it was gruel, or broth. I carried back the empty bowl alone, when my mother had done with it. Once I remember lying in bed with my mother all day, because we had no fire at all. And then Fanny carried away the old silver watch, and I never saw it again. I was often pinched with cold, when the wind blew, for it was a very poor house, and we had never a good fire, like Papa Stanley's. I used to wish I had a whole loaf of bread of my own. I thought I could have eaten the whole of it. Poor Fanny had to sew all the time. When I went to

sleep at night, she was sewing ; when I waked, she was sewing still. I thought then she never slept.

One day, my mother did not open her eyes, and her face was very cold. Fanny was sobbing, sobbing, and her tears dropped down upon her work. I knew that my mother was dead. I was not sad, for I thought she was happy above the blue clouds, with our Heavenly Father, and would no more suffer cold or hunger. She was carried away, and then I wept, though I knew it was not my mother, really, that was laid in the cold earth. I wept, because I was never again to see that pale face, and never to feel her hands laid upon my head, while I said my prayer. And Fanny wept too, and kissed me a great many times.

One day, long after, a coarse, angry man came, and said we could not stay there any longer, because Fanny had no money for him. And he took all our things, even our bed. I did not know what would become of us. But Fanny said she would get *a place*. I do not think that would have done any good, when we had not any bed to put in it! But she did not get a place ; she only went out to service, at a house where they would let her keep me with her. But we did not stay many days, for Farmer Ball took us away to the dear old farm. He said he could not bear to see our father's children without a home, and we should go and live with him, and be his children. And how delighted I was, riding among trees and green fields in his wagon. When I saw a calf, I called it a cunning little cow ; and I did not know what a haystack was. I

thought it was a wigwam, or some kind of house, like the pictures in some book or other I had seen. When the cocks crowed, I said they sung very loud, which made Fanny and the farmer laugh. And when we got out at the door, I could not be got in to see the farmer's wife, till I had both hands full of dandelion-blossoms. O, the farm-house and barn are *so* pleasant! Even now, I almost love best to be there, and to visit the lambs, and the kittens, and the puppies, and the pigs, and to go down into the meadow where I first saw dear Mr. William.

Fanny does not sew now till she is tired, nor look pale and sad. She is as merry as a canary, and sings all the time. You would not think it, but in the parlor in the old red farm-house there is a piano! And Fanny knows how to play, as well as to make butter, and cheese, and nice brown bread, and all such things. And she can draw too. Mr. William takes a great deal of pleasure in teaching her, I think, for when he is not at home, he is always down at the farm, I am pretty sure.

But I cannot talk any longer; I want to see the raising. A great many men have come, and are putting up the beams of a new house, close by Papa Stanley's. Mr. William declares it is his. But he is such a rogue, I do not believe a word of it.

WHEN in the field I meet a smiling flower,
It seems to whisper, "God created me,
And I to him devote my little hour,
In lonely sweetness and humility."

STEPHEN.

ON a lovely evening, when scarcely a breeze whispered through the branches of the trees, a group of men, wearing the dress of shepherds, were standing near a small cluster of cottages. One of them, a little apart from the rest, was thus accosted by a boy about eight years old : —

“ My dear father, let me go into the fields with you to-night, I pray you.”

“ You are too young to be out all night, Stephen,” said the father, stroking his son’s head.

“ I will not trouble you, my father. I love to watch the stars coming out, and to feel the soft, cool night-breeze ! Pray, let me go ! ”

Consent was at length given, and the boy, seizing his father’s hand, accompanied him and his neighbors to the fields, where they were to watch the flocks during the night. The men seated themselves on the grass, and fell into conversation together concerning Him that should come. Stephen ran hither and thither, playing with the lambs, joyful in the rare privilege of being in the fields at midnight.

Wearied at last, he lay down by a favorite lamb, and was soon fast asleep with his head nestled in her soft fleece. How long his slumber lasted he did not know, but he was aroused by feeling his father put his arm around him, and silently draw him to his side. Starting up, he saw the shepherds standing together in a group, with faces of wonder and awe. Instead of the dim starlight in which he had

fallen asleep, the whole scene was bathed in a flood of light surpassing that of the noonday sun.

Suddenly a being stood before them of more than mortal majesty and beauty. As the men fell upon their knees, a voice of inexpressible sweetness said, "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord; and this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger." As the angel ceased, the air was filled with beings of the same likeness, singing and praising God. The words of their song were, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

Not long did the heavenly vision last. The song grew fainter and fainter, the forms of the angels grew dim and disappeared, the brightness faded away, and soon the country lay again calm and silent in the light of the eternal stars. Long did the shepherds stand gazing into heaven, and press each other's hands, in a solemn joy too deep for words.

Stephen, young as he was, well knew the meaning of the angel's tidings. Often had he heard of the longed-for Saviour; often had he listened in the synagogue to the prophecies whose fulfilment he was himself to see. And when, after a pause, the eldest of the shepherds said, "Let us now go to Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass," he eagerly accompanied them. Long, long did he remember the visit to that stable, the little infant lying

in the manger, the lovely face of his virgin mother, the passionate eagerness with which his own usually quiet father threw himself on his knees before the child, and the rapture which lighted up Mary's countenance when the glorious vision was repeated to her. Then the return home, when all was to be repeated again and again to the neighbors, while the children crowded round Stephen to hear the account from his lips. Such a night was never to be forgotten; its impress was left for ever on the character of the child.

Years passed away. Stephen grew to man's estate. His father had died, and he with his mother removed farther into the country, where they lived remote from any village. But he never forgot the Saviour whose birth he had heard announced at midnight. No stranger ever passed their cottage without being closely questioned; but as yet no tidings were to be obtained. "The world went on as it was wont"; Roman oppression continued, and the Deliverer did not appear. But an unshaken faith remained in Stephen's heart that the Redeemer was in the land, and would show himself in his own good time.

One Passover he collected a few lambs fit for sacrifice, and with them made a journey to Jerusalem. His bosom swelled as the glorious temple met his view, and the hope sprang to his heart that very soon the Christ himself would stand within its gates, while all should press to do him homage. With these thoughts in his mind, he disposed his little flock of lambs in a place convenient of access to those about to enter the temple; but he saw with surprise and

indignation, that many of the traders had placed themselves within the courts, and were trafficking in the very temple itself. He ventured to remonstrate with some of them, but was repulsed with contempt.

Stephen stood silently watching the crowds which were continually passing, when his attention was attracted to a small company of men, in whose midst walked one whose countenance instantly fixed his gaze. Such divine majesty, such beaming love, never before shone in human face. The stranger entered the temple gates. Pausing, he turned upon the profaners of those holy courts a look which Stephen would not have encountered for worlds. It was felt by all; sudden silence fell upon the noisy crowd, — a silence of awe and reverence. Raising his hand with a commanding gesture, the stranger said, in a voice that thrilled through the hearts of all who heard, "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise." And he drove them forth, both the sheep and the oxen.

But one thought filled Stephen's breast, to the exclusion of all others: the Deliverer, the Saviour, the Messiah, had come! Who but a divine messenger could have looked thus? What act more appropriate than this with which to commence his career? Eagerly he inquired concerning him, but could learn little more than that his name was Jesus, and his home Nazareth. Stephen watched for him during the whole feast, but only caught occasional glimpses of his form, and was obliged to return home with his hopes unrealized. In the course of the following

year flying rumors frequently reached the humble cottage of the wondrous deeds Jesus was everywhere performing, — of the sick whom he had healed, the blind men he had restored to sight, the dead he had raised ; and once they were visited by one of the five thousand he had fed.

Ere the next Passover arrived, Stephen's mother died ; and he, disposing of his little property, resolved to seek out this prophet, and become his constant follower. He bent his steps towards Jerusalem, hoping that, as the great feast was nigh at hand, he should find Jesus there. As he drew near the gate of the city, he saw a dense crowd approaching in another direction, seeming profoundly agitated. Some were waving palm-branches above their heads ; others were spreading their garments in the way, while the air was rent by shouts of triumph or rejoicing. Scarcely daring to confess his hopes, even to himself, Stephen pressed forward ; and there, in the centre of the crowd, rode the One whose countenance was indelibly impressed upon his memory. A gush of overwhelming joy and gratitude rushed through Stephen's heart. In an instant his voice was raised with those of the multitude ; his garments were thrown in the way, as the crowd moved on toward Jerusalem.

But the brow of the Holy One was sad. He partook not of the general rejoicing, he was unmoved by the shouts and acclamations of the people, and as Stephen gazed upon him, his own voice involuntarily died away, and his throbbing heart beat more slowly. They approach the city ; but suddenly the

Saviour stays his course; he gazes long and sadly upon the glittering roofs below him, and the temple shining splendidly in the light of the morning sun, till his eyes overflow with tears, and in a broken voice he pours forth that pathetic lamentation, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." As Stephen listened, a cold and heavy weight fell upon his heart; he knew not what he feared, but he felt that all was not well with the nation.

During the three following days, Stephen followed Jesus wherever he went. He heard the parables which he uttered, and the fearful sentence pronounced upon the Scribes and Pharisees. Every word he heard, every action he saw, confirmed him in the belief that this was the promised Messiah; but he felt sure that he was not to hold that office in the way which the people expected. Anxiously he observed the gloomy cloud which rested on the faces of the chief priests and Pharisees, for his heart told him that they designed no good.

Eating the Passover with his friends on Thursday evening, their talk was all of Jesus. The next morning he found the whole city alive with rumors; he could find no one who knew what the real truth was. Joining a crowd of people who were hastening out of one of the city gates, he took the road which led to Calvary, — when suddenly his eye fell upon a spectacle which sent the blood back to his heart like a torrent of ice.

Recovering himself, he fled from the spot, nor

stopped until he found refuge in a thick grove of palms. Here he threw himself upon his face, and gave free vent to his agony. How long he lay he knew not, but when he raised his head, a heavy and unearthly darkness brooded over the land. It was not like the night, but fearful, shuddering, unutterably gloomy. His thoughts flew back for thirty years, to the midnight which had been turned into day, to usher in a life whose extinction was now turning noonday into darkness. A fearful earthquake followed; the trees rocked and heaved, and Nature seemed in her dying agony. But it passed away; the sun again shone, and all seemed as before; but in the interval "Earth's one stainless soul had fled."

Sad and gloomy was the day which followed. Stephen sought for the disciples; but, crushed to the earth by their loss, they had retreated from observation. But ere many days had passed, strange reports were abroad; men whispered together what they dared not speak aloud. Soon rumor became certainty,—the broken hearts revived,—the Resurrection had put its glorious seal to the truth of that mission whose dawning was heralded upon the plains of Bethlehem by the heavenly choirs.

Time passed on. The new faith, the Gospel of the kingdom, stayed not hidden in by-places and corners of the land, but was preached boldly and joyfully by men indued with power from on high, while thousands heard and believed. Stephen was no longer the obscure and meditative shepherd, but filled a responsible office in the growing Church. "Full of

faith and the Holy Spirit," he wrought many wonders among the people, and by his words turned many to the truth.

Again the Passover was at hand ; the multitudes flocked as ever to the holy city ; but all came not to worship. Evil passions filled many hearts ; hatred to the new doctrine and its professors was in many minds. They chose their wisest men to dispute with Stephen, hoping to vanquish him by argument ; but the spirit which was within him put their earthly reasonings to shame. Then their passions could no longer be restrained, and dragging him before the Sanhedrim, false witnesses arose to condemn him. But he who had said, " It shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak," did not desert his servant ; filled with a holy composure and dignity, his countenance became to the beholders like the face of an angel.

But what can touch hearts which prejudice and pride have steeled ? His death had been decreed beforehand. Refusing to wait even for the conclusion of his defence, they hurried him forth to martyrdom. When lo ! as he gazes steadfastly toward heaven, the veil is once more rolled back to his mortal vision, as it had been in his childhood ; once more are disclosed to his eye the secrets of the spiritual world. But he sees not, as before, the angelic host, singing glory to God and peace on earth ; — his spirit soars still higher ; — he beholds the glory of the Father ; he sees the Son of Man, his Saviour, standing at the right hand of God ! He calls on him that he will welcome his servant, and receive the soul of

the first martyr to his cause. What then to him is the cruelty of his enemies? His Master, his Lord, is at hand! The mansion is prepared in the Father's house, and the Saviour has come again, according to his promise, to receive him unto himself.

The glorious vision makes the disciple unconscious of bodily pain, until, as nature sinks exhausted, he remembers his persecutors in the very spirit of his Saviour's dying prayer;—crying aloud, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!" And when he had said this, he fell asleep.

M. M.

A TRUE STORY.

'T WAS bitter cold : December's snow
Fell thick upon the ground,
While through the leafless trees the wind
Moaned with a chilling sound.

A lady, wrapped in costly furs,
And cloak both thick and warm,
Walked briskly through the whitening streets :
She heeded not the storm.

She entered soon a lonely house ;
Cheerless it was, and old,
With shattered windows, stuffed with rags
To keep out snow and cold.

She raised the latch, and stepped within
A bare and wretched room ;
No fire, nor even a stove, was there,
Nor aught but want and gloom. !

A woman, shivering and pale,
Rose from a broken chair ;
Her wondering eye the question asked
What brought the lady there.

A little girl of three years old
Was seated on the floor,
Pressing her little naked feet
To the crack of a neighbor's door.

The lady gazed with tearful eyes
Upon them both, and said,
" I 've come to help you in your need ;
I 've brought you meat and bread.

" Some clothes and fuel soon I 'll send, —
I see you need them too.
Cheer up, poor woman ! I will find
Some work for you to do.

" But tell me why your little child
Sits thus upon the floor,
Pressing those purple little feet
Against a broken door ? "

" O ma'am," the mother said, and sighed,
" They have a fire in there,
And when she puts her feet up so,
They feel a warmer air !

" A stranger here, I have no friends
To share with me their store."
" The people living in the house ? "
" *Would* help me, but they 're poor."

O little children who have food,
Warm homes, and parents kind,
Thank Him who sends such gifts to you,
And keep the poor in mind !

L. B.

TWO DREAMS.

I. — THE SCHOLAR'S DREAM.

ARTHUR WINSLOW was a bright and pleasant boy about nine years old. He did not love study very well; he loved a good story, however, quite as much as any other little boy. He could learn his lessons well, and remember them too, when he tried; but very often he was at the foot of his class, and boys duller than he at the head, only because he would not give his attention long enough at a time to fix the lesson in his memory. One day, after a failure in recitation, and many uncomfortable feelings caused by a sense of neglected duty, and a reproof from his teacher, he carried home his grammar to prepare the next day's lesson in the evening. All the family went to a concert that evening, so the house was still. He drew a small sofa near the table, and curled himself up in a corner of it, and studied really in earnest, till he had more than half learned the lesson, when he happened to discover on the table near him a new book. "Oh!" thought he to himself, "I wonder if Brother Alfred brought that home. Yes, he must have done so, for there is *Mercantile Library* on the cover, and here it is again inside! I'll look at it a minute," — and the half-shut grammar slipped down upon the sofa. The new book was far more interesting than the grammar, and, though conscience whispered, "Duty first, Arthur, pleasure afterwards," he did not heed, so absorbed he soon

became in the bewitching pages. Where Arthur had opened, the story was about the Indians ; it kept in view all that is free and joyous in Indian life, but made no mention of the dark, and horrible, and cruel. And so the time sped on till the loud striking of the clock on the church opposite told eight, the hour at which Arthur was to retire for the night. He started ; he thought there must be some mistake. He looked at the little mantel clock, — eight o'clock it really was. " I'll just finish the page," said Arthur to himself, " and then I'll go over that old, ugly grammar lesson once more, and then I'll go to bed." He resumed the grammar presently, but somehow he could not fix his attention ; — it had been easy enough to attend to the story,* but this was quite another thing. Besides, he felt sleepy now ; — strange he did not feel so before ! After a fruitless effort to repeat one or two sentences, he began again ; but the nouns and the verbs were strangely mixed up with wigwams, and bows and arrows, and all sorts of strange fancies glided through his mind. Though he thought he was studying, before he knew it he was really dreaming. And it seemed to him that he and his father were walking together near the State-House, and that they went in to see what was going on in the Legislature. There were a great many men all seated in the large hall, and he asked his father what they were doing there. His father told him that these were the men that were chosen at the town meetings to go and make laws for the State, and that now they were going to make a law that children need not go to school unless they

were so inclined. "O, what a good law!" exclaimed Arthur. "I hope they will pass it." Just then one of the gentlemen arose to make a speech. Arthur was so interested in this new law, that he listened very attentively. The gentleman said he thought that schools were very hard places for children. If a boy was just in the midst of a good story, or was having a fine frolic with other boys, and the school-bell rung, off he must run, as if for dear life. Then in school he could not play at all, — it was all study and recite, study and recite, all day, and every day, only once in a while there came a vacation. Then he did not see as all these studies were of much use; some of them might be, but he thought boys were meant for fun, and fun was meant for the boys. He knew boys were a great deal happier coasting than they were studying, and therefore they ought to coast as long as snow lasted. If there was any boy that really liked to go to school, and pore over those dull old books and slates, and do just as the teacher wanted him to, why he might do it; or any girl might either, if she chose; but he believed in letting children have their liberty. By and by, he said, they would be old, and then they *could not* play. So he should vote for a law to let the children stay away from school whenever they liked, and have a good time. Arthur thought this gentleman had made a sensible speech, so he clapped his hands, and gave three cheers. After a few more speeches the gentlemen voted, and the Juvenile Liberty Bill was passed. Then it seemed to him that the new law was printed in a circular, and sent

round to all the families, and the children all jumped and shouted for joy, and then ran to the school-houses to take home their books. Then a week seemed to have passed, and he and another boy chanced to look into the school-house; there they saw about ten scholars. They were looking very sorry, for the teacher told them that he could not afford to keep school for ten scholars, and so he should give up teaching that day, although he was aware that those few scholars would have been very thankful for the opportunity to come and study hard every day. Soon all the school-houses were altered into dwelling-houses, and all the children had nothing to do but play all day and every day. He dreamed that they went into the woods, about twenty of them, and built themselves some little wigwams out of branches of trees, and made bows and arrows, and birch-bark canoes. They sailed on the brooks and ponds, and they gathered berries in the woods, and were as merry and happy as the birds all the time. He thought that the men who made such beautiful laws for the children were the kindest and wisest men that ever lived. But while he was dreaming, he thought one of the boys in their wigwam in the woods had grown to be very much like an Indian, and he had a rough, grum voice, and said, "Come, come, Arthur, I cannot have you in my wigwam"; and just as he was looking to see if the boy had a tomahawk in his belt, he woke up, and found his father and all the family come home from the concert. His father was saying, "Come, come, Arthur, wake up; I cannot have you lying on the

sofa at ten o'clock at night"; and so Arthur rose, and walked off up stairs, thinking what a pity it was that his dream could not come true.

II. — THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

MISS MANDEVILLE was Arthur Winslow's teacher. She was very kind and patient, loving her scholars dearly, and desiring to do them good; but sometimes her patience was nearly exhausted, and her strength entirely so, with the hard work of teaching children who did not care at all for learning, and who would much rather have played all the time, if they could have been permitted to do so.

The day after Arthur's remarkable dream, he told it to Miss Mandeville in the recess; she smiled, and said she had no doubt some of her scholars would like to see it fulfilled. That day was a pretty hard and weary one in school, and when night came, and the teacher's head rested on the pillow, it was *only* the head that rested, and not the busy, busy thoughts; they still kept right on doing, over and over again, the business of the day. And at last she dreamed that Arthur's dream had really come true; the Legislature had passed a law that there need be no more schools. At first the teacher gave a sigh of relief, as she said to herself, "No more standing before a heedless class, explaining things forgotten as soon as explained; no more teasing; no more failures in re-

citation ; no more spilt ink ; no more wishing for vacation, since it will be *all* vacation." But directly after these thoughts came another train : " No more learning, for the little boys and girls, — they will all grow up ignorant ; no more beautiful bouquets on the desk in the morning, to look bright and fresh all day ; no more pleasant letters in the post-office from grateful pupils, far away." Then she seemed to see all the children frolicking in the woods at a merry picnic, and she said to herself, " All this play is very beautiful now, but how will it be in the many long years hereafter, as they pass by." And then in the dream she seemed to go to sleep, and sleep like Rip Van Winkle, one unbroken nap of a hundred years. She seemed to wake up on a bright, beautiful Sunday morning ; and at the proper time she set out to find her way to church. And she walked on, and on, a long way, but she could not find any church, and everything looked very strange. After a long and vain search for a church, she saw an old man tottering along feebly with a cane ; she walked along and overtook him, and asked him if he could tell her where she could find a meeting-house. The old man looked at her with astonishment, and seemed to think she was crazy to ask such a question ; and he replied : —

" Don't you know we don't have such things now-a-days ? A hundred years ago they gave up day-schools, and pretty soon after the colleges were all closed, because there were no boys fitted to be educated there ; and how do you think we could have preaching where there are no ministers ? "

"But," asked the teacher, "don't your people get together, and read in the Bible and good books?"

"Where is the use of having books, now? Nobody knows how to write books, or read them. The Dark Ages have come back."

"But what do you do for doctors? How do people get learning to cure diseases and prevent them, and set fractured limbs, and so on?"

"O, we have to take care of each other the best way we can," was the old man's reply.

"But how do your people get knowledge of other countries?" asked the teacher; "and how do they know how to carry on their trade in ships?"

"O, we've given up trade," said the old man. "You see, when the boys grew up, they did not know how to keep accounts, and they knew nothing of the geography of other countries, and they did not understand navigation, or trigonometry, or surveying, or anything else. So they all stay at home now, and we have nothing done in the way of commerce. In fact, the people know nothing of the country they live in, except the little they can see as they go from place to place; and that will not last long. They have had to give up railroads and steamboats long ago, and as for telegraphs, there is no use for them; as the people grew up without learning, there can be no newspapers, nor even letters, and so there is no need of telegraphs, or mails."

The teacher gave a long sigh, and dreamed that the old man with his cane tottered along out of sight, and that she lay down on a mossy bank under a great oak-tree, and went to sleep again. She slept

one hundred years more. What caused her to wake up at last was a terrible noise, shriller and fiercer than any steam-whistle. She sat upright on her mossy bank, and looked about to see what new changes had taken place. Presently she heard again the same noise that had so startled her out of her long sleep. Was it a war-whoop?

The people who raised the war-whoop were not Indians, but white men; and as she looked round to discover some one who could tell her what all this meant, she found *the same old man* she had talked with when she woke up a hundred years before! He was still tottering along with his cane. She beckoned him to come and sit down on the mossy bank beside her; but he shook his head, and so the teacher rose and walked along with him.

"I want to ask," said she, "what is the cause of these great changes that I see, everywhere? I don't see any men and women that look as they used to do, and there are no houses built as they used to be. The country seems like a savage one."

"Well," said the old man with a sigh, "the country is fast becoming a savage one. People can't live as they used to, for want of the learning. They cannot build houses, for they don't understand architecture; so they live in wigwams. They have no books and schools and churches, to make them refined and gentle; and so they have grown savage, and they fight and kill one another. They are just now going to have a battle, and the noise you heard was a war-whoop."

"But how came you here after so many years?" asked the teacher. "How could you live so long?"

"I live," said the old man, "because I cannot die. I am suffering a punishment, which is, to walk the earth, and see these dreadful changes as they come, worse and worse every year."

"But what have you done to deserve so severe a penance?" asked the teacher.

"I," answered the old man solemnly, "am the man who first proposed there should be no more schools. All this misery is in consequence of it, and I am doomed to walk the earth and see the result of my foolish and wicked law. I call it a *wicked* law, for it threw away Heaven's best gifts."

The old man passed on, leaning heavily on his cane. Miss Mandeville woke up, and found it was all a dream.

Miss Mandeville herself is but a dream, and Arthur, and the whole story; for I have been dreaming broad awake, to show my little friends how sad a thing it would be to have no education.

H. W.

TO GRACE,

ON HER FOURTH BIRTHDAY.

SAY, what story shall be told
To Grace, now she is four years old?
When she saw her first birthday,
She could frolic, laugh, and play,
But alone could scarcely walk,
And had just begun to talk.
"Pat-a-cake," and "Little Boy Blue,"
Merry "High-diddle-diddle," too,

And "By-low Baby Bunting," were
Pretty stories then for her.

When little Grace was one year older,
Such as these no more were told her ;
For all about the rats and mice,
And how they ate up in a trice
The bread and cheese upon the shelf,
She could tell it all herself.
The doleful tale of "Jack and Jill,"
And "The old Woman under the Hill,"
And many others, small and big,
With "Betty Pringle," and her pig, —
All these stories she had told,
When she was but two years old.

When of years she counted three,
What might then her stories be ?
Father then must cease to read,
Put his book away with speed,
And his last story tell once more,
(Grace can hear it o'er and o'er,)
How the little playful child
Wandered to the woods so wild,
Filled his lap with pretty flowers,
And played away the sunny hours,
Till at last the sun had set,
And the grass with dew was wet ;
How the lane and field he crossed,
And knew, at length, that he was lost.
And then his tears, how fast they fell !
But the Dog, that loved him well,
Came and found the little boy,
Barked and frisked around with joy,
And led him, without hurt or fear,
To his anxious mother dear.

But what story shall be told
To Grace, now she is four years old ?

O, little needs her happy heart
Aid from story-teller's art!
Life is dressed in colors gay,
It is Fancy's holiday;
And the light that round her lies
Comes from far-off fairy skies.
Every insect, leaf, and stone
Hath a story of its own;—
The little brooks that run along
Sing to her a merry song;—
That pretty bird that hurries by
Takes her with him through the sky;—
And every blossom, bud, and bell
Has a wondrous tale to tell.
Stories funny, sad, or gay,
Whether she 's at rest or play,
Stories all the time are told
To Grace, now she is four years old.

S. S. F.

BERENGER.

No. III.

BERENGER and Adèle were on the best terms for some time after his short illness. Berenger's heart was touched by her affection, and the unusual softness of his manner kept her in a loving mood. When she felt annoyed, as she sometimes did when he did not intend to vex her, because he handled her dolls without respect, and laughed at their ingeniously-contrived costumes, she remembered Seppa and her resolutions, and preserved her good-humor as well as she could. Ethelind gave her a little

pat of encouragement at the right moment, which changed the forced smile to a real bright one, sometimes, and made her feel more truly happy and forgiving.

In consequence of his quarrel with Jacquot, and his disgust with such company, whom he had found to be low in their standard of morals, and not merely uneducated and unrefined, Berenger was more with Henri and Leo, and his younger brother, Aribert, than had been his wont. He improved by their unconscious influence. They were true gentlemen, already, in habitual manners, especially Henri, who was much the elder. It was not merely to strangers that each of them was ready to sacrifice his personal convenience, and offer little attentions and kindnesses; they were attentive, without formality, to the wants and wishes of all around them. Unconsciously, Berenger caught the spirit of good-will, and the desire to help and please others. He could not at once acquire the ease and grace of habitual politeness, and his attempts to oblige were sometimes ludicrously unfortunate. He pulled Ethelind out of a carriage, instead of gently supporting her in her descent; he overturned her work-table, in hastily pushing it within her reach; he singed her hair, in approaching the candle to some object she was examining; he spoiled a letter just finished by creating a surge in the inkstand in his hurry to relieve her of a desk she was carrying. But, strange to say, his awkwardness never awakened the spirit of satire in Ethelind. She gave him her sweetest smiles, as if he had really done her a favor by intending one,

and the boy felt in his heart that her approval was a pleasant thing to win.

The father looked with hope and pleasure at the handsome, spirited face of his boy, when the fire of his bold black eyes became softened by these happy domestic intimacies; his ear took in with all a father's delight the tones of his voice, no longer purposely roughened, under a false idea of manliness and independence, but in harmony with the prevailing tone in the household. "O, would this but last!" said the father. "O, might we avoid anything that could wake his wild temper, till habit has made love and quiet necessary to him!"

But there was something in Berenger's mind which was not to be understood as yet, even by himself. A severer lesson than that which he had received was needed before he could tame his own will. He fancied he had a natural right to be fully convinced of the expediency of everything he was told to do, before obeying the command. Therefore, when his father's requirements crossed his boyish ideas or preferences, he challenged debate, and called for reasons, often in no very respectful terms. The father was firm, but never assumed a stern and authoritative tone. He was unwilling that the obedience of his children should be compulsory, if he could by any degree of patience train them to the cheerful and free submission of the will to the direction of an acknowledged superior experience and wisdom in their father, who was also their tutor.

One night when Berenger had been peculiarly headstrong and wilful, Adèle heard her father say

that he would go on with the story of the Unseen Benefactor, if his audience should assemble early enough. A hint to each brought them from their several favorite occupations before the waning light had made it necessary to quit them. Berenger brought with him a pumpkin lantern he was hollowing out, with the intention of cutting a horrible face in it, to scare Jacquot, who passed Ursula's untenanted hen-roost every night on his way home from the mill. He sat in his favorite position on the terrace wall, and worked away industriously while the story went on as follows :—

“ Eugene felt a desire to travel, when the last day of school had passed, and his schoolfellows, more happy than he in having homes and friends, had dispersed. Two large travelling-boxes, containing everything he could possibly require, were brought one morning, by porters, and left at the door of his sleeping-room before he waked, so that he nearly stumbled over them as he came forth at the summons to breakfast. His curiosity was more eager than his appetite, as you may suppose, and he did not leave his room till he had examined everything, except a small casket, which he could not find means to open. There was not even a keyhole. ‘ Keep this carefully, and carry it with you wherever you go,’ said a paper wrapped about it.

“ He resolved to go to Marseilles, which he had heard his father say was his birthplace. But before he had gone half-way, a stranger got into the diligence in the darkness of a rainy night, and, in those silver tones which always thrilled him with mingled

awe and joy, forbade him to continue his journey beyond the next post-town. 'Go to England, or to Egypt, if you will, — anywhere, out of France. Or, if you desire it, you may take up your residence in Paris. I will furnish you with money for your own expenses, and those of a travelling companion. No harm can befall you, I trust, except in Marseilles, or its vicinity. There, I cannot defend you; I ask you to obey, because I can see what you cannot.'

"Eugene felt his soul rebel against the restraint which was put upon his inclination.

"'Give me reasons. Tell me why I am prohibited from visiting the place where I was born, the only place to which I feel that I have any tie.'

"'Is it not enough that I love you, and have proved myself your friend?'

"'I am grateful for your love. But for your benefits, take them back, if they bind me. Leave me only my hands and head, and the liberty of taking my own way.'

"'Ungrateful boy! How can I take back what I have given you? You owe me education, and support from the cradle; everything but bare life. It was for your sake I pensioned your helpless father. There is but one being dearer to me than you. But I have not wished to lay chains upon you. Since you cannot freely and cheerfully obey one wiser than yourself, who has no wish to govern you but for your own sake, try your own wilful way. I leave you free.'

"Eugene's heart reproached him, but he was young and headstrong. He forgot, in his desire

for independence, that he should be quite as independent in resolving to follow advice, as in spurning it. He was simply obstinate and wrong-headed, not manly, in going to Marseilles, in the face of the warning he had received.

“In a gallery of pictures one day, he found himself the object of sinister scrutiny, and was addressed by some name not his own, with threatening gestures. He drew out his card, which he haughtily presented to the person who had spoken to him, and passed on. As he drew near a group of ladies, one of the party made a gesture of recognition, and took a step to meet him. He bowed, of course, but with a look which showed his conviction that the lady was mistaken. ‘Mr. St. Aubin?’ said she, in a low voice. He bowed again, more astonished than before. He looked behind him, and saw the person who had misnamed and almost insulted him still regarding him from a distance with a doubtful and dark look, while pointing him out to another not very friendly looking personage, wearing a military garb. The young lady drew Eugene’s attention to the picture before which they chanced to stand, and bade him keep his eyes fixed upon it. ‘You are in danger. Your enemies are perplexed by my acknowledging you as an acquaintance. But they will have the police at the door. They are watching you narrowly.’ ‘I have no enemies; no man has aught against me,’ said the youth, pointing with his cane to the right corner of the picture. ‘Innocence will not avail you,’ said his fair interlocutor, touching the canvas with her fan, and stepping close to Eugene as if to

see from his point of view. 'When I give you the signal, slip behind yonder pillar,' said she, and Eugene observed that she grew pale and trembled. Directly, there was an alarm of fire, with a strong smell of smoke. In the hubbub that ensued, and the struggling rush towards the large doors, the young man made his escape through an open panel behind the pillar. He was in perfect darkness, but the well-known voice, and the grasp of a warm, firm hand, reassured him. Down, down, down, over innumerable stone stairs, and through long winding passages, they felt their way; they came out at last upon the quay, and St. Aubin was hurried at once on board an English vessel. Here his guide took leave of him, with a silent embrace.

"'Here we part. You are free, Eugene,' it said to the boy's heart, more expressively than words.

"'O forgive me, ere you leave me,' cried Eugene, detaining his benefactor, and endeavoring to draw him to the binnacle lamp. 'Let me at least once see your face, if I have broken the relation between us by my obstinacy.' There was no answer but a faint sigh, or sob, and another passionate embrace. 'The young girl, is she safe?' Without reply, the unknown hastily threw off the clinging arms of Eugene, and departed with rapid steps."

"And did he never come back to Eugene?" cried Adèle, almost crying; and all began to exclaim and ask questions but Berenger, who sat upon the wall perfectly motionless, with his back to them all.

WILLOW FARM STORIES.

No. III.

"RICHARD," I heard Jane say in the early twilight of the next night, "when I grow up, I am going to take care of all the poor folks in the world. I am going to build a great house, and ask them all to come and live in it, and give them plenty to eat and drink, and nice warm clothes to wear!"

"Why don't you do it now?" asked Richard, with derision.

"I wish I could," replied Jane in a despondent tone, "but little girls can't do anything. I do wish I was a grown-up lady!"

"Well, I suppose you will be, by and by," said Richard; "but in the mean time see Cousin Julia and Moll in the big arm-chair over there. Come, we'll have a race!"

And catching Willie by the hand, the children rushed wildly across the room, and settled themselves at my feet, with an earnest request for "stories." After a few moments' thought I began:—

"In the course of our long visit at Willow Farm, my aunt sent up into the country for a young girl to take care of the baby. Edith and I awaited her arrival with great impatience, for the nursery-maid who had just left had played with us a good deal, and we hoped Josephine Almira Hammond would prove as good-natured as Bessie was. But when we went into the kitchen, the next morning after her arrival, we found a tall, dismal, sickly-looking girl, not

at all like the plump, rosy-cheeked Bessie. Poor Josephine Almira! She had scarcely strength to carry the baby from place to place, and, instead of taking the little one off on long strolls through the fields with Edith and me, as Bessie used to do, she would sit in the swing, holding her in her arms, and feebly rocking to and fro. She was very poor too, and her clothes were coarse, and sometimes ragged. Aunt S—— very soon found she would not answer her purpose at all, and told her so, as kindly as she could. It was a severe disappointment to Josephine Almira, and she shed many tears when she found she must go back to her poor, hard-working parents again. We all felt very sadly about it. Aunt S—— and mother cut out and made a warm suit of clothes for her, and every one tried to make her feel more comfortable and happy.

“When we left home, mamma had given Edith and me each a quarter of a dollar for ‘spending money.’ We had saved them very carefully for several weeks, and now, there being a grand menagerie in the village, we resolved to devote our money to obtaining a sight of the zebra, tiger, and elephant, whose pictures adorned the outside of the huge tent. We had not yet spoken of our plan to mamma; but finding that Tracy and Edward were going to the exhibition with their father on the next day, we thought we would ask her leave to accompany them.

“When we went to her room we found her very busy trimming a neat straw bonnet for Josephine Almira, and we became so interested in her account of the poverty and unhappiness of the young girl, that we forgot lions and tigers altogether for the time.

“‘O, I do wish *I* could do something for her!’ said Edith, with her bright eyes full of tears.

“‘Go and tell her so, dear,’ said mamma, ‘and you too, little Julie; she will be pleased with your sympathy, at any rate. A kind word is worth more to a sad heart than a purse of gold.’

“But Edith turned to me with a sudden flush on her cheek, and twitched my dress as a sign she had something to confide to me. As soon as we were under the friendly old willows in the yard, almost breathless with our race, Edith cried out: ‘O Julie! I am so glad I have not spent my quarter of a dollar! I’m going to give it to Josephine Almira!’

“‘O, but Edith!’ I exclaimed, rather appalled at the idea, ‘then we cannot see the lion, and that striped zebra; and, O dear! how disappointed Tracy and Edward will be!’

“‘Yes, I know it,’ continued Edith, speaking more slowly; ‘but she has not even clothes enough to wear, and she is sick, and her mother is old.’

“‘Yes,’ answered I, still dreaming of the unknown delights of the menagerie; ‘but you know you read all that about the elephant, how sagacious he is. O Edith! I do want to see him so much!’

“‘So do I, Julie,’ said Edith, sighing a little; ‘I have always wished I could see an elephant, but now I don’t believe we should enjoy it; we should keep thinking about Josephine Almira and her poor mother all the time. And don’t you remember what mamma told us the other night, when we asked her if it was not good in us to give our old hoops to the little Burtons, when Aunt S—— gave us new ones?’

“‘She said there was no generosity in giving away what we did not want ourselves.’

“‘Yes,’ replied Edith, very earnestly, ‘and I remember, while we were talking, you said that little children had not much to give away, and you thought they could not be of much use in the world. And mother said that many grown persons, too, feel as if they could not do *much* good, but that, in truth, to every one, little and great, some opportunities for doing good offered themselves. We should be careful not to neglect them, she said. Now, Julie, don’t you think this is an *opportunity*?’

“I never could resist Edith’s eloquence; and so, after a little more talk, I felt as ready to give up our first plan as she did. We ran to find Josephine, and to slide our little offering into her hand, in our bashful, childish way. The tears that stood in her eyes as she took it touched us very much. Tracy and Edward were loud in their lamentations when we announced our decision of not going to the menagerie after all, and felt more sorry to go without us than we were to stay behind. Edith and I were as happy as birds; and in the midst of our romps and wild frolics that afternoon, we often exchanged bright smiles and meaning glances.

“The next day, after dinner, as we were playing under the trees in front of the house with our cousins, mother came to the door and called: ‘Little girls, come! I want you to wash your hands, and change your frocks. Uncle S—— is going to carry you all to see the menagerie.’ What a shout of glee went up from four little throats, as we

threw away our hoops and sticks, and danced up and down on the grass in our delight!

"We had told mamma all about our little gift to Josephine Almira. We always told her everything that had excited or interested us during the day, when she came to our bedside at night. And mamma had kissed us, and said we had done right, and that she knew we were happier than if we had saved our money for our selfish gratification. Before we told her anything about it, however, she had made arrangements with Uncle S—— that we might go to the show. She did not tell us so till the time came, for she wanted us to feel all the pleasure of self-sacrifice.

"I do not believe that there was any little girl or boy in all that mammoth tent who enjoyed the awful sight of the tigers and bears, the clumsy graces of the good-natured elephant, and the antics and grimaces of the ugly, comical monkeys, more intensely than did Edith and I. We felt so light-hearted and happy all the time! We offered little cakes to the elephant, who received them amiably with his trunk, and —

"Hark, there comes your father! I hear him rubbing his boots on the mat. That's right, Richard, draw up his easy-chair to the grate. Janie will bring his dressing-gown, and Willie his slippers. You want to do something, little Moll? Well, run and climb up into his arms, and give him a good hug and a kiss, and say, 'Welcome home, this cold, stormy night!'"

JULIA.

READING LESSON.

Mother (at a window). How can you run in the sun this hot day! Come and cool yourselves. Take off your cape-bonnets. What red faces!

Annie. There! Now I am as cool as I want to be.

Bessie. Cool enough, I am. Now for another race.

Annie. May we, mother? I do not want to go in yet.

Mother. You know the plank slope at the door of the chaise-house?

Annie. Yes, mother.

Bessie. Yes.

Mother. It is cool and shady there, is it not?

Bessie. Yes.

Annie. Why?

Mother. And clean?

Both. Very clean.

Mother. Go there, and wait till I come to you.

Both. Yes, mother. What for, I wonder!

(They go, running.)

Annie. I wish these doors were open.

Bessie. So you could swing?

Annie. But look here, Bessie! What is this? For us, I wonder? A bowl and two pipes, — is mamma going to teach us to smoke?

Bessie. Ho, ho, ho! What a funny girl you are! What is in the bowl? Let me taste. Would you?

Annie. No.

Mother (laughing). It is nothing nice to taste. You would not have liked it much, Bessie.

Annie. O, mother is come. What are you doing with the pipe, mother? Oh! Oh! Beautiful!

Bessie. O, give me one! Where is it? It is gone. I cannot see it.

Annie. It burst. It was only a great bubble. O, what a great one she is making now! How do you do it, — eh, mother? May I try?

Bessie. She cannot speak, — she is blowing. See, my face is on it!

Annie. And such pretty colors! Blue, red, and green!

Bessie. And the barn, — and the sky! Let me look. O, my face is wet!

Annie. Ah, the bubble is burst! I wanted it bigger. Would it not have been a great one!

Mother. If Bessie had not put her little nose into it. We'll try another.

Bessie. See, there is a little bubble at the bottom of the big one, going round and round!

Annie. How nicely mother took it off with her finger, without making the great one burst!

Mother. See me toss one into the air.

Annie. How prettily it floats! Ah! It touched.

Bessie. It is gone.

Mother. Here is a pipe for each of you. I will let you try.

Bessie. I wish I could keep one of these pretty bubbles. See, I did make a very little one. I shall blow a great many small ones.

Annie. And I a great one, twice as large as mamma's head.

Bessie. What a long, crooked bubble! Gone?

Mother. How she winked when it spattered in her face. A little soap in your eye? Does it smart? It will do no injury. You should not blow so very hard, — slow and steady, now! That is the way to get on in this world. 'Most haste —'

Annie. 'Worst speed.' I burst it again. O dear!

Mother. Patience! I am going into the house now. Be careful, Bessie; pipes are easily broken.

Bessie. I will not let mine fall, nor tumble down myself with it.

Annie. Nor I mine. O, I did! — but it went on some soft grass.

Bessie. Mother is gone. See me turn my pipe like a man smoking. Do look! The bubbles are piled on the top! See my smoke! Och! a little ran down my throat! (*Sputtering and half crying.*) Och!

Annie. Never mind. It is only soap and water. It will not poison anybody.

Bessie. Won't it? I should think it would, by the taste. Now look!

Annie. You must not joggle my arm. I cannot look when I am blowing a bubble myself, don't you know?

Bessie. But I have nobody to see my bubble, then. I blow great ones, now. See if I don't!

Annie. There, you spoiled mine. Go away.

Bessie. No.

Annie (crossly). You are too close to me.

Bessie. I don't care, — you should look. O, I wish you would not carry off the bowl!

Annie. I want it. Presently, you shall have it all yourself.

Bessie. No, give it to me now. Yes, yes! I want to blow. There, you spilt some, pulling so!

Annie. No matter. That is nothing.

Bessie. You have made me break my pipe.
O — o!

Annie. O poor, dear Bessie! I am so sorry! Did I make you drop it? It was because we were quarrelling. O dear! I was very selfish, Bessie.

Bessie (melted). I plagued you, dear Annie, I know.

Annie. I had no right to take the bowl away. My pipe shall be half yours. Don't cry!

Bessie. It is all in little bits. Could it be mended, I wonder? It was so soapy, and slippery. I could not help it, when you — No matter, now!

Annie. You shall blow six bubbles, — no, ten! — before I take my turn.

Bessie. But what will you be doing?

Annie. I shall look on, as I ought to have been willing to do before, when you asked me. I could have glanced, and not stopped blowing, and I knew it all the time. I was selfish. I am apt to be, I think.

Bessie. No, Annie. Puff — p-o-o-o-o-f.

Annie. Blow *long*, — not puff, puff, as if you were smoking.

Bessie. Now Annie! You made me laugh! I can't blow at all, when I laugh.

Annie. Now blow; I have dipped it for you. O, what a beauty! It is about as pleasant looking on, as blowing one's self all the time. But how drolly you puff out your cheeks, and how wide you open your eyes!

Bessie. I cannot shake it off, as mamma did.

Annie. I will. Let me!

Bessie. No, no! There, I broke it.

Annie. Try again.

Bessie. I had rather *you* should have a chance now. Don't you want to, dear Annie?

Annie. O, I am in no hurry. I like to see you. You must learn to wave it off into the air, Bessie.

Bessie. There! But you are not looking. What are you doing?

Annie. I took this piece of stem, and blew into the soap and water, — and see!

Bessie. Such a heap of bubbles! They crowd each other, without breaking. They are not round.

Annie. What pretty colors!

Bessie. I guess mother never saw anything like that. I will carry it and show it to her.

Annie. No, you might break the bowl. You shall carry my — I mean *our* — pipe, rolled up in your apron, and I will be the bowl-carrier. Eh, Bessie?

Bessie. I wanted to carry it. But I will let you, Annie. I will not be selfish. I hope I shall not tumble down with the pipe. Come!

E. E. A.

TENACITY OF LIFE IN INSECTS.

THE Demon of Frost set out, one dark November morning, to do the bidding of Death. He passed over a forest, and the last leaves of autumn fell in countless thousands at his touch. He passed over a desolate moor, and, meeting a benighted traveller, he heaped his snow-bed, piped his shrill lullaby, and whistled at knowing it was the wanderer's last. He entered a garden, and the surviving dahlias shrank in their velvet mantles, and died at the bidding of his icy breath.

Then he laid one of his freezing fingers on a little caterpillar, and the ramping worm grew stiff as iron, and chinked like a stone as it fell on the ice-bound earth.

The Demon of Frost went home well pleased with his work, and, after many another walk upon the like death-doing errands, traversed once more, toward the end of February, the very path he had followed in dark November. Then he saw in the forest but a few remains, half rotted, of his victim leaves. On the desolate moor he passed over the whitening bones of his victim man. In the flower-garden not a vestige was visible of his victim dahlias.

But where was his supposed victim caterpillar?

Amidst the crystal gems of his own scattering, as they melted in the smiles of his arch-enemy, the Sun, sat a saucy butterfly, and the Demon of Frost shook his hoary locks, and gnashed his icy teeth; for he knew that the tiny spark of life which animated that

winged creature was the very same which must have laughed at his power in the frost-stiffened caterpillar.

* * * * *

Mr. Beddome, a respectable chemist in Tooley Street, London, in a letter to the editor of the *Times*, which was copied in the *Times Telescope* for 1822, thus writes : — “ I bought twenty large hives, and a hogshead of Dutch honey in the native state, not separated from the wax, which had been in the warehouse a year. After emptying the hives as well as I could, I boiled them for a considerable time in water, to obtain the honey from between the interstices. A considerable number of bees, mixed with honey, floated on the surface of the water. These I skimmed off, and placed on flagstones outside my laboratory, which was at the top of the house, exposed to a July meridian sun. You may imagine my astonishment, when, in half an hour, I saw scores of these bees, that had been for months in a state of suffocation, and then well boiled, gradually come to life, and fly away. There were so many of them, that I closed the door, fearing that they might be disposed to return and punish me for the barbarous usage they had received at my hands.” — *Episodes of Insect Life*.

Avoid raising into undue importance in your own mind the little failings you may perceive in others, or the trifling disappointments they may occasion you.

LA FILLE DESINTERESSÉE.*

JE vais vous raconter une petite histoire. Regardez cette maison entourée de grands arbres, de trois côtés une plaine s'étend devant le quatrième. La porte s'entr'ouvre. Deux enfants en sortent, se tenant par la main. L'une a cinq ans, l'autre n'en a que quatre. L'air de protection et de galanterie que se donne le petit, sa taille robuste et ses grands pieds annoncent, au premier coup d'œil que c'est un garçon. La gentille figure de l'autre, ses beaux cheveux bruns noués avec des rubans bleus, son air modeste tout déclare que c'est une fille. Ces deux cousins s'aiment tendrement. Forcément séparés depuis plusieurs mois ils sont bien heureux d'être enfin réunis. En sautant, en courant, en se promenant, ils se trouvent à la porte d'une chaumière voisine ; et s'adressant à un homme âgé qui travaille dans le jardin, le petit garçon lui dit, " Monsieur, voulez vous avoir la bonté de me faire donner un œuf frais pour ma sœur qui ne se porte pas bien à présent ? " " Avec plaisir, mon enfant," dit le vieillard ; " je vais le faire trouver s'il est possible," et il parle à la petite fille. " Ah, ma chère Lucie ! vous voilà donc revenue ! je suis charmé de vous revoir." En disant ces mots le bon homme oublie sa goutte, dont il venait d'être atteint cruellement,

* The Editor requests that some of her young readers will send in translations of this little story before the 10th of April, that she may select one for publication in the May number. The age, address, and initials of the translator, if they accompany the translation, will be published with it.

et il monte dans un cerisier pour en donner des fruits à sa chérie. Il cueille une douzaine des cerises, et les remets aux deux mains de Lucie. Les grands yeux de l'enfant étincellent de joie. Ayant reçu l'œuf tous les deux courent avec empressement chez eux pour raconter à leur tante ce qui, leur est arrivé, " Vous avez, sans doute, remercié le vieillard, mes enfans ? " dit elle. " Helas ! nous l'avons oublié ! " " Retournez donc sur vos pas, mes chers, et réparez votre faute. Je garderai vos cerises jusqu'à votre retour. " " Nous voici, chère tante ; nous avons fait ce que vous avez voulu. " " Donne moi les cerises, " s'écria Lucie, " je vais les partager avec mon frère et mes deux cousins. " " Un moment, ma chère, je te conseille d'en donner trois à chacune des bonnes qui s'occupent tant de vous. Et comme le petit Mai ne se trouve pas ici, et que d'ailleurs elle ne se porte pas bien, je préfère qu'elle n'en mange pas. " " Ah, oui, ma tante, tu as raison. Je vais chercher Marie, Cathérine, et Caroline sur le champ, " et en disant ces mots l'aimable enfant disparaît de la salle. Elle revient, tenant par les queues les trois cerises qui lui restent. " Regardez celle-ci, ma bien aimée, " reprit la tante ; " elle est un peu gâtée, tu ne peux pas la donner à un autre, il faut le garder pour toi-même. Je vais enlever le gâté. " " Eh bien, ma chère tante, aie la bonté de garder celle-ci, qui est très bonne, pour mon frère chéri. Viens ici, mon cousin ; je te donne l'autre, " et elle prend celle qui est gâtée. À ce moment la jolie Mai entre dans le salon. " Des cerises, " dit elle, " qu'elles sont belles ! " " Ah, Lucie, " dit sa tante, " voilà, Mai ! Elle est encore si jeune qu'elle

s'affligera beaucoup si tu ne lui donnes pas de ta cerise. On peut lui permettre d'en prendre le second morceau." "Avec plaisir," reprit l'aimable enfant, tendant au même temps le reste de sa cerise à la jolie bouche de Mai. La petite ne comprend pas qu'elle ne doit en prendre qu'un morceau, elle en mange le tout. Lucie ouvre de grands yeux, et se tait. "C'est égal, mes enfans," dit la tante. "On ne doit pas gronder la mignonne. Elle n'a pas compris ce qu'on a voulu. Maintenant vous pouvez vous divertir." "Oui, oui," s'écria Lucie; "viens Guillaume, viens Mai. Dépêchons nous; allons faire manger les poulets."

P. C. L.

F A I T H .

How beautiful is the child's confidence in the power and love of his father! A collision took place at sea, which made a wreck of one vessel, and, in the bustle of transferring the passengers to the uninjured craft, a gentleman with his little son in his arms fell overboard. He was rescued after so long a delay that he was about to give up all hope. A lady asked the child how he felt when he was in the sea.

"Very wet," he replied.

"Is that all?" said she, laughing at the simplicity of the answer.

"The sea is very cold, too. A great many kettles of hot water would not warm it."

Not a word of fear!



The Evening Star

THE EVENING STAR.

Thou watchest from thy lonely tower
The glowing sunset sky;
Hath earth to draw thy gaze no power,
No charm to lure thine eye?
Why turn from scenes so passing fair
To burning fields of empty air?

Thou heed'st me not; but gazing still
With eye serene and clear,
Thou waitest patiently until
The Evening Star appear:
And, lost in girlhood's idle dream,
Thou fain wouldst hail her earliest beam.

Still linger and enjoy thy trance,
Albeit of briefest date;
The dreams of later years, perchance,
May share as stern a fate.
Hope not Time's ruthless hand will spare
Thy glittering mansions in the air.

Yet, maiden! when thy castles fade
And sudden melt away,
Grieve not to see them lowly laid, —
All earthly hopes decay;
Our airy temples perish all, —
The loveliest are the first to fall.

But when the eve of life draws nigh,
And woes thy spirit bow,
Still turn to Heaven thy tear-dimmed eye,
As in thy girlhood now;
Let not the clouds thy vision bar, —
Still gaze upon the Evening Star!

F. E. A.

THE SUN.

My dear children, when you receive a gift from a beloved friend, does it not give you more pleasure if you think it was made by that friend? Will it not then give you a higher enjoyment, when you look upon all the glories of creation, to know that they are the work of your Father? When you enjoy the bright, warm sunshine, or gaze upon the beautiful moon, or smell the sweet fragrance of flowers, do you not feel that they are tokens of his love? I have thought I would try to give you some hints which may turn your thoughts in this direction, and lead your hearts to your Father, through the beautiful objects with which he has surrounded you.

I will first speak of the most glorious object in creation, the Sun. Rising in unclouded brightness, or setting amid golden clouds, it affords a faint type of the glory of the heavenly world. Shining as well upon the lonely hut as upon the splendid palace, rising upon the evil as well as the good, it is an emblem of the omnipresence and the unlimited benevolence of its Maker. Its rays are tempered to our need. If there are sometimes fiercer beams of which we feel disposed to complain, even in our temperate climate, we have a balance for the temporary discomfort in the beneficial effect of the heat upon the harvests which sustain our lives.

The pleasure we have in the various coloring of all objects we see, natural or artificial, depends on

the sun. That the brightest colors are invisible in the darkness, you know by observation. And science tells us that the brilliant hues of the flowers, and the refreshing green of the leaves and the grass, are not inherent in them; the color is in the sun's rays. White light is composed of colored rays, mixed in a certain exact proportion. Red, blue, and yellow are the primary, or original colors; all other tints are composed of these. The peony is not in fact red; it has the mysterious quality of absorbing all but the red ray, and reflecting or sending back to our eyes that alone. The grass has the power of absorbing the red, and rejecting the blue and yellow mixed, which form green. So the image of the peony upon the eye is red, because the red ray alone brings it to us; the grass is green to our vision, because the mingled rays by which we see it are green. How kind in our Father that the carpet which covers the earth, and the foliage of the trees which surround us, display the color which never wearies the eye!

Besides the beauty which gladdens our eyes, through the agency of light, how vast are the wonders with which we are made acquainted by study! Think of the sun as a great globe, balanced in space by an unseen Power, and made the centre of light, and of heat also, to our earth, and other spheres revolving round it. Think what mischief would ensue, if they approached it too nearly, so as to be scorched, or flew too far off, so as to be frozen! What power keeps them in their appointed path in the heavens, and regulates their motion so wonder-

fully, that it may never be too rapid, never too slow, never stop? Learned men call it the force of gravity, or gravitation. But it is only another name for the constantly exerted power of the Creator. It is he whose wisdom has prepared for us the agreeable change of day and night, for labor and rest; and it is through faith that we expect and prepare for it. We securely trust, when the sun disappears from our sight in the western sky, that in a few hours we shall see him again, although, without our uniform experience, it would seem impossible. The changes of the seasons also, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, we confidently expect; — shall we not consider whose benevolent care we thus rest upon? What a stupendous power controls the earth's revolutions, and those of all the heavenly bodies, to produce perfect order and harmony! Shall we not praise and love that good Being whose wisdom planned, whose power created and upholds all things? His kind providence watches over us, and nothing can befall us that is not for our benefit. Let us not by our sinfulness mar this beautiful order, and cast a blot upon the face of his fair creation.

M.

WE should despise nothing for being common. Let us value things (and also people) by their qualities. The common Mullein is cultivated in English gardens under the name of the American Velvet-Plant.

GAZELLE.

A TRANSLATION.

I took the turtle in my hands, and leaped into a cab, which trundled me off to No. 109 Faubourg Saint Denis; I climbed up five flights of stairs, and entered the attic of my friend, who was busy with his brush.

He had near him a bear, who was lying on his back, and playing with a stick of wood; a monkey seated in a chair, pulling pinch after pinch of hair from a paint-brush; and, in a glass vase, a frog squatting on the third step of a little ladder, by the aid of which she could mount to the surface of the water.

My friend's name was Decamps, the bear's was Tom, the monkey's, Jacko, and the frog's, Mademoiselle Camargo; I called my pet Gazelle.

My entrance made a great sensation.

Decamps raised his eyes from the wonderful little picture, a group of animals, which he was just then finishing.

Tom let fall from his mouth the stick with which he had been playing, and with a low growl backed away to his den, built between two windows.

Jacko tossed his brush behind him, in great haste, and picked up a straw, which he innocently carried to his mouth with his right hand, while he scratched his thigh with the left, and raised his eyes expressively to heaven.

Mademoiselle Camargo languidly mounted a step

on her ladder, which, under any other circumstances, would have been considered a sign of rain.

I placed Gazelle on the floor of the room, on the threshold of which I stopped, saying, "My dear friend, here is the animal; you see that I keep my promises."

Gazelle was not in a mood to be appreciated. The movement of the carriage had disturbed her so much, that she had withdrawn her whole person under her shell, probably to collect her thoughts, and to reflect upon her situation during her long journey. What I put upon the floor, therefore, had very much the appearance of an empty shell.

However, when Gazelle found, by the recovery of her centre of gravity, that she was on *terra firma*, she ventured to show her nose at the front door of her shell. For greater safety, this part of her body was accompanied by her two fore paws. At the same time, and as if her body had unanimously obeyed the impulse of some inner spring, her two hind paws and her tail appeared at the back door of her shell. Five minutes after, Gazelle had "all sails set."

She remained still for a moment, turning her head from one side to the other; but suddenly her eyes became fixed upon something, and she advanced, as rapidly as if she were disputing the prize of the race with the hare of Lafontaine, towards a carrot which lay at the foot of the chair which Jacko occupied.

The latter at first saw the new arrival with the greatest indifference, but as soon as he saw what she appeared to be aiming at, he gave signs of a

real anxiety, which showed itself in a low growling, which changed, as she came nearer, into sharp cries, interrupted by chattering of teeth. At last, when the turtle was only a foot distant from the precious vegetable, his agitation had all the appearance of despair. He seized the back of the chair with one hand, and the cross-piece, covered with straw, with the other, and, probably in the hope of frightening the strange beast, who was coming to rob him of his dinner, he shook the chair with all the strength of his arms, throwing out both feet behind, as a horse does in kicking up, and accompanying these motions with all the gestures and grimaces which he thought could possibly destroy the equanimity of his enemy. But it was of no use; Gazelle travelled just as fast all the while, and poor Jacko was at his wit's end.

Happily for him, there arrived at this moment an unexpected aid. Tom, who had gone into his lodgings on my arrival, had become accustomed to my presence, and paid some attention to what was going on about him. Astonished to see this unknown animal, who had come, thanks to me, to share his quarters, he had followed her in her course towards the carrot with an increasing curiosity. Now Tom did not despise carrots. When he saw Gazelle so near making a prize of this desirable vegetable, he trotted across the room, and raising his great paw, he brought it down heavily on the back of the poor animal, who, touching the ground with her shell, immediately drew in under it, and remained motionless only a few inches from the eatable which had

become at this moment the object of a threefold desire.

Tom was very much astonished to see her disappear, as if by enchantment, head, paws, and tail. He brought his nose close to the shell, snuffing noisily at the openings. At last, and as if to understand more perfectly the peculiar organization of the object at which he was gazing, he turned it over with his paws. Then, appearing convinced that he was mistaken in entertaining the absurd idea that such a thing could walk, he carelessly let it drop, and, taking the carrot between his teeth, set out to return home.

This did not suit Jacko at all. He had not thought that the service which his friend Tom was rendering him would be spoiled by such a piece of selfishness! But, as he had not the same respect for his comrade as for the stranger, he quickly leaped from the chair in which he had prudently remained during the scene we have just described, and seizing with one hand, by the green top, the carrot which Tom held by the root, he pulled with all his might, grinning and chattering his teeth, while with the paw that remained free he struck some smart blows on the nose of his peaceable antagonist. Tom, without making any return, but also without letting go the object of dispute, contented himself with laying his ears back, and shutting his little black eyes, each time the quick hand of Jacko fell upon him. The victory was gained, as is usually the case, not by the strongest, but by the boldest. Tom opened his mouth, and Jacko, the fortunate possessor of the

carrot, mounted some steps with the prize of the contest, which he hid behind a plaster bust, upon a shelf six feet from the floor. This done, he descended, quite easy in his mind, sure that neither bear nor turtle was capable of ferreting it out where he had put it.

A. A. V.

(To be continued.)

BERENGER.

No. IV.

ONE day, when peace had reigned so long that former anxieties were nearly forgotten, Adèle's passionate screams again rang through the house. The father came running with his pen in his mouth; Ethelind flew to the spot, dropping scissors, and balls of thread, and bits of cloth along the way; Aribert tumbled into the room headlong over Sepa's back; and Marcella came from the distant kitchen, to hold up a pair of hands plastered with dough.

"My poor, dear little poppet!" she cried, "who has been aggravatin' her? I thought Berenger was too old now to make children cry, this way, for sport. Look at him! He's ashamed of himself. And he ought to be."

Berenger stood with his arms folded, but the attitude of defiance was contradicted by his countenance. Adèle made no answer to her father's

inquiries; so Berenger said, "I struck her," and bit his lip, and cast down his eyes, evidently ashamed and sorry.

Ethelind was too indignant to perceive this. She ran to embrace Adèle, turning looks of contempt on the culprit. "Manly conduct! A young *gentleman* to strike a little girl! She could not give it you back, like Jacquot!"

"Be silent, Ethelind," said the father. But it was too late. She had quenched the repentant spirit, the manly, instinctive shame in Berenger's bosom, and roused his sullen temper. Miss Adèle had been very provoking, and the blow had been scarcely more than a gesture. And the unjust sneer about Jacquot almost maddened the high-spirited boy; had he not done his best to set that matter in its true light to her?

"I'm not a gentleman,—I don't care to be a gentleman," he said, in a loud, angry tone, his eyes no longer cast down, but sparkling with anger. And when required to make an apology to Adèle for the blow, as was proper, whatever might have been the childish folly on her part that had vexed him, he went to shut himself up a voluntary prisoner in his room, anticipating his father's sentence.

"Go to your room also, Adèle," said the father. "No, Ethelind; do not follow her. She does not deserve your caresses. She will acknowledge that by and by. She must have time to think."

Adèle was soon restored to her usual place in everybody's favor, by her ready confession, and her sincere humility. But she was very unhappy, when

meal after meal went by, and Berenger's place was vacant at table. She herself carried up his tray, and begged to be allowed to come in. But he would never unlock his door till she had departed. She made apologies to him, hoping it would make it easier to his proud spirit to come down to apologize to her. But he never seemed to hear her; he would not answer.

"Papa," cried Adèle, sobbing, — when the evening prayer, in which the absent one was not forgotten, was concluded, and she received the "Good night" and kiss round the circle, — "you are very sad, now!"

"Yes, none of us who love Berenger are happy at present."

"As Adèle began the quarrel, will not *her* submission be enough?" said Ethelind, who began to be discouraged about Berenger's apology, and to wish her father to yield the point. "May I not be an intercessor, and tell him you will forgive him at my request?"

"He will not accept the mediation of one who stung him by her satire, without inquiring if his own heart was ready to reproach him enough. Berenger's obstinacy is your work; I saw that. He cannot conquer himself now; the longer the time, the harder to humble himself. If the measures I am about to take seem to you harsh, let the pain they give your tender heart be of use to you."

And Ethelind went away in tears to try her eloquence on Berenger. But he would not open his door, nor reply. Henri wrote a letter and slipped it under the door; it was pushed out, with unbroken

seal. It was returned again open; it was suffered to lie upon the floor. Leo tried joking. He showed him the absurdity of sulkiness, the pure folly of making everybody in the house uncomfortable, when it was so easy to vault over the small stump he had come against. Marcella was admitted to put his room in order, and she made the most that she could of her opportunity.

"You were always high," said she, "but your mother, *she* could manage you! How she loved you, poor dear lady! — the last stitch she did was your first square collar. If she had lived, and you had not been sent away to a boarding-school, you'd 'a been a good boy!"

There was no answer but a sigh that was nearly a sob.

* * * * *

"Walk in this way, Mr. Simon," said the father, ushering a man into the library, where the family had been all assembled, with one exception, for morning prayers.

Simon looked at his dirty boots, and hesitated. He was a man of uncommon size, and, as is common with overgrown men as well as animals, was good-natured. There was a shrewd twinkle in his eye, also, which betokened humor. He was a collier, and had just emptied his huge wagon; consequently he was grimed with coal-dust from head to foot. He walked into the room at last, with a shrug, as much as to say, "If he *will* have me on his nice carpet, — why, it is his own affair."

"Hans, call Berenger," said the father to the

astonished footman, who, with Marcella and the other servants, had been ordered to remain in the room.

Berenger presented himself, defiant and gloomy.

"This is the lad I spoke of, Mr. Simon."

"Like his looks, — guess he could work if he'd a mind, — and he will have a mind, when he knows *me* a little."

"Have you brought the indentures?"

Berenger started, and turned pale. But his spirit rose as he caught Ethelind's anxious eye turned upon him. He folded his arms, and stood proudly erect, while some papers were signed and exchanged by Pierre Simon and Charles Hubert de Rochefort.

"By these papers I transfer to you my legal authority over this minor, Berenger de Rochefort. He is now your apprentice. At his age, it is necessary he should be under government. He acknowledges no principle of authority but absolute force. He refuses to obey his father and preceptor; let him learn subordination in a different school. Show him no favor as a *gentleman's* son."

At this word, Berenger again looked at Ethelind with a bitter and meaning glance.

"Gentle born must be gentle grown," said Mr. Simon, "else no gentleman, I take it. If this young colt has good blood, he's the better worth the breaking. Ah! he's a fine stout lad!"

Berenger smiled, and shook his strong limbs, as if he rather liked the idea of trying their strength with hard toil, and a stern discipline. What he shrunk from was the dirt, the black smutch for his clean

linen and neat clothes. A proper suit had been provided for him, however, and he withdrew to change his dress. It was not without a strange inclination to laugh that he came in his peasant costume to announce that he was ready to follow his master.

Adèle had wept in silence till now; but seeing that he would really go, instead of yielding, she threw herself at her father's feet. "Forgive him! O forgive him! Oh! that dreadful man will beat him, father! Oh!"

"Berenger, I forgive all the pain you cause me," said his father, with emotion, and held out his hand. "Do not be afraid to shake hands with me. I am not wavering; neither are you. But why should we not part friends?"

All now rushed forward for a parting embrace. Berenger bore it manfully. He shook hands with Marcella last of all, but Adèle had the last glance, and his eye took a gentler and a happier expression as it rested on her tear-stained face.

There was no study, no attempt at lessons that day. Henri was to depart on a visit to some relatives in Paris, and the father signified his intention of accompanying him. Ethelind was therefore busy in aiding their preparations. Her heart ached intolerably; but she tried to be cheerful, lest she should seem to reproach the father for his severity. She thought he was wrong, and that Berenger might have been sent away where he would not so miss the refinements and luxuries of home; she could not understand that the strong contrast was intended to be felt, in order to make domestic comfort and peace the more valued by him.

THE TRUANT.

SCENE. *A public road, shaded by trees. Albert is seen approaching the play-ground in front of a large school-house. Tom, at some distance behind, running.*

Albert. For once, I've come in *precious* good time. There's not a fellow on the ground. The doors are not opened yet. (*Tom comes up, and gives him a thump in the back.*) O — oh, Tom, — how you startled me! You have a fist like a trip-hammer. Ugh!

Tom (panting). You've a walk — like an ostrich! I thought I — should never — come up with you. I am so out of breath!

Albert. And so am I, after the thwack on the shoulders you gave me. What are you so early for?

Tom. The same question to you, sir, if you please.

Albert. I have a trick of being late, you know, and I'll break it up, if I have to come at daybreak, as a penance. I hate to be a laggard. I generally come sneaking in, just a moment behindhand; the master curls his lip, and waits while I walk away round to my seat.

Tom. I saw you early on your way — and — and so I thought of something better than being in the hot crowded school-house this fine day. I do not feel a bit in the mood for studying. I say, Bert, let's go down in the swamp!

Albert. What, — now?

Tom. Yes, — now!

Albert. Do you mean to play truant, man?

Tom. Well, I intend to be among the missing, by and by. It is too tough to go round and round the same tiresome track always. I could settle down after one good frolic, Bert; it would do me good, and you too.

Albert. Don't you believe it! I am glad you asked me, rather than a boy that had not tried it.

Tom. It will be capital fun. Come!

Albert. I will tell you what sort of fun it is; just none at all!

Tom. You're afraid!

Albert. I ought to be. I hate to feel mean, as we must, carrying in a false excuse to-morrow, for absence. Fellows of *our* standing would not be suspected, it's likely. So there is only my own blame to fear; and that is enough, with my having tried it once, I can tell you.

Tom (*flinging himself on the grass*). Tell away, then. Here's a good shade. Make haste, — for I have got to go back for my satchel, if — But you don't convince me, if I can help it. Will you go with me if you don't? There are berries ripe!

Albert. Not I.

Tom. His papa will trounce him!

Albert. Before I came to this school, I was at school in the country town where we used to live, and I overheard the great boys boasting of having been truant without being found out. I thought I should like of all things to have gone with them, nutting, or fishing, or sailing, in school hours.

Tom. Of course!

Albert. I was a *small* boy, you know, and all this worked in my mind, without my saying a word to anybody. I was ashamed to have any confidant among the boys of my own age; and I was afraid of the big fellows, who had set me the bad example.

Tom. Well?

Albert. I started from home one day with my satchel, as usual, and walked soberly along till I had got out of sight. Then I cut and ran for Hinckley's woods, where the boys had got chestnuts in one of their truant frolics. I found none, for it was late for them by that time. I had emptied my satchel, thinking to fill it with nuts, and I climbed tree after tree, and shook the branches, before I could be convinced that I was not to have one to comfort me. I already needed comfort, for I was uneasy in mind, and could not enjoy my liberty as I had expected to do. I had half a mind to give up, and run to school.

Tom. As you could find no nuts, eh?

Albert. But I had prepared no lessons, and what could I say for myself as a reason for that? I lay down upon a bed of leaves, and looked up into the tree-tops, and into the pure blue sky above. The wind gently waved the branches, and rustled about among the leaves. There was something solemn in its murmuring in the lonely place; it seemed to whisper, "You have no business here!" I felt heavy and dull, and fell asleep, but presently woke with a start, thinking I heard the rap of the master's ferule upon the desk. I sat up, and looked about with a feeling that I was perhaps still dreaming.

But soon I remembered, with a heavy heart, that I was playing truant. I heard a strange sound, which appeared to me to come from a great distance. I gazed far into the depths of the thick wood, but saw nothing. The sound was faint, but alarming, because, you know, I could not tell what to make of it. I supposed there could not be any prowling wild animals in Hinckley's woods; but then there *might* be! I knew wild-cats had been shot in the town. I chanced to cast my eye directly overhead, and there, on a branch of the tree under which I was lying —

Tom. Was a panther! No? Then a wild-cat, at least?

Albert. I told you the sound *seemed* to come from far, — but it was only the *cheep* of a squirrel in a great passion, right over my head. I suppose I was nearer his family residence than he liked. How I laughed at myself for having been scared! as I really was, Tom, — I confess it.

Tom. You are not easily frightened, Bert.

Albert. A guilty conscience makes a coward of anybody. I did not stay there long. My nerves were not very quiet, and I looked round at the least stir among the leaves, — not really alarmed, but not comfortable and composed.

Tom. Well, I should not care to play truant *alone*. No fun in that. You should have got a fellow to go with you; I will, if I can. I warrant you, a squirrel shall not scare *me*, at fourteen!

Albert. I remember with what a pang I thought of my kind father and mother. They thought me

all the while at school ; they had done their best to make me a good, conscientious boy, and I was capable of deceiving them ! They were always planning little pleasant surprises for my amusement in holidays and leisure hours. How ungrateful in me not to be satisfied ! what a wicked return for their kindness, to forsake my duty, and not by a sudden temptation, but a long-considered plan ! “ Let me get well out of this scrape,” thought I, “ and I’ll never be such a fool again.”

Tom. Well, I suppose you were never found out, were you ?

Albert (laughing). You will see. It seemed to me an age since I left home. I wondered what o’clock it was. I came out into the road, and sauntered along till I saw a person I knew, approaching. I ran and hid under a fence till he had passed. I kept looking behind, and before, and all round, to see if I was observed. The windows of the houses seemed like great eyes, with a stare of wonder. “ How came Albert Holley here in school-time ? ” said every familiar object, looking strange as I looked earnestly at it. A man came galloping out of a by-street. When I heard him, I did not look behind to see whether it was man or only beast in pursuit, but I remember I *put in*, and ran like a frightened cat, till he passed me and went on. My heart beat awfully, and I thought of the text, “ The wicked flee when no man pursueth,” which was in my spelling-book, with some others. I *had* been as bold as a lion. I longed to get home. But it would not do to appear before twelve o’clock. I loitered

about the church, till I heard the clock begin to strike, then darted across the common in a bee line for our back door. There I chanced to meet my father. "Albert, are you ill?" said he. "No, sir," said I; "why?" "Why?" repeated he. "How came you at home, then, at this time of day?" "Just twelve, sir; I ran all the way." He held up his watch; it was just eleven. I had not noticed that the ringing of the bell had not followed the striking of the clock, and I had mistaken the hands, when I had first looked at the dial.

Tom. You were finely come up with. Ha! ha!

Albert. I threw my arms round my dear father, and as soon as I could speak for sobbing, I confessed, and begged for punishment.

Tom. That was rather unnecessary; I guess you had to take it, any how.

Albert. No,—I wished I had! My father looked grieved and distressed. He had not thought it of me! He led me in, and told my mother. Her reproachful look almost broke my heart. Neither of them ever said a word about it again; they saw I should not be able to bear it, and that I had not enjoyed my stolen excursion enough to have the least desire to try another.

Tom. I must run for my Cæsar, and my exercise-book. I have my lessons ready, thank fortune. But if I had not, I would rather take a dozen raps on the scone from the master's ruler, than have such a dismal, sneaking sort of time out of school as you did. I have a good mother, too; somebody would be sure to tell her of me, and if not—why, it would be mean to cheat her.

Albert. And wicked too. After all, those have the best time in this world, who try to do as near right as they can. Don't you think so?

Tom. Well, I guess so; but I am *sure* they will in the next. I'm right glad you have set me right, Bert. Thank you.

E. E.

STORIES ABOUT MULES.

No. II.

THE sense of smell is very strong in mules. It is well known that they can scent an Indian who is prowling around camp a long distance off, and that they are always afraid of him. They therefore partially take the place of watch-dogs, and he would be a very unwise traveller who did not start up at once when he heard any commotion among his animals. I never knew, however, that mules could follow an animal by scenting his tracks upon the ground, until I rode Bessie; but I have often seen her do so. Bessie, like all mules, greatly objected to being separated from the rest of the train; and when we began our march she would always smell along the path. If any of the party had started before me, she would be perfectly satisfied, and very ready to advance at a good pace; but if I was the first to leave camp, her nose would very soon inform her of the fact, and after that it was useless to hope for rapid travelling without continual urging. When I

touched her with the spur she would quicken her gait, but in a moment or two I was sure to find her crawling along at a snail's pace again.

One day, two or three of the party started nearly an hour before myself. Bessie soon found that they were in advance, and began to trot to overtake them. We were travelling along quite rapidly, without looking very carefully at the ground, when we suddenly sank down in a quagmire. After some struggling Bessie extricated herself, and, without any guidance from me, trotted along the edge, like a dog, with her nose near the ground, until she found the tracks of the other mules, and then followed them across in safety.

The mule has no more striking characteristic than his great unwillingness to be separated from other animals with which he has been accustomed to herd. A white horse particularly seems to fascinate him, and he will often follow as closely as possible, even at the expense of receiving a few kicks from his favorite. Drivers take advantage of this trait, and tie a bell to the neck of one of the train, a white horse if possible. They then lead or ride him, and the mules all follow.

We once had occasion to cross a wide and deep river, with a large number of mules. Our goods were rowed across in a boat, but it was necessary for the animals to swim. For a long time we tried in vain to induce them to make the attempt. When we drove them into the water, they would advance a little way, become frightened, and turn back. At length, remembering that they were accustomed to

follow the bell, I jumped into the boat, and directed a man to stand in the stern and ring it as loud as possible, while I rowed across.

We started slowly. When the mules heard the well-known sound before them, they came bravely on. It was a funny sight to see a long line of noses and huge ears rising above the water, as the animals advanced, one after the other. I took care to encourage them by not rowing too fast, and at length reached the other bank of the river, and stood at the water's edge, watching them come ashore.

They all landed in safety except the last one. He saw the mule before him touch bottom near the bank, and tried to do so himself. The water was unfortunately too deep, and his head went under. He at once became frightened, and appeared to cease from all effort to advance. Three feet more would have saved him, but he could swim no farther. It was very painful to stand not ten feet from him and see his eyes vainly glare upon me for help. After throwing his head as far as possible from the water three or four times, it slowly sank; the swift-flowing river hurried him away deep under its surface, and we saw him no more. It is a sad thing to see even a poor mule silently and vainly struggle to enjoy the bright sunshine and green grass a little longer, and to watch his piteous, supplicating looks for help, without being able to raise a finger to save him.

Bessie once placed me in a very disagreeable predicament by her fear of Indians. We were travelling through a country where they were very numer-

ous, and where they had shown great hostility to our party. Bessie had seen several during the day, and was, in consequence, very uneasy.

In the afternoon I was riding alone through the forest, a little in advance of the party. Two Indian squaws were approaching the path on one side, and we did not see each other until they were very near. They immediately jumped to hide behind a bush in great terror, but Bessie saw them. One furious plunge sideways into a thick clump of bushes, two more to extricate herself, and we started. I pulled as hard as I could on the reins, but it seemed to me that I might as well try to stop the north wind. The bushes and trees whirled by as we rushed down the rocky path, every jump carrying me farther from my friends, and, for aught I knew, directly to a war-party of hostile savages. The boughs of the trees often hung low over the trail, and I had to watch very carefully to prevent being brushed off by them. After riding about a mile in this way, I had almost determined to strike Bessie a heavy blow between her ears with the butt of my pistol, and thus knock her down, at the risk of breaking my neck, when she began to recover from her terror. Finally, after some vigorous pulling on my part, she stopped and stood trembling in every limb until my friends came up.

There are few spectacles more ludicrous to the looker-on, or more provoking to the packer, than a number of packed mules mired, that is, sunk so deep in mud as to be unable to extricate themselves. Sometimes, in attempting to cross a swamp, the

animals pass on from soft ground to that a little softer, until suddenly their feet break through the turf, and down they sink, until their legs are entirely out of sight, and their huge packs, round bodies, and ungainly heads alone are visible above the mud. After a few struggles they quietly resign themselves to their fate, and look around for help.

A man's foot being much larger than a mule's, he can stand in soft places where the animal cannot. Knowing this, the packers advance, and some taking hold of the mule's head, others of his tail, and others of both sides of his pack, they raise him up by main strength. Then, putting their shoulders under the projecting sides of the pack, they carefully walk over the dangerous place, while the poor mule, dreading to break through again, steps along between them like a boy on tiptoe.

In fording rivers very funny accidents often occur. Sometimes the mule deliberately lies down in the water, to the great disgust of his rider. Sometimes, with a sudden kick, he sends the unfortunate man flying over his head, into the middle of the stream. Once I saw a misfortune more ludicrous than either of these happen at a ford.

We were crossing a river which had two channels, separated by a long, narrow island. Both branches were too deep to ford without wetting the packs, and we hired some friendly Indians to row the goods over in their canoes, while we drove the animals across. Those of our party who had tall mules rode over without getting much wet, by drawing up their knees as far as possible.

One man, however, had a very short mule, and we all watched to see how he would manage. This mule was very gentle, and, as he thought he could trust her perfectly, he crossed his legs over the front part of the saddle and started, holding on by the pommel, with a very unsteady seat. He crossed the first branch of the river without any difficulty, and, being considerably elated by the success of his experiment, he entered the second, crowing like a cock. Near the middle, his mule stepped into a hole, and stumbled sufficiently to destroy his balance. He rolled slowly over, thrashing the air frantically with his hands, until with a great splash he disappeared under the water.

The squaws who were paddling the canoes, and doing the work, as usual, stopped, and joined in a shrill scream of laughter, while their husbands and our packers shouted in chorus. The poor fellow's head soon rose out of the cold water. Seeing the general fun at his expense, and determining not to be laughed out of countenance, he grasped the mule's tail with both hands, and she pulled him over the river. It was remarked, however, that he seemed to forget all about finishing his crow.

Every one knows that mules excel in the art of kicking. They throw out their hind feet with great rapidity and violence, and woe to the individual that puts himself within their reach.

There was once a man, named Peter, belonging to a party with which I was connected. He was a surly, disagreeable fellow, and no one liked him. I cannot remember to have heard him say a single

pleasant thing. He only opened his mouth to grumble and complain, sometimes about the weather, sometimes about the food, and sometimes about the officers of the party.

Peter once felt a little sick, and this put him into a worse humor even than usual. On reaching camp, he spread his saddle-blanket on the ground not far from where the men were taking off the loads from the pack-mules, and lay down, looking the very picture of ill-humor. Two or three mules, in going to drink, passed near where he was lying, and he muttered to himself, that he would not bear it any longer, he would put a stop to their treading on him; in short, that he would do something next time to make the mule remember to keep away.

A moment or two afterwards a sober pack-mule came walking slowly along, to drink at the brook. She passed within a few feet of Peter. He jumped up, full of fury, and gave her a cruel kick with his heavy boot. She turned her tail towards him. Peter saw it and started to run, but too late. Her heels flew up like a blacksmith's hammer, hit Peter near the middle of his body, and, raising him entirely off the ground, sent him sprawling into a thick clump of briars. The mule then quietly walked on. Peter raised a great outcry, but it was soon ascertained that none of his bones were broken, and he was jeered and laughed at by every one. I think he was fully satisfied that nothing is to be gained by exchanging kicks with a mule.

Perhaps some little boy may like to know what became of Bessie. After riding her many hundred

miles through desert plains and over snowy mountains, we reached the end of our long journey, and the time came to part. I felt really sorry to leave my long-eared pet, but there was no choice. I did all I could, however, to make her comfortable, by selling her to a friend who I knew would treat her kindly; and the last time I saw Bessie she was standing in a nice stable, with her mouth so full of oats that she could not even bid me good by.

H. L. A.

MINNA, LILLIE, AND JENNY.

WHEN I was a little girl I had a great variety of playthings. There were dolls at housekeeping, with parlor and kitchen furniture, and tiny sets of china; villages with prim green trees, all alike; Noah's ark; building blocks; magnetic ducks, that would swim after a piece of bread; color-boxes; transparent slates, — everything children ever have given by indulgent aunts and grandparents at Christmas and New Year; I had my swing, hoop, jumping-rope, a flower-bed all my own, and many a chance plaything, and playfellow, for out of doors diversion. But I was not satisfied. My dolls could not move, without my help, nor could any of my toys. I longed for something of my own that could learn to know and love me, something that I could feed, caress, and make happy.

So when I climbed upon my dear father's knee

after tea, one night, I asked him to give me a live pet.

"What will you have, Ally?" said he. "Shall I buy you a little pony?"

"O no, papa! I could not take a horse in my arms, and carry him about the house, you know. I want some little pet that I can fondle."

He told me to make my choice, and if it could be procured, I should have it. I deliberated a long time, unable to decide between a squirrel, a canary-bird, and a kitten. My mother thought that birds and squirrels required a care I was too young and heedless to give; and by her advice, I concluded to have a kitten.

How elated I was when the little creature was put into my hands, and everybody informed that it was wholly mine! I toiled up three flights of stairs, to my sister's boudoir in the attic. She turned her eyes a moment upon the furry wonder in my apron, remarked that it seemed to her an ugly little thing, and resumed the writing I had interrupted. To be sure, Minna was nothing very distinguished at that period; a little black and white bunch, with legs as yet short, and wide apart. I carried her down again, more her friend than before; my feelings took her part. As she grew tall and strong, she became, in my eyes at least, a perfect model of feline beauty. She soon showed a preference for me; she would jump into my lap, uninvited, and, with a purr of satisfaction, settle herself down for a nap. Others might feed, stroke, and amuse her; I carried my endearments to a greater extent. It was only *I* who *kissed* her. I

taught her one little accomplishment, which seems to belong to the dog; I never saw any other cat condescend to acquire it. If I crushed a piece of paper into a ball, and tossed it across the room, or even upon a table, or window-sill, she would pursue it, and bring it back to my feet, again and again.

She was not fond of the dark, lonely cellar, and Bridget had an exciting chase sometimes before she could shut her up there for the night. But every morning the cellar-door was wide open, and Minna in the kitchen, when Biddy came down. Here was a mystery! One day when I was watching the entertaining operation of making dough-nuts, I heard a sound at the latch of the cellar-door.

"Biddy! what 's that?" cried I, a little frightened; "who 's there?"

"There 's no one, indade, Miss Alley," said she, "barring the cat."

And sure enough! in a moment the door opened, and Minna swung in, hanging to the handle. Quietly dropping to the floor, she walked up to me, with a cool "Miaw!" as if she had done nothing extraordinary. Until I read the January number of the Child's Friend, I had thought my pet alone in the glory of this surprising achievement.

I had a roguish cousin, who used to ruffle my temper by declaring that cats were a mean, sly, treacherous race, without an atom of spirit, or a single noble trait, and that he had an antipathy to them. But his aversion to Minna was only assumed; I saw him more than once walking about the parlor with her black, demure little face peeping out of the

pocket of his dressing-gown. If I surprised him thus, he always pretended to be extremely astonished to find her there, and turned her out at once, with comical exclamations of abhorrence.

Minna had a trick of darting unexpectedly under the feet of people coming down stairs. Once poor Bridget stepped upon her, and rolled with a pan of dough down into the cellar. As Biddy was no fairy, I never could understand how Minna escaped being crushed to death.

I was sent into the country during the severe illness of my father, and Minna, having no one to pet her, and being uneasy in her mind at my absence, perhaps, was continually rushing into the sick-room, leaping upon my father's pillow when he was asleep, and brushing her tail across his face. Ada told me that, when she came to bring me home, but had no farther information to give me, nor had any one else, when I sought for my pet in vain, through house and barn. I never knew what became of her. Cousin Fred soberly assured me that he had seen her appear with a pair of wings on a certain day, and she must have flown away. He afterwards inconsistently reported that Victoria, having heard of the wonderful talents of my favorite, had sent her prime minister over expressly for her.

To console me, another kitten was procured. As she was perfectly white, I called her Lillie. I cannot say much for her talents or fidelity; she slept nearly all the time, and as readily in Biddy's lap as mine. She was too indolent to play with a crushed paper; she would never quarrel with her reflection in the

piano-leg; she sat still when called. I was not broken-hearted when somebody stole her one day. At least I *suppose* she was stolen; Cousin Fred *said* he saw her rolling along the sidewalk, like a bunch of cotton-wool, after some Irish children who were calling her along. I was only sorry because I feared she was no longer in kind hands, and would not be allowed to eat and sleep as much as she chose.

Jenny came to us of her own accord. She was a prettily shaped, half-grown cat, of a dark-gray color. Her fore-feet were white; Cousin Fred said she had white mittens. But when he undertook to play tricks upon her, he found she had claws too, and spirit to use them. He treated her quite respectfully after that. As she grew older, she displayed uncommon abilities as a mouser. This made her a vast favorite with Bridget, and even my mother, but my regard was diminished in proportion. Her nature was no gentle one. It was funny to see her scowl, when angry. If Biddy gave her a slap or a snap on the forehead, Jenny would draw back into an attitude of defiance, put back her ears, and draw her brows together into a frown.

One night, before the lights came, Cousin Fred and I were sitting by the fire in the parlor. I told him with pride how sagaciously Jenny contrived to get admittance to the house. Instead of mewing in vain to Biddy, she came to one of the parlor windows, and sat upon the sill till some one was moved to let her in. He listened with attention, but a roguish look in his eyes made me say, "It is *true*, Cousin Fred!" He made no answer, but took up

his cap and went out. In a few minutes, I heard a scratching and mewling at the window. I ran to open it. Jenny did not immediately spring in as usual. I felt for her, thinking to take hold of her slender legs, and pull her in. A man grasped my hands! How I screamed, and how merrily Fred's laugh rang out to reassure me!

Jenny lived to a good old age. Even when the wind blew a gale, she was not to be moved to a frisk. She sat winking slowly, or nearly closing her eyes, gaping occasionally, and once in a while unfolding the paws snugly doubled under her, to give them a comfortable stretch. She gave the room a pleasant, home-like air, and I missed her when she died. I had lost a friend that had always met my caress with a ready sign of pleasure and affection, and I pensively looked back over the years we had passed under the same roof, and by the same happy fire-side. I still like live pets, but those more intelligent than cats. I am on such terms of companionship with all the little children far and near, that I find even the little O'Shaughnessys and Macgillicuddys pulling my shawl, or, kitten like, getting under my feet, whenever I come near them in my rambles.

•

THOSE enjoy the most uniform train of good spirits and pleasant thoughts, who are thinking much of others and little of themselves.

THE LOST CHILDREN.*

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

THEY wandered in the wood
Among the forest trees,
And caught the leaves that wafted by
Upon the gentle breeze, —

Or chased the gaudy butterfly
That flew across the track,
And plucked the flowers on their way,
Nor thought of going back.

But as the shades of night came on,
To each other they drew near ;
“ Dear sister,” said the little boy,
“ Oh ! must we both stay here ? ”

She made no answer, but the tears
Rolled down her little cheeks ;
So great was her distress, that she
Could not her anguish speak.

Her brother sat upon a log
And hid his face and wept,
Then sadly looked up to her
To see if hope was left.

His sister folded her white hands,
As pensively she stood,
And looked around to see if one
Would take them from the wood.

* The above lines first appeared in the *New York Argus*, and were written by a little girl scarcely twelve years of age. They are touching in their simplicity, and the slight verbal inaccuracies of a child's unaided work make the true poetic feeling thus early displayed the more striking. It is hinted that “ Clara Isabelle ” is now an authoress. Her real name is unknown to the Editor.

But no one came ; it darker grew,
And night soon spread around ;
They tried to find the way they came,
But it could not be found.

Sorrowfully now they wandered back ;
She made a bed of leaves,
Then laid her little brother down,
And told him not to grieve.

“ To-morrow we ’ll go home,” said she,
“ So, brother, do not weep ;
We ’ll say our prayers, and then I will
Lie down with you to sleep.”

She covered him with her apron
To shield him from the blast,
And after she had kissed him,
Then she lay down the last.

The morning came, but they woke not,
Nor from them came a breath ;
Locked in the arms of sleep they were, —
It was the sleep of death.

The cold chill had spread o’er them
As they lay upon the sod,
But its iron grasp can’t hurt them, —
They are angels with their God.

They have gone to blessed heaven,
That sweet abode of peace,
Where sorrow cannot enter,
And all their troubles cease.

CLARA ISABELLE.

GOODNESS only can affection move,
And love must owe its origin to love.

A COUNTRY FIRESIDE.

It is a glorious fire for such a wintry night! The light brushwood, boughs and twigs of living coal, are fast losing shape, falling away into the bed of coals beneath, while the broad flames embrace the solid wood, creep through the crevices, catch the curling bark, and leap blazing and crackling up the chimney. That cheerful firelight! What a bright glow it throws upon the happy circle! It glitters on grandmother's spectacles and flashes from her knitting-needles. It plays joyously over little Phebe's dimpled cheek and laughing eyes. It tinges with gold Elsie's drooping curls. It brings the rosy color even to the invalid's cheek. It glares in the yellow eyes of the musing cat upon the rug. Yes, pussy! It gives a new sense of warmth and cosy comfort to see you fold your velvet paws beneath you, and, with that contented smile upon your profile, half close your eyes to meditate and purr forth your satisfaction. What a comfortable contrast to yonder distant, chilly, shadowy corners, and to the black night outside the windows! Miniature fires are blazing in the panes, reflected from the glass. Send the bright light abroad, cheerful blaze; illumine the darkness that repels you! Perhaps some way-worn, weary traveller, wading knee-deep through slish and snow, and buffeting the storm alone in the darkness, will bless the cheerful rays that stream through the uncurtained windows. All is life and warmth and comfort within! Without, it is cold,—

bitter cold, dark, and dreary. The wind in fitful gusts sweeps howling round the house, clatters the blinds, and drives a sharp rattle of hail and sleet against the glass; then moans away far into the distance only to come raging back sending its voice before it. Hark! Is that the wind tumbling against the door, and feeling for the latch, bursting it open and stamping in the entry? No. But the wind follows close behind, plunges headlong in, flinging an armful of sleety snow after the fugitive, holds the door wide open with its mighty hand, and blows such a blast through the chinks and keyhole, that the white ashes scatter in wild affright, and a burst of sparks whirls up the chimney. After a furious struggle, the boisterous wind is shut out, and then little Phebe runs to open the door to see who has come, and the careful mother throws on another stick, and sweeps the hearth, and dusts the polished andirons, while grandmother plies the wheezing bellows. "Cousin Leonard! Now for a story!" The joyful welcome is changed to a laughing scream, and quick retreat, as Cousin Leonard takes off his shaggy wrapper, and roguishly shakes a fairy shower over little Phebe. The great easy-chair, the next in comfort to grandmother's throne, is wheeled to the warmest, snuggeſt corner; but Cousin Leonard takes possession of Phebe's little cricket, makes great show of trying its strength, and, balancing himself exactly, stretches his feet out towards the fire, and shivers with intense enjoyment of the warmth; while Phebe, dethroned, clammers with great glee into the deep, wide easy-chair, and sits in state, her little feet

dangling high in air. She has a fine view of the shadows now, that dance with clumsy movement on the ceiling, as the flickering fire now catches the new log in light, blue flames, now vanishes to circulate in liquid streams through the red coals beneath. Then the child with loud shouts of merriment holds up her tiny hand, and lo! its branching fingers stretch from wall to wall! Cousin Leonard, wizard-like, brings apparitions of hungry foxes gaping for food, and little bright-eyed rabbits, among the shadows. Phebe would never be tired of looking at them, and hunting for the heads of all the family, and laughing at their grotesque shapes, if Elsie, thoughtful Elsie, had not hinted at *the story*. What a magic word! Phebe's doll is brought to listen, and, after being taken up and seated about a dozen times to make her *stay* up, sits in an attentive attitude in half of Phebe's chair. Then Cousin Leonard begins. Such wonderful stories! Stories of the good old times when he was a boy. What a scapegrace he was! What wild pranks he played! And what scrapes he got into! Stories of fairies, and of hobgoblins; but the terror is taken from the latter by his laughing manner. Stories with a nice moral thrown in, not in set words, but to be guessed out. And the stories of every kind always ended well. Little Phebe never would be tired of listening, even to the same one over and over again. So he talks merrily on, till the hated hour of bed-time strikes for little Phebe, and she goes round the circle with a loving embrace of her soft arms, and a good-night kiss for each one. The fire-light grows pale without her.

A hoary mantle of ashes settles sleepily over the coals, for it is late. Puss rouses herself, stretches stiffly, gapes, and curls herself into a new position. Cousin Leonard takes the hint, and, thrusting himself into his wet wrapper, sallies forth again into the storm.

The shutters are closed, the curtains drawn, everybody goes to bed; and darkness, and cold, and storm reign undisturbed.

THE SPHINX.

Grandfather. Come here, my little boy; I want to borrow your bright eyes.

Charley. But grandpa,—how *can* I lend them? They do not come out. I know what you mean, though. What have you lost? I can find it, I guess.

Grandfather. See how these leaves are bitten!

Charley. What is spoiling grandpa's woodbine, I wonder.

Grandfather. I see traces which have told me what to look for, and I have looked all over the vine. He is so sly, I cannot find him.

Charley. Is he a great bug? Or a tree-toad?

Grandfather. It is a caterpillar, or worm, as large as your finger. He is of the color of the leaves and twigs.

Charley. So he can hide nicely. Was he made

so on purpose? I think he was. You will not kill him, if you find him, will you?

Grandfather. What! Shall I let him devour my beautiful leaves in this way?

Charley. But God gave him the color on purpose that he might be able to hide away from you.

Grandfather. I will promise not to kill him, if you will find him for me.

Charley. O here, grandpa, see, — here he is! I am afraid of him, he is such a monster! He holds up his great clumsy face, as if he was looking at me. Is he?

Grandfather. He always holds up his head in that way, when he is not eating. He is named the Sphinx; do you know why?

Charley. Because he looks like the pictures of the great Sphinx in the geography.

Grandfather (laughing). He will not bite you. He is only going to eat his supper. Now see what great bites he takes! How fast he cuts away my pretty reddish-green leaf! What shall I do to him?

Charley. Let us carry him away, to the weeds over the way. He may eat them.

Grandfather. But he will not, any more than my grandson will eat hay or grass, for bread. The woodbine is his appropriate food. He would starve sooner than eat any other plant. I saw a sphinx caterpillar on the tomato plants. But he was slenderer in the body, and he had pretty stripes, like trimming, on his sides, which looked like loops and buttons on a dress. He was a tomato sphinx; not an eater of woodbine leaves, like this one.

Charley. What *can* we do? Poor Sphinx!

Grandfather. And poor grandpa! He is a glutton; he is a monstrous eater; he will ruin my vine.

Charley. O dear! I cannot have him killed! You said you would not —

Grandfather. I will tell you what we can do. I will take him prisoner. You shall supply him with leaves; where the vine is running in the grass, you can cut plenty of them.

Charley. O yes! and nobody will miss them *there*.

Grandfather. Keep him well fed, and by and by you will see something very wonderful. He will make his own coffin, and shut himself up in it.

Charley. O, you are joking!

Grandfather. We shall see.

TO A CHILD.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

WHOSE imp art thou, — with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulders round and sleek,
And soft and fair, — thou urchin sly?

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,
First called thee his, or Squire or hind?
For thou in every wight that passes
Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave, but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall;
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running; —
'T is infantine coquetry all!

But far afield thou hast not flown,
With mocks and threats half lisped, half spoken;
I feel thee pulling at my gown, —
Of right good-will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh, and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging;
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after kindness more engaging!

The wilding rose — sweet as thyself —
And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure;
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf,
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell of horn-book thumbing.

Well, let it be! Through weal and woe
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change.

Look upon every day as a blank page which
you are to fill up with indelible characters, and
which you will read again hereafter with shame
or joy.

CONTENTMENT.

A SMALL plant grew upon a sunny bank by the roadside. Its downy leaves were of a russet-green; its slender stem was strong, and upright, and covered with a fine healthy bark. There was an old stone-wall upon the bank, dividing it from a pasture where sheep and cows were kept. The wall kept off the north wind in the spring, as well as the grazing and nibbling herd; and it never intercepted the sunshine, even when the first rosy beam came from the east, or the last golden ray of sunset from the west. The air was always fresh and cool, because there was a spring at the foot of the green bank, which the heat of summer could never dry up.

On a fine morning in June, the flower opened. Its yellow cup was not upright, like the buttercup which it resembled, but turned aslant, as if to look at the sun as he rose. The stamens were oddly twisted on one side, all in a bunch, as if they had huddled out of the way, not to interrupt the glorious view.

"I do not believe I was intended by nature for so humble a situation," murmured the plant to itself. "I am thrown away, here by the wayside, in the grass, where any passing eye would take me for a common buttercup. I have a considerable share of beauty, but I have no admirer but the sun. My breath is sweet, but it is only the passing zephyr that brushes my dewy lips with a sigh. Perhaps I have medicinal qualities that might be a blessing to

the world. Why not I, as well as my neighbor the Pennyroyal, a homely little vulgarian, yet much sought after? Had I an opportunity for culture, I might become famous."

At this moment there came along the road a lad with a tin box slung round his neck; and at some distance behind, an older youth sauntered in a zig-zag course, examining the hedges upon each side of the road, and occasionally mounting upon the wall, or getting quite over it.

"Here, Charles, — put this in your box," he said, holding out a Goose-foot.

"You gather the ugliest things," observed Charles, opening his box, however. "I do not see what ugly weeds are for. I suppose I must learn their names, since they exist, and I am going to be a botanist."

"You need not despise anything God has made," said the elder brother. "The humblest thing that grows is wonderful enough to be a study for the greatest naturalist. And every growing plant is a benefactor to us, by doing its share in purifying the air we breathe."

Charles stopped at the spring to sprinkle his specimens, while George sprang up the bank. The little plant was thinking to itself that its share of the good work of absorbing noxious gases was very small indeed. "I could never be missed, if I should cease to exist," it said, grumblingly. "Were I a pet plant, it would be different; I should then grow in some house, and be truly useful."

"O Charles, come up here! I have found the Canadian Cistus," cried George.

"A pretty thing, truly," said Charles. "I am glad I have one flower that will make a show, in my herbarium."

"Be careful how you handle it then, or you will lose these fine yellow petals before you can get the flower home. On the whole, as the plant is rare in this vicinity, I will take up the root, and we will see what we can make of it in the greenhouse."

Behold our little plant in a pot, in a glass prison-house. It is a genteel place; he has plenty of the most distinguished society. But instead of the sweet dews of heaven, the air leaves a dank steam upon the windows; instead of the fragrant south wind, bringing the scent of violets and sweet-brier, there is a dead, still, stifling air, loaded with the sickening smell of crowded exotics. The golden petals have long ago fallen; and now, one by one, the slender lance-shaped leaves curl, turn black, and drop.

The bark of the *Cistus* was beginning to crack, and scale off, when one day Charles came to see how his wild plant flourished in its new way of life.

"Ah, poor thing, it is dying," said he. "I am sorry I removed it from the pretty spot where it was blooming so sweetly, to bring it here to be put out of countenance by these artificial, flaunting geraniums. No wonder it was homesick, the dear little wild-wood flower!" He was sorry that he could not hope to find it the next June, blooming on the same pleasant bank by the road-side.

However, the *Cistus* was not dead when one day the gardener pulled it up, and tossed it carelessly

over a fence into a grassy nook in the barn-yard. Here the dews and the breezes revived it; it took root, and grew cheerfully in its unpoetical location. What little sun the high fence allowed to reach it, was welcomed thankfully, and also the drifted snow, which covered it during the severest frosts of winter, like a comfortable blanket.

One morning in June, its single golden flower smiled so brightly in the midst of the grass and burdocks, that it caught the eye of Charles, when he had come home from a ride, and was leading his horse to the barn. Happy was the little plant at his exclamations of delight. He was more pleased with its refined grace, and its delicate perfume, than when he had seen it in a picturesque and sunny spot. "It is so wonderful to find it here!" he cried, enchanted. "No one shall pluck this flower." And he put little stakes round it, to defend it from the tread of any unlucky hoof or foot. Then he called his young sisters, who were full of delight and admiration. For a day or two they brought everybody to see it, and they came by the green-house without pausing to go in. The *Cistus* was famous.

But it had learned its lesson of humility. So when its petals fell, and it was deserted and forgotten, it bore its fruit in happy obscurity, content to answer the purpose of its being, and to look up to the heavens, even in a barn-yard.

FAMILIAR acts are beautiful through love.— *Shelley*.

LOVE IS HAPPINESS.

In a little dell in the forest a violet bloomed alone, the earliest in the early spring-time. The tall trees raised their great, rough arms, as if to protect the frail little flower below, and kindly made way for the sunshine to visit and cheer her. The violet timidly lifted her blue eyes towards the sky overhead, and loved to watch the dazzling white clouds sailing through its azure depths; she wondered where they went, when they passed away and were no longer visible from her little nook. The great sun looked down, and kissed her; the gentle wind loved to whisper in her ear wonderful tales of what he had seen by the sounding sea-shore; the soaring lark, in his morning trip among the clouds, sung his sweetest song to please her; the queen of the fairies reclined in the violet's cup, while the whole merry troop joined hands and danced around her.

Yet the violet was not happy; she would sometimes bow her meek little head, and sigh, vaguely longing for something more. In the morning there would be a shining drop in her eyes as she turned them up to the beautiful sky above. To be sure, the genial sun would soon kiss it away. She enjoyed the wind's stories, and the lark's compliments, and was flattered by the fairy queen's favor; but still there was a want in her little heart.

The next morning, when the violet opened her eyes, she saw blooming at her side a sister violet. Her petals quivered with pleasure as she gently

drooped her head towards the little stranger, and murmured a timid welcome. Then the two twined their leaves together; and when the smiling sun dried the tear-drops from the eyes of our violet, they were not the sad tears he had been wont to kiss away. And again the merry wind told his funny stories about the sea, and the tall ships, and the beautiful shells that were always murmuring; the lark soared again into the depths of the bright-blue sky, trilling and warbling as if he would burst his throat, and then came down and paid his morning compliments to two listeners instead of one; the trees rustled, and the grass waved, and the ferns nodded, and our little violet thought her forest-home had never been half so lovely before. That night, when the two modest flowers had shut their eyes, clinging closely to each other, the pale moon looked down, watching; the twinkling stars peeped through the dewy foliage as they slept; and the beautiful fairy of the dell smiled lovingly upon them, and blessed them.

The violet was no longer unhappy. Love is happiness.

F.

THOSE who deem that all is selfishness, let them tell me how it is that one simple word in praise of those we love will give a thousand times more pleasure than the warmest commendation of ourselves?



Two Stag Hunt

FELIX.

"WHAT will you take for him?" said a young American, one of a group standing round a fawn that had been torn and nearly killed by the hounds. The hunter had been very successful; he had plenty of venison; he did not know what to do with the fawn, for every one was touched by his pleading eye, and his patient agony, and wished that he should have a chance for his life. There was a boat in the river, and the American could carry home the wounded animal, and tend him. The boatmen stood looking on, while a bargain was made. Then they gently lifted the little creature, and laid him upon a bed of twigs and grass in the boat. The young American gave him water, which he drank eagerly. Then he bathed his wounds, and bound them up, taking care to be very gentle in his motions, and speaking to the boatmen in low tones. There was something almost human in the expression of the beautiful brown eyes of the fawn, that followed anxiously every movement of his kind attendant. Either through fear, or faintness from loss of blood, he lay perfectly quiet, and soon the wet bandages solaced his lacerated flesh; he closed his eyes and slept, as they floated down the smooth stream and came out into the harbor of Cumana.

Felix, for so Mr. Gilbert called him, was upon his slender legs again in a day or too, in a green field, with a high fence made of pointed palisades. At first the barking of the dogs outside drove him nearly

frantic with terror, but, once convinced of his security, he would not even look at them, as they pushed their noses and paws between the palings, howling and whining with balked ferocity. He grew fat, and sleek, and his beauty attracted great admiration from those passing by in the street. His limbs were so gracefully slender, that their quick, light bounds made him seem to float above the ground, and the print of the little pointed hoof could be covered by a quarter of a dollar. He was of a beautiful dun color, shaded into black at the tip of the nose and ears, and at the feet. He followed his master like a dog, and always showed great joy when he appeared, although he left to another person the care of him, and often forgot to visit him for days together, in the perplexities of business. Gilbert was a man of amiable nature, and when he perceived that his pet was grateful for what he had done to save him, and attached to him, rather than to the man by whom he was fed and caressed, he was pleased. He would not sell him at any price, for the love even of an animal seemed to him a precious thing, in his almost solitary exile among foreigners.

One day, he put a ribbon round the neck of Felix, and led him into the street. Here there was an escort of sailors, ready to defend him from any dog that might assail him, on his way to the quay. He was put on board the *Almira*, a small vessel which was going up the river for dye-woods and mahogany. They soon found it was not necessary to tie him, as long as Gilbert was on board. As they slowly sailed up the river, he would frolic about upon deck, as

contented as a pet kitten, and all the men, but one, were kind to him. There is now and then to be met with, a man, or even a boy, who has a strange desire to frighten and torment animals, and thinks it fun to see them fly, or struggle, in fear and pain. Antón, the cook, was one of these, and one day, when Gilbert was writing in the cabin, and Felix careering the length of the vessel, to and fro, he muffled himself in a black cloth, and jumped out from the companion-way with a roar. The fawn leaped sideways overboard. Terrified as it was, it still followed the vessel, swimming, instead of escaping to the shore. A boat was lowered immediately; but no one could lay hold of him, till his master was called from the cabin, and came to the side of the vessel. Then he suffered himself to be taken into the boat, and lifted on board, into the arms of his protector. When the ship returned to Cumana, Antón was in irons, having stabbed one of the crew in the back, and, with a barbarity almost inconceivable, turned the knife in the wound. The indignant American had him tried in the court of justice; which deserved no such name, for it detained the vessel to pay all costs but the bribe by which the ruffian escaped punishment.

There was one place upon the river which was so infested by mosquitos that the air was dark with them. The sailors had to cover their faces with cloth masks; rather stifling in a hot climate, but fortunately the mosquito shore only extended a mile or two. Gilbert wrapped himself in an old quilt, and lay down upon the deck, to get as much air as possible. He fell asleep, and was awakened suddenly

by intolerable punches in the ribs. It was Felix dancing upon him with his little sharp hoofs.

The Almira was moored, when they came to the forest where they were to cut wood. Gilbert would not leave the fawn by himself in the vessel. He was not afraid that his dumb friend would be faithless; he was sure he would never desert him. So he took him to the shore in the boat. But the moment Felix felt the firm bank under his springy feet, he bounded off in a straight line into the woods. There was no underwood, and Gilbert watched him till the little twinkling heels could no longer be seen in the distance; and then he sat down under a tree, feeling his heart wrung as if some human love had failed him. He thought of his home, of the dead mother, and the blessing she had written in the blank page of his Bible; of his sisters, who had wept at parting; of the brother who had wrung his hand as he left the wharf in Boston. He felt sad and alone. "Nothing to love! I did not think Felix would leave me!" he said, and wondered that he felt so grieved at the ingratitude of an irrational creature. Something caught his eye, flashing up and down in the green arch of the forest. It was Felix coming back as swiftly as he went; he did not pause an instant till he checked himself close to Gilbert's side, and leaned his head against his bosom. He had only wanted a race to stretch his limbs after the long confinement on board the vessel.

THOSE who cannot bear thorns cannot have roses.

E A S T E R .

My dear children, you are rejoicing in the resurrection of nature. Every tree and shrub is beginning to put forth its leaves and flower-buds; the earth is clothing itself with a rich mantle of green. All nature, after its wintry death, is coming forth to a new life. Your hearts are bounding with happiness, for, on these fine spring days, the glad awakening spirit that is abroad pervades your own souls. It was at this season of the year that the resurrection of Jesus took place, a greater cause for joy. I wish to help you to reflect upon this wonderful event; you may not otherwise understand why it is a reason for a deeper joy and more thoughtful gratitude.

Place yourselves in the situation of his disciples, and most cherished friends. If you have ever had a dear friend restored to you from imminent peril or dangerous illness, after you had abandoned hope, and given yourself up to despondency, it will help you to imagine the joy of Mary Magdalene and the disciples; how much more, had that friend expired before your eyes, and been actually committed to the tomb, and yet by miracle raised up! It was thus with the disciples. They had lived with Jesus, and seen his life of purity and holiness; they had listened to his words, and been present at his works of mercy. How they must have loved and revered him! They had felt that he would become a great king, and knew not then the nature of his reign upon the earth. How must all their worldly hopes have been

crushed, when he voluntarily submitted himself to the power of his enemies, and the shameful death of the cross! All seemed lost and at an end when the beloved form was buried from their sight, the sepulchre sealed, and guarded by pagan soldiery.

Think of the disciple whom Jesus loved, — the only one who did not forsake him at last, — and of Simon Peter, who, in sudden terror and doubt, had denied him, and then wept bitterly at the last look of him whom he so much loved. When Mary told them the body of Jesus had been taken away, and she knew not where they had laid him, they ran to the sepulchre; and with what feelings did they stand and gaze at the empty grave, when as yet they comprehended not the scripture that he must rise from the dead? What were their thoughts, when they “went away to their own homes”? Was it Mary’s report, or the prophecy that John believed, as he saw the forsaken grave-clothes?

Does not your heart swell with emotion, as you read of the weeping, faithful Mary, stooping to look again into the dark sepulchre? Do you wonder at her slowness to recognize her risen Master, whose dead body she, and Mary, the mother of James, and Salome had prepared to embalm? Can you not imagine the joy with which she knew his voice, when he called her by name? The eye had given its testimony in vain; the voice spoke to the heart.

Try to realize the scenes described in the last chapters of Luke and John, the joy of the disciples, their renewed faith and hope, and the spreading of the joyful and amazing tidings among all people, by their testimony and preaching.

And why should not their feelings in some degree be ours? We have the same holy and lovely example to contemplate, as they relate it to us; and by the light which has spread from the Gospel, we have a better opportunity of understanding his true office and character than they had. We see what they could only hope and prophesy, the good his words have done and are doing in the world, and that his actions and spirit continue to be revered, loved, and imitated by all the good. Think of him as your personal friend, who is now living, and interested in your happiness and your endeavors to live a Christian life. He will never seem a stranger to you, if you think, when you read his instructions, that he speaks to you as well as to his immediate disciples. Think of him much and often, that he may be associated, as a present friend, with your common life. When your heart swells with gratitude to your earthly benefactors, remember him to whom you owe your knowledge of the Father, all your consolations in sorrow, your strength in duty, your hopes of heaven. When you think that he gave his life to secure those blessings for you, will not your heart melt with love to him? And when you hear him spoken of, or meet with an allusion to him in a book, does your heart throb, as at the mention of a dear friend? Even dating a letter should always remind you of him, since it tells how much time has passed since the world received its greatest gift.

In your prayers, when you say "through Jesus," or "in the name of our blessed Saviour," do not say

it formally, but dwell upon its meaning. It signifies that you ask by his direction, and as he has taught you; that you wish to ask according to his example, and in his spirit; that you believe that he is helping you, and teaching you to pray aright; and that it is to him that you owe the knowledge of a Father above, and the privilege of prayer to him.

When you become really acquainted with Jesus, as with the holy and good who show his spirit here below, you will naturally try to be like him. You will ask yourself in your studies, your plays, your intercourse with your companions, your treatment of your parents, your relations with God, "Am I like Jesus? Would he have done and felt and spoken thus?" I hope you will do this often in the course of your daily life; do it seriously, and act as your conscience tells you that you ought, as his follower. You will thus become more like Jesus each day, and he will love you, and will manifest himself to you, as he does not to the world.

We rejoice in the resurrection of Jesus as a plain and unanswerable proof of the truth of his Gospel, in which we have the glad tidings of our own immortal life. It was so considered by all those who witnessed it, for no impostor could have power to rise from the dead. It was Christ who brought life and immortality to light. "If a man die, shall he live again?" This anxious inquiry was never answered, though many hoped, before Jesus gave the promise of eternal life to all who believed on him. We have this comforting assurance in the view of

our own death, and when those we love are taken away. We never doubted, though all nature seemed dead, that in due time it would revive; and let us have the same cheerful, unhesitating faith that, when we have taken the last look of a dear friend, as the disciples did of their loved Master, we shall see him again, to be more happy than ever in his society.

I have read that a very little child, when about to die, said to her father, "Father, will you go to the grave with me?" He said, "My dear, I cannot!" "Then, dear mother, will you go with me?" she asked. She answered with streaming eyes, "My darling, I cannot go with you." "Oh!" she said, "I cannot go alone." She turned her little face to the wall, and wept a few moments; then turning again towards them with a sweet smile, she said, "I shall not go alone, for Jesus will be with me."

Yes, my dear children, we can lean on him, for he loves us, he will safely lead us through the dark valley; he knows the way, for he has been through it before us; and at the end of our journey, our Father will welcome us to the blessed home prepared for us.

Good manners should be a polish, not a varnish; the ornament of a good heart, not the disguise of a bad one.

The desire of pleasing others falls far short of the desire to make them happy.

BERENGER.

No. V.

A WOODMAN was chopping in the forest, when there suddenly appeared before him a young lady, followed by a youth carrying a little girl, and a boy bearing a wicker basket, which seemed to be no light load. They had lost themselves, and asked for a guide to the Colliery. They were glad to sit down and rest, while a cart was loaded with fagots. When the wagoner was ready, they put the little girl and the basket upon the top of the wood, and followed the cart silently. The sun was already slanting his beams, when they came out of the wood, upon an open space, where men and boys were going to and fro like emmets, among the charcoal mounds or heaps. Adèle, from her elevated perch, was the first to perceive Berenger among them. She did not know him, bending beneath a fagot, which his bare arms supported upon his head. He was completely disguised by soot, and a dirty, slouched cap. He caught a glimpse of her, and instantly threw down his load. He resumed it, however, and ran to throw it upon a pile, before he came to meet the eager eyes that were seeking him. Leo rushed forward, and caught him in his arms; Aribert next came up, to clasp him also with a pressure more expressive than his choked words. Ethelind and Adèle waited, with tears running down their cheeks, for their turn. Was it their tears, or his own, that made white streaks upon

his sooty face, when he embraced them? Berenger had left his marks upon all of them, and, perceiving this, the whole party were laughing in an excited, convulsive way, before they were able to speak. They went down to the river to wash, still grasping Berenger as closely as before.

"Where can M. Simon be?" said Berenger, looking back. "He must have missed me from my place in the gang."

"Doing your work!" answered a deep voice, and they looked up, and saw a head just above them, looking over a high paling. Adèle screamed faintly.

"I can carry two loads for one of yours. You need not hurry back, therefore; you have carried two to one of Pierre's, all day. I'll call if you are wanted. Enjoy yourself."

"Thank you, Sir," said Berenger, with unfeigned respect.

Leo and Ethelind exchanged a look, while Adèle cried, "Thank you, kind man," quite unheard by him.

A stump, newly cut, made a fine clean table, on which Ethelind set out the various fruits and cakes they had brought. Berenger went away to put on his jacket, and his shoes, and get rid of his ugly mask of soot. Ethelind felt she was forgiven, if he had remembered at all what she had not forgiven herself.

No one could swallow a morsel at first. Their hearts were swelling, and their throats too. Berenger looked round upon them with bright, loving eyes, that could not be satisfied with gazing. They pre-

sented Marcella's gift, a pot of honey ; she knew he liked it. Berenger made no answer, as they pressed him to taste it, and the other nice things they had brought him.

" My father — does he know — does he approve ? " said he, with a flushed face, and downcast eyes.

Ethelind confessed she had refrained from asking leave to visit him in his exile, lest she should be denied. She had thought of it before the father had left for Paris.

" Paris ! " cried Berenger, with a start and a smile. A box of books, with writing and drawing materials, had come from Paris to M. Simon's care, directed to Berenger. They were his father's kind gift then ! But he said nothing about them.

" I am sorry you did not ask, " said he, thoughtfully. Again Leo and Ethelind looked at each other with a glance of wonder.

The feast was not long neglected by travellers who had not dined. The sun sank lower, and Ethelind would fain have hurried the repast, but that she feared to seem more ready to desert Berenger than the rest. He soon began to talk, and answer all their questions. Yes, there was a good understanding between him and his master, for he served him with all his might. At first, he had worked sullenly, and the first time he had refused to do as he was bid, there was a roar of derision among the men. This had made him more angry, and he had declared he would not budge an inch for M. Simon, who might beat him to death, and welcome. He did not desire to live. One man he noticed looked at him

sorrowfully. The rest ducked him in the river, till he could not draw a breath. Then they laid him on the grass, and brought him to by a rubbing with rough cloths. Berenger found it a very *cooling* process, and this rough bath was not repeated. Being drowned outright, he might have braved, in his unhappy state, but the ridicule and the scrubbing were not to be borne. There was no way of escape but implicit submission to M. Simon.

Adèle put her arms round Berenger's neck in a transport of indignant sorrow. He returned the embrace, and said softly, "Forgive me, Adèle, for raising my hand against you. I am very sorry, and so I was at first."

"And I hindered you from saying so ; forgive me, dear Berenger," said Ethelind, blushing scarlet. "I must discipline my quick temper and my satirical tongue. O, I have been so grieved, so sorry!"

Berenger held out his hand.

"It is all for the best," said Leo, "if only our father will let Berenger come home again. We will beg and beseech him."

"No," said Berenger, drawing himself up a little. "I will not come home, if it is a favor granted at your entreaty."

They all misunderstood him. They thought he was still sullen towards the father, and for a moment their feelings took his part, and were ready to rebel against the severity of his punishment.

"Tell my father I will stay here as long as he wishes it. When he sees fit to call me home, he

shall have in me a son. I shall not be a disobedient, surly madcap, only fit to be ruled by force."

"What has changed your feelings towards him?" asked Aribert. "*I think he was cruel and stern.*"

"There is one man here who never laughed at my folly. I saw that the other men never kept company with him. He thought I should avoid him too, when he told me that he had been in prison for a violent assault and robbery. I have attached myself to the disgraced man, who is only what I might have become. 'Had I been restrained in my youth,' said he, 'I might be a respectable citizen now, not pointed at by every one as a convict.'"

"And you think, then, your father is right in binding you apprentice to a collier!" said Ethelind, who could not in her heart believe so.

"It is a good school for me. Since I have felt right towards him, I have rejoiced,—yes, I have been really happy in my hard labor and hard bed, my coarse food and coarse clothes. They are making a man of me. He has done this for my good. Well, it shall do me good."

"Berenger, you have many a time surprised me by something more high and noble than I could be capable of," said Leo. "We imagined you pining for the things you had been accustomed to at home, and so we have brought this load."

"With which I shall treat my friend Pierre, and my master, Simon. Pierre is a slender lad; I do half his work, and teach him to read and write. I never liked books half so well in my life as I do now, after my work is done for the day."

"Books *here!*" said Ethelind. Berenger smiled, but kept his secret. A loud and prolonged whistle was heard, and the next moment, after a hasty adieu, Berenger was running from them at his utmost speed. They saw him no more, but M. Simon came to tell them the shortest way home. He took charge of the repacked basket, but with a roguish laugh which made Ethelind suspect that Berenger would not find so much as a biscuit left in it when it reached him. She guessed right. Biscuits, apples, cakes, one thing after another, flew about right merrily in the yard, the men scrambling for them with begrimed hands, and eating them without any fastidious scrutiny, when they had rolled upon the blackened earth. The only thing that fell to Berenger's share was the pot of honey, which M. Simon reserved for him.

The party lost their way, of course, for it was soon dark in the woods. They wandered about till Adèle fell, and was rendered unable to walk by a severe bruise. Ethelind lost her slipper in a mud-hole. Leo, seeing a light in the distance, left them sitting on a log, with Aribert to guard them. Adèle felt much disposed to cry, but wished to be brave and strong like Berenger, so she only wiped her eyes in silence. Suddenly there was a rushing sound in the bushes, and Seppa came out with a clumsy gambol that almost overset Aribert, who was not a little frightened, as well as the girls, before they recognized their shaggy friend in the dark. They supposed Hans must be near, sent by Marcella to find them. Seppa could tell no tales. There was a

crashing and rustling in the underwood, the gleaming light of a lantern struck upon the trees around them, and the father emerged from the thicket, followed by Leo, while a third figure remained in the shadow.

"Father, are you displeased with us?" asked Ethelind, feeling very foolish, being conscious of deserving a reproof, and of having been disloyal towards him in her thoughts. The father was ready to excuse her imprudence, and the working of her feelings in Berenger's cause, which he had perceived.

"I have not been so far off as you suppose," said he. "Like the Invisible in the story, I have stood by Berenger's pillow at night, and have had an eye upon him at his work by day. I watched your feast, and, with Seppa's help, followed you; and I will carry you now to the carriage, which waits in the road."

Out sprang the dark figure, in order to catch up Adèle before Leo or Aribert, and the light fell upon the joyous face of Berenger, and upon his clean white collar, and home dress. He was no longer the collier's apprentice. He shouldered Adèle, declaring he could carry a whole fagot of little girls no heavier than she was, and went capering through the wood, Leo and Aribert following to hold back low hanging twigs, and keep them from brushing the faces of the others.

There met round the family altar that night once more a happy and united household. And with the tribute of joyful gratitude, there went up from Berenger's heart an earnest prayer for help. He feared his own wild will.

"I am not afraid to trust you, my son," said the father, when, long after, Berenger went out to take his part in the busy world ; "you have long been controlled by a principle within. I have taught you how to be your own master."*

A. W. A.

WISHES.

Down in the field, in the fragrant air
Of a bright midsummer day,
I saw three children sweet and fair,
Amid the new-mown hay ;
And pleasant indeed their voices were,
In their innocent, childish play.

"I 'd be a queen !" cried little Nell ;
And she quickly plaited a crown
Which fitted her fair young brow right well ;
Then she turned with a haughty frown
And bade her sisters humbly kneel,
Her sovereign power to own.

"I 'd be a beauty," lisped Geraldine,
"And have lovers to sue by the score ;
I would not be easily pleased, I ween,
But no heart should disown my power."
And she tossed her curls. You should have seen
The coquettish look she wore !

Then gently spake dear Isobel :
"Nay, sisters, I 'd never be

* The plan of this story was borrowed from "Las Tardes de la Granja."

A proud, grand queen, nor a heartless belle,
But a Sister of Charity.
I would sickness cure, and gloom dispel,
The benighted from error free ;

“ And every orphaned little one
I would in my arms receive ;
To those that were old, and poor, and lone,
A happy home I 'd give ;
And when all my work on earth was done,
I would go to Heaven to live ! ”

Then the little belle forgot her airs,
And the queen threw her crown away,
As they eagerly ran to nestle near
Sweet Isobel 'mid the hay,
And earnestly talked together there
Of the good they would do, some day.

GAZELLE.

No. II.

HAVING arrived at the lower round, Jacko paused prudently before stepping on the floor, and casting his eyes upon Gazelle, whom he had forgotten in the heat of his dispute with Tom, he perceived that she was in a very helpless position. In truth, Tom, instead of leaving her as he found her, had, as we have said, carelessly let her fall, so that in recovering her senses the unhappy beast found herself, not in her normal situation, upon her feet, but turned upon her back, — a position which, as every one knows, is

peculiarly inconvenient to an individual of the tortoise race.

It was easy to see from the expression of confidence with which Jacko approached Gazelle, that he had concluded that her position disabled her from making any defence. However, having come within a few paces of the strange monster, he paused, looked in at the opening in her side, and, with an air of apparent negligence, set about making a general inspection, reconnoitring at a distance, like a general, preparing to besiege a city. This done, he stretched out his hand quietly, and touched the extremity of the shell, with the tip of his finger ; then he sprang back quickly, and, without losing sight of the object which occupied his attention, began to dance on his hands and feet, accompanying his motion with a victorious chant, which he indulged in whenever, from any difficulty overcome or danger met, he wished to congratulate himself upon his skill or his courage.

Suddenly the dance and vainglorious chant stopped. A new idea entered Jacko's brain, and appeared to absorb all his thinking faculties. Having carefully examined the turtle, to which his touch had imparted a rocking motion, protracted by the convexity of her shell, he approached her, moving sideways like a crab, and, when he was close beside her, rose on his hind feet, bestrode her like a cavalier about to ride, and watched her rocking helplessly between his two legs for a moment or two. Feeling perfectly secure after so careful a scrutiny, without raising his feet from the floor, he seated himself and began rocking rapidly to and fro, balancing him-

self joyously, winking, and scratching his side, gestures which, to those who knew him, expressed an indescribable joy.

All at once, Jacko uttered a piercing cry, leaped three feet from the floor, and came down again on his back; then, springing upon his ladder, he went to take refuge behind the plaster cast. This evolution was caused by Gazelle, who, tired of a sport in which the fun was evidently not for her, had given signs of life, by scratching with her cold and sharp claws the bald thighs of Jacko. He was the more confounded at this aggression, as it was wholly unexpected.

A. A. V.

THE LONELY BIVOUAC.

SOON after gold was discovered in California, the country was overrun by a set of abandoned villains, whose only object was to secure wealth, no matter at what cost. They abused and ill-treated the poor Indians to such an extent, that war broke out in many parts of the territory, and occasioned great loss of life and property.

A small band of United States troops, which were stationed at a little fort in the Indian country, were, at one time, surrounded by a large party of savages, and placed in imminent danger. Their provisions were nearly exhausted, the men were wearied by long watches, and discouraged by the numbers of the enemy and the small prospect of relief.

A consultation was held among the officers, and it was decided to be absolutely necessary to send an express rider to the next fort for assistance. The question then arose, who was to go. It seemed a desperate undertaking to attempt to pass many miles through a forest thronged with hostile Indians, but a young officer volunteered for the service. Well acquainted with the country, he hoped to be able, by making a large *detour*, to escape the observation of the Indians, and reach the other fort.

He started alone before light, evaded the hostile scouting parties, and travelled all day, as fast as possible. Night came on, and found him still far from his destination, in the midst of a dense forest. Fearing to lose his way, he stopped, and prepared to wait for daylight to appear before resuming his journey.

To prevent a surprise, he lay down among some large rocks in the dry bed of a torrent of the rainy season, with the bridle of his good steed on his arm, and his rifle by his side. The night was cold, and light clouds flitted across the moon, now obscuring her face, and now revealing her full splendor. Resolved to watch all night, he had stationed himself so that the point where the trail came out of the woods to cross the stony bed was in full sight; but although shivering with cold, the fitful sighing of the wind among the trees, and his own overpowering fatigue, lulled him to sleep.

A sudden start of his horse awoke him. He saw by the position of the moon that it was nearly midnight, and that he must have been asleep several hours. While wondering what had alarmed his

horse, he heard a little rustling among the leaves in the forest, in the direction of the trail. Instantly the thought flashed across his mind that he had been followed by the savages, and that they were now trying to steal upon him unawares.

With his sense of hearing rendered painfully acute by this fearful thought, he listened. Sometimes for a moment no sound was audible; then the snapping of a twig or the rustle of a leaf told him that something was stealthily approaching. His horse evidently heard and was frightened by the sound. Fully convinced that his last hour had come, he cocked his rifle, and resolved to disable at least one enemy, as soon as the savage should emerge from the forest into the little belt of moonlight upon the border of the rocky bed.

Few men were braver than he, and yet, as he lay shivering on the cold stones alone in the wilderness, and listened to the slow approach of the mysterious footsteps, his very blood seemed to stagnate in his veins with horror. The sound came nearer and nearer. Now it was just on the confines of the dark shadow, and with his finger on the trigger, and his eyes glaring into the darkness, he lay listening to the loud beating of his own heart. Suddenly a slight movement among the bushes was visible, and out jumped into the bright moonlight—a little rabbit!

It is only necessary to add, that on the following day he reached the fort in safety, obtained assistance, and rescued his friends.

H. L. A.

A SPRING MORNING SERENADE UNDER A MOTHER'S WINDOW.

With lightsome tread our little throng
Have sallied out so soon from sleeping,
And by the pear-tree, old and strong,
And where the freshest grass is peeping,
We'll wake our mother with a song.

The sun ray comes the skies to cheer,
And on from cloud to cloud is beckoned ;
And look ! how glad the hills appear,
From out their morning dream awakened
By such a rosy pioneer !

Our earliest wish is all for thee ;
May this day bring no thought of sorrow !
Come to the window ; come and see !
Your grateful children sing good-morrow :
What truer tribute can there be ?

W. C. B.

WILLOW FARM STORIES.

No. IV.

" COUSIN Julia," said Richard, when we were collected around the fire the next evening, " it seems to me you have not told us much about the farm, after all. I thought, when people went into the country, it was to make butter, and play in the hay."

" O, certainly ! we used to play in the hay," said

I, "and we made butter too. I suppose we were terribly in poor Patience's way in the dairy. But we *thought* we were helping very much when we took turns with her at the churn. I remember well how it made my arms ache.

"The haying season was over, long before we left Willow Farm. There were no haystacks in the meadow; but whenever a rainy day came to interrupt our out-door plays, we went to the barn; and many a merry afternoon did we spend leaping down from the upper loft upon the thick bed of hay on the lower floor. We used to play we were birds; and having made our nests in the hay, flap round with a great noise to visit each other.

"Edith and I were tenderly interested in the dear little birds that built their nests and sang their sweet morning songs about Willow Farm. There were some swallows domesticated in the chimney of our sleeping-room. They often waked us at the early dawn, sometimes indeed in the night, whirring in and out of the chimney, and chirping to the young ones. We discovered a nest of robins too, in the hollow trunk of an old elm in the field; and morning and night we ran down to put crumbs of soft bread into the open bills of the young birds. In one of the maples that stood in front of the cottage a linnet had made his home, and in another lived a noisy family of wrens. Towards each of these little creatures, whose homes were under our protection, Edith and I felt a strong and peculiar affection. After we had gone to bed, we often lay awake 'making up' long romances about them. But the chimney swal-

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lows were our especial darlings; and when, one morning, after a night of wind and rain, we discovered two of the young birds lying dead upon our hearth, it was no trifling sorrow to us. We shed many tears over their wet, ruffled feathers, and felt grieved all the day."

"Were you sure they were *quite* dead, Cousin Julia?" asked Mollie, piteously.

"Yes, darling; we could do nothing for them but to lay them under the willows in the yard. But I did once save a little bird's life, Mollie. I will tell you how it happened. One day I was hunting all over the house for Edith, and, in the course of my search, found myself in the attic. Not seeing Edith there, I went to the window, and looked about for her in all directions. My attention was presently attracted by something fluttering from one of the boughs of a little peach-tree in the garden beneath. It looked like a bright yellow leaf, but it was whirling about and flapping up and down in the most unaccountable way, for there was not a breath of wind. While I was watching and wondering, I saw a large gray cat crouching down to the ground, and drawing near the tree. Her gleaming eyes were fixed upon this fluttering object. Then it flashed upon my mind that it must be a bird, caught there, or fascinated, and unable to free itself. I flew, rather than ran, down the stairs, and leaped through the long window. Clapping my hands and shouting at the cat, just as she was in the act of settling for a spring, I sent her off in a fright. Then I ran to the peach-tree, and found that what I had at first taken for a

yellow leaf, was a beautiful hemp bird that had entangled his leg in some twine which Edith had arranged for her morning-glories to run on. The more the frightened bird fluttered and strove to extricate himself, the more did he twist and knot the twine about his poor little claw. When he was exhausted with his vain struggles, he would hang motionless for a little time, with his head downwards. I took advantage of one of these moments of quiet to take the little creature gently in my hand. At my touch he redoubled his efforts to escape, and I fancied I felt him first grow very hot, and then cold, in my hand, and that a film began to gather over his eyes. All this time his mate was flying around my head in smaller and smaller circles, and uttering cries of distress. I almost believed she would attack me in her loving fears for her poor companion. I could not untie the cord. I shouted as loudly as I could, 'O m-a-m-m-a ! O Edith ! Tracy ! O *do* somebody come, and bring me a pair of scissors!'

"After what seemed to me a very long time, mamma came to the rescue.

"The instant the cord was cut, the little bird, a moment before apparently lifeless in my hand, glided out of my gentle grasp, and flew through the air like an arrow. Soon he was twittering and chirping in the maple-tree with his happy mate. No doubt both were in a perfect ecstasy of delight at his wonderful escape."

"I am glad old puss did not get hold of him, instead of you," said Jane.

"So am I," said Richard. "Well, tell on, Cousin Julia."

“ At Willow Farm there were horses, and oxen, and cows, and sheep, and pigs, and ducks, and hens, and chickens, besides a turtle that belonged to Tracy. We knew most of them by name, except the sheep and pigs, who were too numerous to be individualized. Tracy, Edith, Edward, and I each had our favorites among these, however, which we considered our own.

“ We were very much acquainted among the poultry ; we could talk eloquently of the peculiar traits of ‘ Gray Tail,’ ‘ Yellow Legs,’ and ‘ Little Snowball. And we used often to search patiently to find their smooth white eggs among the hay in the barn, and carry them into the kitchen with pride.

“ One day we happened to observe an empty hog-head lying on its side under the trees. This proved the theatre of vast amusement to us. Edith gave it the sounding title of the ‘ Alhambra,’ and here we often remained for hours, packed in together, telling stories. If we had not been very harmonious in our plays, such limited quarters would have been highly uncomfortable. The boys’ imaginations were much excited, at that time, upon the subject of Indians. After they had formally agreed, with some reluctance, not to introduce tomahawks and scalping into our plays, we consented to imagine ourselves savages, and the hoghead our wigwam. We laid in large stores of grass, and Edith and I would pretend to braid the pliant blades into baskets, while Tracy and Edward went off with their bows and arrows on long hunting expeditions. Their war-whoops were terrific to hear ! Edith and I did not remonstrate, if

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they were ever so loud and frequent, though we secretly wondered how our cousins could enjoy making such a disagreeable noise.

“Once we all four stayed in the ‘Alhambra’ through the whole of a heavy thunder-storm, exulting in our singular place of shelter. We found our friends in no slight anxiety about us, when we ran home in high glee after the rain was over.

“At last the leaves on the trees began to change to most gorgeous colors. The birds gradually disappeared. In the morning, when we looked out of our chamber windows, we often saw the fields white with hoar frost. The summer was over, Autumn had arrived, and our long, happy visit was drawing to a close. We felt sadly to think we must leave Willow Farm, and our dear uncle and aunt and cousins. And when the last morning before our departure arrived, there were four very grave little faces around the breakfast-table, for Tracy and Edward were sorry, you may believe, to lose the playmates with whom they had passed so many merry hours in that long, bright summer. After breakfast we went round in a doleful procession to make a last visit to our pets together. I cried a little when I took up my little Snowball, to bestow a farewell kiss.” •

“‘Julia,’ said Edith, earnestly, ‘we are going back to school now. Let’s try to learn just as much as we can this winter, and try to be good, and to improve in every way, to thank mamma for our beautiful visit at Willow Farm.’

“I responded with a warm glow. Edward suggest-

ed the bright thought that we might come again the very next summer, — nay, *every* summer ; why not ? This idea, and our good resolution, lightened our hearts very much, and by the time we had been over the barn, and out to the pig-pen, and were ready to go down to the meadow to bid good by to the sheep, we were laughing as gayly as if there was to be no end to our rambling over the farm together.

“ Tracy and Edward had made a bow of a piece of barrel-hoop, for each of us. With these and a stock of arrows in our hands, we drove away from the door. We leaned out of the chaise to look back at the cottage, as long as its low roof and vine-clad walls were in sight, and when the trees finally shut it out, we gazed wistfully up into mamma’s face, and sighed. That was the end of our visit at Willow Farm.”

JULIA.

GOLD PENS.

George. Ah ! who has stubbed my pen ?

Charles. Why ? Won’t it write ?

George. It is you, mischievous loon, who have done this evil deed. Write ? Not a jot.

Charles. It is true I dropped the pen, and it stuck into the floor like an arrow. I thought, however, it was not injured.

George. Alas, and alackaday ! My faithful old

pen, which has done all my writing for — let me see how long? It is marked January 1st, 1855.

Charles. And if it has done more than two years' work, I should think you might be satisfied. Here! Give it to me. If I had a file, I could mend it. Gold is soft, and easily brought to a point.

George. Is that all you know about it? A gold point would not wear long, for that very reason. Therefore the points are tipped with iridium, or more properly iridosmium, a mixture or alloy of two metals, iridium and osmium.

Charles. Then repointing is not so simple a matter as I had supposed.

George. The tip is much more valuable than gold, and the tips of old, worn-out pens are often carefully saved, to be employed a second time.

Charles. Yours, I presume, is fixed in that board. It must be very small, for I did not miss it as I looked at the point. Well; I am sorry.

George. I once visited a gold-pen manufactory; you see how I came to be so much wiser than you upon this point.

Charles. Where do they get iridosmium?

George. It is a somewhat rare metal, found sometimes with gold, oftener with platinum. It seems as if intended expressly for the use that is made of it, for it comes only in small quantities, in small lumps, little grains, and fine sand. The grains are about the size of a mustard seed, and being selected, and all fit for use, sell for two hundred and fifty dollars per ounce.

Charles. Make me believe that!

George. As it comes to market, you know, a great deal of it must be rejected. It costs from five to twenty five dollars an ounce, ordinarily.

Charles. Oh!

George. Each grain is soldered upon a piece of gold, called a blank, which is then rolled out flat, and split. It is afterwards stamped into shape, the points carefully ground, and the pen finished.

P. & S.

THE DISINTERESTED GIRL.

A TRANSLATION OF THE LITTLE FRENCH STORY IN THE MARCH NUMBER
OF THE CHILD'S FRIEND.*

I AM going to tell you a little story. Look at this house, surrounded on three sides by large trees, with a lawn extending before the fourth. The door is half open. Two children come out, holding each other by the hand. One is five years old, the other only four. The polite and gallant bearing of the youngest, his robust stature and large feet, show him at first sight to be a boy. The genteel figure of the

* As most of the translations sent in have been either anonymous, or with initials, and no address, the Editor must here present her thanks to the unknown friends who have so kindly gratified her wish. Formerly a teacher, she can well appreciate the labor and patience of the juvenile writers. She examined each manuscript with interest and pleasure, and will preserve them all. The choice was made by the writer of the story.

other, her beautiful brown hair, tied up with blue ribbons, her modest air, all declare her to be a girl. These cousins love each other tenderly. Necessarily separated for several months, they are very happy to be together again.

Running, jumping, and walking, they soon find themselves at the door of a neighboring cottage, and addressing an old man, who was working in the garden, the little boy says to him: "Sir, will you have the goodness to give my sister, who is just now not very well, a fresh egg?" "With pleasure, my child," replied the old man, "I will find one if it is possible"; and to the little girl he says, "O my dear Lucy! then you have come back again! I am delighted to see you once more!" And saying these words, the good man forgets his gout, of which he just had a cruel attack, and climbs into a cherry-tree, to get some fruit for his darling; he picks a dozen cherries, and puts them into Lucy's hands. The large eyes of the child sparkle for joy. Having received the egg, both ran eagerly home, to tell their aunt all that had happened to them. "You have doubtless thanked the old man, my children." "Alas! we have forgotten it." "Go back again, my darlings, and make amends for your fault; I will keep the cherries till your return."—"Here we are again, dear aunt; we have done what you wished." "Give me the cherries," cried Lucy, "and I will go and divide them with my brother and two cousins." "Stop a moment, my dear; I advise you to give three to each of the domestics, who do so much for you; and as little May is not here, and is besides not very well,

I prefer she should not have any." "O yes, aunt; you are right. I will go and find Maria, Catherine, and Caroline immediately";—and saying these words the amiable child disappeared from the hall. She came back, holding by the stems the three remaining cherries. "Look at this one," said her aunt; "it is not a good one, and as you cannot give it to any one else, you must keep it yourself; I will remove the decayed part." "Very well, dear aunt; have the goodness to keep this one, which is very good, for my dear brother. Come here, cousin; I will give you the other," and she kept the bad one herself.

At this moment, the pretty little May entered the parlor. "Cherries?" said she. "O how beautiful!" "Well, Lucy," said her aunt, "here is May, and she is so young, she will fret, if you do not give her some of your cherry. We can let her have one little bite." "With pleasure," replied the amiable child, holding out the rest of her cherry to May's pretty mouth. The little thing, not understanding that she ought to take but one mouthful, eat the whole. Lucy looked astonished, but said nothing. "Never mind, children," said their aunt, "we must not scold the darling; she did not understand you. Now go and play." "Yes, yes," cried Lucy, "come, William, come May; let us be quick, and go and feed the chickens."

MARY G. DANA (aged nine years).

Boston, March 30, 1857.

The poor are the best paymasters, for God is their security.

THE MAY-DAY WREATH.

SUCH a clamorous shouting as there was out beside the old white school-house in the lane! Such a vociferation, of which nobody could distinguish a word! And it was not the boys either, but the *girls*, who made all this noise. What could be the matter?

It was drawing near the end of April, and the children had just begun to think and talk about May-day; when one of the girls brought news that her mother had given her leave to invite all her schoolmates to her house. For a May-day party it was necessary to choose a queen, and that was what all this clamoring was about. Two were nominated at the same moment. Which of the two should be preferred? Everybody answered this question; nobody listened. So it was put to vote. About an equal number of hands were raised for each candidate. As some scholars were absent, the matter was postponed.

But the next day brought us no nearer a decision. Queen Ellen's party would not succumb: their candidate was the *tallest* girl in the school. Moreover, she was so good-hearted, so quaint with her half-motherly ways and droll remarks, keeping us all laughing and in good humor, that even the warmest friends of Queen Anne could not help admitting that Ellen would make a good queen. But then Anne was so pretty and so good! Her head would be so beautiful with its crown of flowers! Finally we came to a decision which, so far as we knew, had no prece-

dent, that of having *two* queens, equals in honor and command.

This point settled, we began to discuss the means of finding a sufficient number and variety of flowers to make the wreaths so essential to a May-day party. It was an early spring. Violets were already peeping through the short grass on the hill-side, and among the long grass in the meadow. Cowslips, buttercups, wild tulips,* and crimson columbines might be reckoned upon; blue-bottles would bloom in the front-yards, and daffies and jonquils and pansies in the gardens.

Just in front of our house there were some lilac-bushes. The place was sheltered and sunny, and our lilacs used to be the first to unfold their tender green buds in spring, and the earliest to send out their delicate blossoms. They had never been in bloom on May-day since I could remember. Now, however, as the first of May drew nearer, the dark clusters of buds were so forward, that I began to hope strongly that I should have some lilac-flowers for my wreath; I knew none of the others would. Many of the girls had older brothers to ransack the woods, and pry into rocky recesses, for them. I had no one to purvey for me, and must rifle meadow, hill, and garden for myself; but I hoped to finish my garland with the sweet early lilacs. And some of the girls knew curious ways of braiding or weaving flowers together, so that the wreath might be supported altogether by the stems of the flowers. That was a

* Probably the *Erythronium*, sometimes called Dog's-tooth Violet.

skill which I did not possess. To make my wreath in my own way, I went to find a vine-stem about which to interweave my flowers. My father's land bordered on the school-house lane; about half the height of the bank was walled up, the rest was uneven and grassy, and gave a foothold to many blackberry and wild raspberry vines, and hiding-places for the sparrows' nests. Here I found a young, slender stem of a wild vine, of a delicate purplish color; I carefully removed the thorns, leaving the sprays of green leaves which grew out from it. I collected my wild-flowers the last evening of April, and put them in fresh water in the cellar to keep them bright. Those which were in the garden and vicinity I left on their stems till May-morning. I rose early and gathered the blue-bottles, the jonquils, and the hyacinths, the periwinkles, the daffies, and the pansies, from the garden. I found my long-wished-for lilacs still but hard, dark, purple buds; not one delicate corolla was unfolded; and O how disappointed I felt! My slender vine, measured to the size of my head, was to bear more flowers than one vine of its length ever bore, before or since, probably. There were the green leaves, and flowers, scarlet, white, yellow, and blue; purple, too, but not the peculiar tint I had hoped for. Had n't I told all the girls I should have lilac in mine? And now what would they say? Well, it was a consoling reflection that they did not smell agreeably, and I began to wind on and arrange my flowers; but finally laying down the wreath I had begun, I went out into the front-yard, and by the help of a chair reached and

cut the highest branch of lilac buds, larger grown than the others. Having separated it into small pieces, I bound it on, dark as they were, with the yellow and white and crimson and blue flowers, for contrast. And so at last the wreath was finished. I have a strong suspicion now that it was more imposing in size than remarkable for beauty. I found it rather heavy and cold upon my brow, with the dewy flowers. Wreath-laden, we gathered at the school-house yard, and those earliest there walked impatiently up and down the lane, waiting for the arrival of their later companions. We at last formed our procession, with our two queens side by side at the head, and with our wreaths and bouquets, and merry chat and laughter, we went on to the house of our schoolmate, where a cordial welcome awaited us. The teacher, too, was there, and she, with our friend Sarah's mother, was waiting in the parlor into which we were ushered, to hear the poetry which the occasion had elicited from some of the older girls. There was a sort of Coronation Address to the two queens, the burden of which was "Dear Queen Anne, and dear Queen Ellen." It had at least the merit of being very affectionate. There was a Sweet Song of Spring, which the reader said "mother and aunty" had helped her to write. And then I was called upon for my verses. There was much about Spring and May, I remember, and also about the *trees* and the *breeze*, the *flowers* and the *hours*, for rhyme. Though the girls expressed their approval, I suspect that my rhymes and my wreath were about equally "flowery," and equally clumsy. Poetry soon

gave way to a more practical matter, play; for which we adjourned to the barn, where the broad floor had been swept clean for our accommodation, on account of threatening clouds. Pattering rain soon began to fall, and we could not run about in the open air; but the great doors were open, and the fresh breeze came in, and what cared we? And there we played and sang and laughed. The quiet, sober old cattle in their stalls were spectators of games they had never witnessed before,—"Hide and Seek," "Hunt the Squirrel," and all other practicable plays. The entrance of a covered basket upon the scene caused our gambols to subside temporarily, and the drawing forth of oranges and many sweets from its capacious depths gave us quiet employment and rest for a while; and then we played until the tea hour. By that time the clouds had rolled away from the western sky, a rainbow spanned the east; the sun smiled on the closing of our May-day. After tea, we formed our procession again, and with joyous steps marched homewards, one after another leaving the company, as we passed the different residences of the scholars. There had been no jars to break the general harmony, and for me, no drawback to my happiness, except the lack of full-blown lilacs in my wreath. And I have often thought of them since, seeing how often we fail to enjoy what we *have*, on account of what we have *not*. I have long since done sighing for the lilac in my wreath of happiness; I have learned to gather and cherish the wayside flower, however tiny; I do not pass by the *little* joys unheeding, in the anxious press after the greater.

It is not many years since the May party, but great changes have come upon the school-house lane. It is "School Street" now; dwelling-houses cover the ground where we used to play; the old school-house is gone, and a stately brick edifice near the old site gathers daily the two hundred children who have succeeded the sixty of those days; the brook is covered and flows in darkness under ground. And the scholars of the May party are scattered far and wide. There was once a time, long back, when I did not love Queen Ellen; my prejudice was as unreasonable in its cause as Rosamond's antipathy to a most excellent lady, on account of a pinch in her bonnet. Ellen, when I first knew her, wore a *long green apron*! And so I was unjust and rude to her. She was always kind and forbearing and gentle to me, and so, when I knew her better, I came to love her very much. After the May party, we all loved her better than ever before, and she became a sort of leader for us all. We called her Queen Ellen all summer. "Dear Queen Anne," when she grew up, became a teacher, but "Dear Queen Ellen," with all the fresh brightness of youth upon her, was gathered home to the beautiful land where all is unfading.

H. W.

"Guard well thy thought: our thoughts are heard in heaven."

"Who bears a spotless breast,
Doth want no comfort else, howe'er distrest."

THE APHIS,
AND OTHER ENEMIES OF HOUSE-PLANTS.

A LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I PREFACE my letter with an extract from one I received a short time ago:—

“My flower-stand, which was such an ornament to the parlor, when you saw it at Christmas time, is shorn of its beauty. The Italian and the narrow-leaved myrtles, that made such a beautiful background, with their dark, glossy green, for my gay flowers, are covered with little mud-turtles, of different colors, and minute beds of tiny oysters; and though I can neither see them eat, nor even move, they seem to be draining the plants of their lifeblood. My geraniums, especially grandmamma’s favorites, the rose and the lemon scented kinds, are swarming with the aphis. These greedy little beasts huddle together on the stems and leaves, and look like small green pigs, crowding each other away from their dainty fare. Here and there, however, an overgrown fellow has wings; and I believe that the Middle Ages, with all their monsters, never produced anything quite so ugly as a winged pig. I can no longer carry grandmamma a fresh leaf every day from one of these fragrant plants, as I used to do. But the saddest sight of all is the fuchsia and the salvia. They were so graceful and so brilliant, that I was a little too proud of them. But now the flowers fall off before they have fully expanded, and the leaves

too, except here and there on a withered branch, covered with fine cobwebs; and the plants seem to be dying. I picked up a fuchsia leaf, covered with brown dots, and, on looking at these through a magnifying-glass, I found that they were alive, and moved slowly about; so I suppose they are the red spiders, that I have heard of, but never saw before."

MY DEAR JANE, — I hope your account of the present appearance of your flower-stand, which made your room so bright and cheerful, and so filled it with fragrance, when I was with you last winter, is a little exaggerated. It gives me such a grotesque image of your suffering favorites, that I am as much inclined to laugh as to cry over them, though you are evidently almost in tears yourself. But if I do smile at your description of your troubles, I certainly sympathize with you; and as you say you should like to understand something of the nature and economy of the little creatures that are killing your plants, as well as how, in turn, to kill *them*, I will give you what information I can, on both points.

I will begin with the Aphis. You know, perhaps, that the great divisions, or *orders*, in the insect kingdom, are named from some peculiarity of the wings, as Lepidoptera, *scaly wings*; Hemiptera, *half-wings*. The aphis belongs in the latter order. So, in fact, do the Liliputian oysters and turtles, in spite of your scientific disposal of them amongst shell-fish and reptiles. Though this order is named from the principal group in it, (of which the common squash-

bug is a specimen,) in which the perfect insects are provided with both wing-covers and wings, and have wing-covers that are *half thick* and *half thin* (the thin part, at the tips, being transparent), yet it includes some insects which have wing-covers that are of the same texture from the base to the tip, either wholly opaque, or wholly transparent. They are classed by entomologists with the Hemiptera, because in other respects they resemble them more than they do any other insects.

One important part of their structure, the contrivance by which they take their food, is common to all the hemipterous insects, and this, I suppose, will be an interesting one to you, who have furnished some of them with such a profuse and delicate table, against your will. They have no jaws, as beetles have, but are provided with a beak, with which they pierce the plants on which they live, and then suck their juices. This slender beak has a hard sheath, and in it are three little needles, sharp and fine enough to prick your tender geranium leaves, over and over, without leaving a wound large enough to be seen by you. When they are not feeding, the beak is bent under the body, and lies flat on the breast.

You are familiar with the fact that all insects live in three different states, and undergo corresponding changes of form. These changes are more striking in butterflies and moths than in most other insects, for in them they are not merely changes in degree, but in kind. The transformation of the gross, clumsy, crawling caterpillar — cutting down with his

powerful jaws and devouring all before him, stem, leaf, and blossom — into the chrysalis, that lies wrapped up in a hard and seemingly insensible case, eating nothing, seeing nothing, and scarcely moving; and of the chrysalis into the airy butterfly, sipping through a delicate tube the nectar of flowers that forms his only food, and, whether poised on a flower or soaring in air, exhibiting perfect grace and the most resplendent coloring in nature, is one which must excite our admiration as long as we have eyes and souls; and, as an emblem of man's life on earth, of death, and of his transfigured and ennobled existence in the spiritual world, it can never become an antiquated or commonplace illustration.

The changes that take place in hemipterous insects are more gradual, and the form and habits are less varied in each stage. The young insect has the same general form as the parent, and takes its food in the same way, but has neither wing-covers nor wings; it sheds its skin when it grows larger, and little scales begin to sprout out on its back; it then slips off its skin again, and comes out a perfect insect, with wings and wing-covers. In each stage it has a beak, and lives upon the same kind of food.

This is a singular tribe, and the aphid is one of the most singular insects found in it. The name is derived from a word that means *to exhaust*, and the plural is *aphides*. There are a great many species in this genus, and it is said that nearly every kind of plant is infested by one peculiar to itself. Some of them live on the leaves and stems, and some on the roots of plants. You will not be surprised at finding

yours completely coated with these insects, of every size, when I mention a calculation that Réaumur made as to their increase. Counting down as far as great-great-great-grandchildren, he says one aphid may have six thousand millions of descendants. In the perfect, winged state, aphides lay eggs. From these eggs a brood is hatched that never acquire wings, even when fully grown. These, instead of laying eggs, have young ones born alive, and these again never are winged. Thus brood after brood are born alive, till, after a while, a generation springs up again of perfect, winged aphides, that lay eggs.

The wing-covers are thin and gauzy, like true wings, so that, unlike the rest of the order, aphides may be said to have upper and under wings. Their beak is a long, delicate tube, as you may see, if you look at them through a lens; and you need no glass to show you that their legs are so long and slender that you wonder, sometimes, that they can support such stout, full-fed bodies. You will observe that those that are winged have the upper larger than the under wings, and that these are so placed as to form a sort of steep roof, extending over the body, and considerably beyond it behind. If you watch these little creatures, you will be amused at their odd postures and actions. They look, sometimes, as if they were at a game of romps. They will kick out, like little colts, then sprawl about, and jerk their bodies up and down, as if they were practising gymnastics for their health.

There are two little tubes at the extremity of the

body, from which a very sweet fluid exudes, and they keep up such a constant suction, that this honey-like juice is constantly oozing out. I dare say you have found your plants covered with a sticky fluid. Have you ever observed ants running up and down the stems of rose-bushes in the garden? They go after this sweet liquid, of which they seem very fond. Ants generally prey upon insects that are smaller and weaker than themselves, but they are very gentle and kind to their little honey-providers, and it is said that they will even drive away the tiny ichneumon-flies that are trying to lay their eggs in the bodies of the aphides. A very amusing account is given by Kirby and Spence of the care that ants take of the aphides that feed on the juices of roots. They make their nests near them, so as to have their herds of milch kine, as these little creatures have been called, at hand; they carry their eggs into the sun to warm them, and when disturbed, they will carry both the eggs and the young of the aphids to their own nests for safety.

There are several applications that may be made to destroy the aphids on house-plants. I have used soap and water, and a strong infusion of quassia, with good effect. Fumigation with tobacco will also kill them; but it is a disagreeable remedy for the evil. I have often heard people say, that when they have put their house-plants out of doors, in spring or early summer, they soon found that the aphides were gone. This was probably owing to some of their insect enemies, of which lady-birds and their young are among the most active. This pretty little bee-

tle, that every child sings a song to, and watches with wondering eyes, as she wings her way to her burning house to take care of her children, lives upon aphides in the perfect state, and lays her eggs in clusters among them, so that the larvæ, or young, find food within their reach, and begin to prey on them as soon as they are hatched. They will seize and devour them one after another with great rapidity. A friend of mine told me once that her moss-rose bush seemed to be dying. She said that it had not only been infested with aphides, but that after it had been exhausted by their ravages, little flat worms of a dark-blue color, spotted with red, had made their appearance, to put the finishing stroke to its destruction. I was glad to tell her that these were the young of the lady-bird, and that they had saved her rose-bush. There are some other insects, the young of which live upon aphides; but as the grubs are not so peculiar in their appearance as the larvæ of the lady-bird, I suppose you would find it hard to distinguish them from others that are really destructive to plants. In my next letter, I will try to give you some account of the turtle-like insects, and of the red spider.

Your friend,

S. S. F.

NEVER put off a thing you can do now to a future time, for that time you are not sure of having.

LITTLE MAY.

WE had a beautiful cousin once,
A dear, little, merry thing ;
She came from afar to dwell with us,
When the snow-drops came in the spring.

Her soft, dark eyes were clear and bright,
And her brow was fresh and fair,
And around her snowy neck hung down
Thick, clustering curls of hair.

In memory now the sound of her voice
Still rings in my listening ear,
Though her gentle tones and loving words
No more we on earth may hear.

We loved darling May with all our hearts,
She was always so pleasant and good ;
She was ever ready to help, or to give,
And was never wild or rude.

If we any of us were sick or sad,
Little May was sure to draw near,
And her pitying eyes, and soft, low voice,
Could never fail to cheer.

And when she fell ill in the summer heat,
And the fever was strong and high,
We would not endure the sad, sad thought
That our dear little cousin could die.

How patient and meek she lay for weeks,
In her dimly-lighted room ;
And how trustful and happy she was when they said
That her dying hour had come !

And now, when the busy day is past,
We go to the garden where
The fair young form was laid to rest ;
But we know she is not there !

We know that her spirit has fled to heaven,
Its own bright, happy home,
And that now she watches us here below,
And waits for us all to come.

No marble rests on her lowly grave,
But a fragrant violet bed
Lies at the foot of the grassy mound,
And a rose-tree at its head.

It was here we laid her earthly garb,
But her spirit still lives above,
As perfect and pure as the angels there,
In a region of light and love.

But O little May, our home is sad,
As we miss thy smiling face,
And with earnest hearts we long to dwell
With thee in that blessed place !

THE truly graphic sketch of a winter's evening by a country fireside, in the April number, was by an oversight left without the initials E. E. A. The articles furnished by the Editor have hitherto been printed without signature, but she will atone for her indirect usurpation of what did not belong to her, by signing them with her initials in future, except the short sayings, which are seldom original.



W. H. Stiles del. F. Smith sculp.

LADY TERESA AND ISABELLA.

"O THAT I could sleep and wake no more, wretched man that I am!" groaned a prisoner, waking as the first faint ray of morning light entered his grated window. "I am betrayed by those whom I have flattered and feasted; I am deserted by those who are of my own blood. There is no hope for me on earth. I have forsaken my God. There is no hope for me in heaven. I am lost — lost — lost!"

"O let me but go to him, and you shall keep me a prisoner also," said a sweet voice, at the prison door. "He knows not that we forgive him, that we love him, and pray for him. O let me comfort my poor brother!"

The jailer turned his head away, for he could not look upon the young face, with its pleading, tearful eyes looking up into his; he would not see the little hands clasped and wrung in agonized entreaty.

The Lady Teresa drew forth a heavy purse. She laid her hand upon the old man's arm.

"What will your gold do for me, madame, should I fall under the displeasure of the king?"

"It is a small favor we ask," said the Countess, coldly. "I will answer to the king, should he ever be informed."

"I am under orders to let no man, were it a royal duke, come to speech of him."

"I am but a woman; and this child, at least, might speak to the Marquis without danger to the

state. Let us pass, good man ; my lord will intercede for thee, if thou come to trouble."

"The Marquis of Mondejar has powerful enemies ; he is a doomed man. Ah ! I have locked this prison door on many such. Were I weak enough to take a bribe, I dare not. Your haughty lord would as little turn out of his way to save me from being crushed, as though I were but an ant on the common pathway."

Donna Teresa proudly turned to depart. But the child drew the hard hand of the jailer to her lips, and her warm tears flowed over it. The old man's heart was touched.

"Go your way, my lady ; begone with your gold. If thou durst stay here alone, little one, thou shalt presently see thy brother. He little looks for such company at his breakfast. I am forbid to let him converse with any ; but thou, poor little child, knowest too little to be dreaded. Thou canst do no harm, I judge. Yet not for gold would I do this thing ; the saints preserve me !"

And soon after, Isabella entered the dismal cell.

"I beggared you, yet you did not reproach me ; I have disgraced our name, yet you do not forsake me," said the young man, as his sister threw herself sobbing upon his breast. "Canst thou then love me yet, my poor Isabella ?"

"Tell me quickly, Flavio, what can be done to save you ?" said Isabella. "Write, if I cannot understand it. I will fix it in my memory ere I leave you. I may not take the paper, lest I be searched."

"Leave me to my fate ; I deserve it, albeit I am innocent of the base crime imputed to me."

"Your innocence can then be proved."

"Not so; the proofs are in the hands of those whose sins I am made to bear."

"The king, — is he not just?"

"No papers will ever reach his eye, but those which answer the ends of my accusers. You see it is all in vain for any one to move in my cause, had I any friends but you who would care for me."

The wooden sabots of the jailer hurriedly clattering to the door, and the key rattling in the lock, as if applied by a trembling and uncertain hand, alarmed them. Isabella sprang to her feet. Instantly the jailer entered, and, with brows knit together with fury or terror, bore her away to an empty cell close by. He locked the door, and left her on the ground in the darkness. With difficulty she repressed loud screams of terror. But the jangling of spurs and the stern beat of iron-bound heels on the pavement of the court caught her attention. They came along the passage. There were loud voices, too, mingling together in eager converse. "He must," — "He shall," — "No shuffling," — "Flight," — "The scaffold," — "Escape," — "Safety," — she could distinguish only these words.

"Do they come to *save* him?" thought Isabella. "They are in his cell." Then she heard a confused murmur, that rose into a hoarse, angry tumult.

"I will not! Before the human law I am guiltless. I acknowledge nothing. I will not escape," cried the Marquis. "Crush me, if you dare."

Again thronging footsteps resounded through the passage-way; a sullen echo rolled back, and presently all was still as before.

The jailer tenderly raised Isabella, brought her again to her brother, and left them together.

"There is hope, my sister. They fear me; they dread my trial. They cannot have found the vouchers I deemed already destroyed. If I had *one* friend I could trust! But in this court no man can know who are his enemies. They besiege the king; he is to me as an enchanted prince; the truth cannot reach his ears or his eyes."

"Give me the message."

"It will avail me naught, and may compromise others."

"No one shall know what I do."

Isabella's step was firm, and her eye serene and bright, as she followed the jailer to the gate of the prison. She was not dismissed until she had been searched by the jailer's wife, but a little key and a small roll of paper remained hidden in her thick plaited hair.

Philip was walking up and down in the formal walled garden of the palace. The smooth, strait walk extended between rows of prim trees, cut into regular forms; not a twig or spray dared wave beyond the ungraceful outline, and not one dry leaf lay upon the path. The very sunbeams seemed constrained, and fell upon the ground in a sullen glare; the air was oppressingly still and hot. The king had a sad and weary look, and frequently raised his hand to rub his brow, or to stroke, with a slow, thoughtful movement, his wig. He observed with cold surprise that an intruder had come into view among the trees,—a child in a rustic garb, who strangely stood

her ground, instead of withdrawing in confusion, on meeting his glance.

He passed on, pretending not to observe her, but feeling slightly offended at the presumptuous carelessness of the gardener, whose daughter he supposed to be gazing curiously upon majesty in retirement. Poor Isabella stood trembling, as the pensive monarch paced by, with his eyes upon the ground. She had not courage to break in upon his meditations, though his countenance was melancholy, rather than stern. Weary of the cares of state, and the tiresome etiquette of the court, he was meditating the fruitless abdication, which afterwards took place, by which he vainly hoped to lay his burden upon other shoulders, and finish his days in indolent repose.

He had forgotten Isabella entirely, when, on his return up the path, she threw off the coarse mantle of the peasant, and threw herself at his feet. A diamond cross which she wore upon the bandeau that confined her hair immediately fixed the king's eye.

"Rise up," said he. "The wearer of that cross, the gift of a grateful monarch to a devoted subject, cannot speak in vain."

In a few simple words Isabella pleaded for her brother's release, declaring his innocence. She put into the king's hand the little scroll, and the key of a private drawer in the *escritoire*, which, containing the official papers of the Marquis, seized at the time of his arrest, had been put under the seal of the state.

"Let him take this lesson to heart," said the king. "But for his riotous and extravagant life, no one had

dared to accuse him of turning the treasure of the state to his own use. I now know by whom the exchequer has been robbed, and he is saved. He shall abide his trial in prison, however. His enemies must have time to perfect their machinations, ere they fall into the pit which they have digged ; he will have the more leisure for reflection."

Isabella stood in the attitude of entreaty, and the king said with a smile, " Daughter of brave Mondejar, hast thou nothing to ask for *thyself* ? "

" That the king's displeasure fall not on the aged warder, who refused gold, but could not resist my prayers."

" He shall lose his post," said the king, turning away to resume his walk.

The old man retired on a pension, however, and the keys descended to his son. After a tedious imprisonment, the Marquis was restored to his place, a wiser and a better man.

A. W. A.

LIFE IN DEATH.

Charley. I cannot bear to think you are old, grandpa, and must die soon.

Grandfather. It does not make *me* sad. Come and sit here in my lap. Lay your head on my breast. You love me very dearly ?

Charley. Yes, grandpa. I am almost crying. Why are you not sad too ?

Grandfather. When the evening has come, and the work of the day is over, the laborer rests awhile, calm and happy. Then he lies down to sleep, trusting in God that he shall wake again. Do you understand me, dear child ?

Charley (sighing). Yes, grandpa.

Grandfather. The evening of my busy life has come. My work is over and done, and I am very happy now, in my arm-chair, with my dear little grandson who loves me. By and by, in God's good time, I shall go to my rest.

Charley. And then I will pray to God that I may die too.

Grandfather. Ask not to die ; your work is only begun. Pray that you may live well, and do what God requires of you in your day. You are strong ; you can run and leap ; you are not ready for rest.

Charley. But my brother died. He was younger than I, too ; only a little babe !

Grandfather. His day was short. God took him early home. But his work was done. He made our hearts more tender and loving, and he drew our thoughts after him to heaven, when his pure soul left its little, feeble, suffering body with us to be laid in the tomb. You are strong ; God will give you such a time to live as shall please him, and you must do your work worthily and faithfully.

Charley. I will if I can. Shall I know how ?

Grandfather. His providence will lead you, if you wish to serve him.

Charley. I do wish it. But sometimes I forget, and so I do wrong. I am only a little boy now, but I shall be a man. I will be a good man.

Grandfather. Through being a good boy, you will become so.

Charley. You shall see. O, now I am sad again, for I think you will not be alive when I am a man.

Grandfather. Do not grieve. See how wrinkled and bent and worn-out this body has become, which I must soon lay down. My ears are dull, and my eyes — do you remember, Charley, how quickly you spied the sphinx, when I had looked all over my woodbine, and could not find him ?

Charley. O, let me look into the box ! I have not opened it since he left off eating, and turned into a — what ?

Grandfather. A chrysalis.

Charley. You told me not to handle it too much. So I have not disturbed it at all.

Grandfather. And your obedience will have its reward. Look upon the sunny window-sill ; here he is ?

Charley. O the shell is broken ! This is not my caterpillar inside ; did you take him away ?

Grandfather. No, I did not. He burst the shell himself. He went into his curious little coffin an ugly, crawling worm, that could never rise above the earth ; he is coming out — look and see ! — so wonderfully changed, that he can soar into the blue sky ; yes, and now he will sip a little dew and honey from the flower-cups, instead of cramming himself with leaves, to the ruin of my woodbine.

Charley. O, beautiful ! He is stretching his wings out ; and unfolding them more and more. The sun is drying them. O, the beautiful colors ! See him

standing upon his slender legs ! Was he really that clumsy, creeping catérpillar oncē ?

Grandfather. He was. You saw him motionless, senseless, entombed ; you called him dead. But now you see him living again, in a more glorious and beautiful form.

Charley. It seems as if the butterfly was the soul of the caterpillar. O see ! now he is flying up, up — O, it makes my eyes ache to look after him ! Now I cannot find him ; he is gone, over the highest trees.

Grandfather. The butterfly was folded up, imperfect, and hard to be discerned, within the coarse body of the caterpillar, and mixed with his flesh.

Charley. Who would think it !

Grandfather. It could not escape from its prison, so long as the caterpillar could move and eat. It was only when the worm seemed to die and be buried, that its beautiful new life began.

Charley. Can he remember ? If so, how happy he must be now ! But he is only a poor butterfly ; he does not know who made him, and kept him alive when he seemed dead, and gave him such beautiful gold-spotted wings to fly with, and honey to eat.

Grandfather. But *we* know God. We love and thank him that, through Jesus Christ, we have the hope of another and a higher life after this.

Charley. Then why do people always weep, and wear black, gloomy clothes when any one dies ? Is it because they want to die too ?

Grandfather. It is because their souls are in a body

which must die, like the worm, before they can see heaven clearly. Though we trust, we also tremble, for our souls are in danger from sin. If you live humbly in the love and fear of God, he will remove all doubts at last. Death shall then have no sadness for you.

A. W. A.

LAURUSTINUS GLEN.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER DATED FAYAL, APRIL 4, 1856.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, — I am going to tell you about a donkey-ride among the hills. There is a beautiful waterfall a few miles from where we are living. In dry weather there is no water there, but after every rain the little brook swells up and overflows, and then pours over some very high rocks, — as high as a steeple. On each side there are steep hills, and it is very pretty. One day, when it had cleared away, after a heavy rain, we said, "This would be a good day to go to Laurustinus Glen," which is the name given to the place, from a shrub that grows there in great abundance. So we sent for our donkeys; and we had ten of them in all. Donkeys are smaller than horses, you know; they are funny little things, with long ears, very patient, and rather obstinate. Each one had a queer broad saddle, a sort of chair, with cross-sticks to take hold of, like those of a wood-horse; there are no stirrups,

but it is very easy to ride without any, the feet swinging as yours do when you are perched on a high seat. The ladies used chairs to get up by, though it is not very far for a jump to the little creatures' backs. When we had all mounted, we set off, five or six barefooted men and boys with long sticks going with us to drive the donkeys; for they do not care much for any drivers, except those whose voices they know. First, we rode up a very steep street, and then over some smooth roads, between high stone walls; here the donkeys galloped quite fast, but the boys and men could run quite as fast, and, being accustomed to it, kept up with us very easily. After that, the road grew narrow and muddy; the donkeys would sometimes put their heads down to look, and stop, and two of the men would be obliged to come and push the obstinate little things, to make them go on. The people came out of their little stone huts to look at us. We gazed quite as earnestly at them, as we went by. They were very picture-like, the very aged, and the young, cats, dogs, pigs, hens, and goats grouped together. We saw men going to the fields with their ploughs on their shoulders, made almost entirely of wood, and so light that they can carry them easily in this way. Whenever we came near the brook or river, which winds through the pretty valley, we saw women and girls, in blue jackets and white skirts, kneeling on the stones, washing clothes in the water, or hanging them out on the stone walls to dry. And when we began to go up among the hills, and could look down, the green valley looked very pretty,

with these white and blue things scattered about everywhere. But oh! it was so steep when we began to go up! Only one could go in the path at a time, so we went in single file, the donkeys picking their way over the stones, and sometimes stopping to bray, making a noise like a rusty pump, only much louder. The driver poked, and shouted *Saccaio!* and *Saccapardiente!* with many other sounds, which nobody but a Portuguese driver can utter. The road grew more and more steep and rocky; some of us got off, others pulled at the bridles, till they nearly upset backwards. But the animals were very sure-footed; they never slipped, till, at one very steep place where I was walking, I heard a little cry, and, looking round, I saw a donkey fallen in a sort of rut in the rock, and a lady trying to get out from under him. We pulled away the animal, and picked up the lady, and I was going on again, when I heard another cry, and, looking round, there was another donkey down in exactly the same place. So I ran again, and we picked up the donkey, and looked about for the lady; there was no lady there! As soon as she found she was falling, she gathered herself into a sort of ball, and rolled away on one side, and there she was upon the bank, laughing. Along came another donkey, with a lady on his back. She saw the danger, but the jackass would not stop. They are not obedient to the bit, like horses, and it did no good for her to twitch the bridle. The driver called out *Eeeeh!* (which means *Whoa!*) but he was not near enough to pull back by the tail besides, and the donkey determined to follow

the others. The lady quietly slid off at the slippery spot, and stood on her feet on the top of the rock. The headstrong beast took a slide, but did not fall. Soon after this, we were told we could go no farther, except on foot. We all alighted therefore, and while we were shaking ourselves, and preparing for a hard scramble, it began to rain violently. Sudden showers are so common here, that people always take umbrellas, when going far from home. We put up ours, and got a sheltered place under the rocks, if we could. The little donkeys stood with their heads together, and hung down their long ears, looking quite disconsolate. Then all at once it stopped raining, and the sun came out. So we climbed along upon rocks and ridges, and it was very pleasant to look across the country, and see the ocean stretching out beyond, with a ship sailing out of the harbor, and the high mountain Pico rising out of the water five miles off, with its sharp top, all white with snow, stretching up among the clouds. At last we came to the waterfall. It was very beautiful. The water rushed along so fast it was full of white foam, and when it leaped over, the sun shone upon the falling drops, making them look like silver. At the bottom, where it struck, it was dashed into spray. Some of the party clambered down to it; the sides were very steep, and covered with bushes and ferns. Only three of us got quite to the bottom, and one of those three was a small dog. A young lady and I overtook and saved the little animal, who wanted to plunge into the water just above the fall, where he would certainly have been carried over and

drowned, or dashed to pieces. Soon it began to rain again. I got under the bank with my umbrella, and it was funny to look up the high steep opposite, and see the other umbrellas, dotted about here and there, each with two or three people under it. The rain came down for a while in torrents ; then it cleared up, and we returned to our waiting donkeys, dripping, but merry. The sun shone on the wet foliage and the waterfall more brightly than ever. But still another shower came before we got home.

H.

OBEDIENCE.

THE duty of obedience, my dear children, is the earliest which you learn. "Little children should mind what is said to them," is a lesson which you comprehend even before you can understand the words, and you never are allowed to forget it, for want of repetition, by parents, nurses, and others. But with line upon line, and precept upon precept, have you learned to be really obedient? There are many ways of obedience, or rather, there is but *one* : there are many ways of *disobedience*, which children too well taught and too conscientious to be positively refractory fall into. I will give you an illustration of this.

Mr. Jones had four sons, Robert, Willie, Jemmie, and Harry. One day, in their vacation, their father

entered the room where Robert and Jemmie were engaged in playing checkers, Willie and Harry reading. "Come, Robert," said Mr. Jones, "I have an errand for you to do." Robert looked up from his game with a disturbed countenance: "Why must I go, father? I do not want to leave this game. It seems to me that I have all the errands to do." His father said calmly, "If that were the fact, then you should consider yourself the most privileged, in being the most useful. But it is not so. As the eldest, the most laborious errands may devolve upon you, but I endeavor that each of my sons shall have his proper share of useful exercise." Robert most unwillingly rose from his seat, sulkily received his commission, and went out, slamming the door behind him. His father took no notice of this improper conduct, though he was pained by it, but turning to Willie, who was still occupied with his book, said, cheerfully, "Willie, my son, I have an errand for *you* too." Willie, who was a very good-natured little fellow, answered very pleasantly, "Yes, father," but without leaving his book. "Come, my boy," said his father. "Yes, father," he replied, "in a minute, just let me finish this chapter." "No, my son, you must go *now*." Still Willie lingered until his father took the book from his hand; then, with an expression of shame on his usually cheerful face, he departed on his errand.

"Come, Jemmie," said Mr. Jones, "now it is *your* turn. I have a commission for you of some importance. This package is to be taken to Mrs. Williams, who is going to start for New York to-day,

and has kindly consented to take charge of it. There is no time to be lost, as the train will leave at half past three." Jemmie obeyed very promptly and pleasantly, much pleased with the trust committed to him, and was soon on his way. As he turned the corner of the street, he saw some of his schoolfellows coasting down hill. "Come, Jemmie," they said, "do stop and join us; we are having such a nice time!" "No," said Jemmie, "I cannot possibly, for I must take this package to a lady who will go in the cars at half past three." "Nonsense," they said, "it has but just struck two! You can certainly have one slide; that won't take you five minutes." Jemmie could not resist; he took one slide. He enjoyed it so much that he suffered himself to be persuaded to take just one more, and then another, and so on, until he heard the clock strike three. He was alarmed, and hurried off as fast as possible to the house of Mrs. Williams, which was at a considerable distance. On ringing at the door, he found that she had gone to the station. All breathless as he was, he hastened to the railroad, hoping that he might not be too late; he was just in time to see the cars moving away. He returned home with feelings of shame and mortification. He was yet a little boy; it was the first commission of importance with which he had been intrusted; his father had placed confidence in him, and he had abused it. I am happy to say, however, that he readily owned the truth, and I hope learned a lesson of faithfulness for the time to come.

"There is still another errand, my little Harry," said Mr. Jones, after he had despatched Jemmie,

"and I wish to see how well you can do it. It is to take a letter to the Post-Office, which is not yet written, I do not wish you to go away until it is ready." In an hour Mr. Jones returned with the letter, which he gave to Harry. He delayed not a moment. But temptations were in store for him as well as Jemmie. First, he met the same party of boys who had led Jemmie astray, and they called out, "Come, Harry; don't you want a grand slide down hill?" Harry said, "No, I cannot stop, for my father has sent me to the Office." "Pooh! you will have time enough; just stop *one minute*," they said. "I cannot stop even *one minute*," he answered, "for it would be disobeying him," and resolutely passed on. A little farther on, he saw a number of men and boys watching for a military procession, which was to pass the foot of the street. He knew that it was expected to make a splendid show, and the music, as he heard it approaching, sounded delightfully. But he did not pause, lest he should be tempted to remain; he crossed the street, and kept on his way with the same determined step. He accomplished his errand, and returned home in so short a space of time that his father could hardly realize that he had been. Yet he had only walked on steadily, without running himself out of breath, as Jemmie had done to no purpose at all.

Now these boys were as good as boys in general; frank, kind-hearted, and in the main well-intentioned. But Harry alone was *truly obedient*.

M.

THE CACKLING HEN.

CUT! cut! cut ah cut! — heyday! heyday!
Such a sweet pretty thing as I've left in the hay!
I feel rather proud,
And must cackle aloud,
For I make such a pretty thing every day.
Who else 'neath the sun
Such a thing could have done?
How it was I don't see, —
But 't was easy to me.
I never took lessons; no copy had I,
(I tell you no lie);
And I made it *so* smooth and *so* white!
Whiter, smoother, believe me,
Than any chalk egg ever made to deceive me,
And I'm sure 't is worth ninepence a sight.
But 't is down in the dark, where the sun could not see,
And I'll keep it a secret 'twixt myself and me.
Cut ah cut! cut ah cut! I do feel so proud
That I *must* cackle loud.
There 's a little girl going up to the hay! —
I hope she 'll lose her way! I hope she 'll lose her way!
I 'll go to law about it, without delay,
If she gets the pretty thing that I've left in the hay.
Deary me, deary me! they are stolen away
As fast as I make them, and hide them in the hay.

Snugly wrapped in that white shell
All my hopes and day-dreams dwell;
Break too soon that pretty ball,
And my airy castles fall.
Let me but live to see my eggs
Running merrily on two legs,
To see them scratching gravel too!
To hear them cackle, — may be, crow!

Perhaps I am vain ;
But this let me live to see,
Then make a broth of me,
And I'll not complain.

Welladay ! welladay !

There 's the little girl coming down from the hay.

Like barley I 'll *thresh* her ;
She has stolen my treasure !
The cook will soon get it,
And into froth beat it,
Or fry it in butter for dinner or supper,
Or otherwise cruelly treat it.
O sorrow ! sorrow ! sorrow !
I 'll not be so proud,
Nor cackle so loud,
If I should lay fifty to-morrow !

A. A. C.

THE FLYING SQUIRRELS AT HOME.

ONCE on a time an old gentleman went forth to superintend the cutting down of some old trees. One was so far cut through that it began to shake, then shudder, then slowly fall ; when a poor little flying-squirrel, that seemed in some degree stunned by the jar of the strokes of the axe, sprang to the ground. As the tree measured its length on the earth, five young squirrels rolled out of their home in the trunk. The gentleman put his hat on the ground, and made a soft nest in it ; then, gently picking up the helpless little family, he placed them one by one in the bed he had prepared.

The mother had recovered, and was quietly watching these proceedings at a little distance. She was so well pleased with the gentle movements of her kind helper, and his comfortable arrangements, that, before the hat was raised, she jumped in, offering her services much as those of Moses's mother were offered to the daughter of Pharaoh, who had undertaken the care of her progeny.

However, as the party were moving towards the house, Mother Squirrel flew out, not being quite sure about the expediency of riding in an old gentleman's hat to unknown quarters, even with all her babies. But she liked as little being separated from them, so she returned to the hat, as soon as it was put down. It was gently raised, and she rode a little farther before her little heart fainted again; then she again sought her own liberty, leaving her little ones in captivity. When the hat was placed on the ground near her, she returned to her darlings. And thus she flew out, and flew in, as love for her little ones or fear for herself prevailed, till at last the whole party reached the house. Here new danger was to be guarded against, from the busy fingers of children, and the sharp claws of the cat. Luckily, pussy was prowling somewhere else, or taking a nap, and the children had not got home from school. The hat with its passengers arrived in safety in a spare chamber. Here a good larder was provided, and all things made as comfortable as possible; then the door was locked, and the key went into the old gentleman's pocket. The children came home, and puss made the tour of the house, no doubt, but the hidden treas-

ure remained as secret and unsuspected as California gold not many years ago.

The next day was Sunday; the room was not visited.

Early Monday morning, the secret was told. Of course there was no peace till the door was unlocked. The children rushed in. Well, what do you suppose they saw? Just nothing but an empty basket! Mother, babies, nest, and all, had vanished. The room was searched in vain. No one who has never lost a flying squirrel, or had one for a pet, can properly imagine the disappointment, and the lamentations, or the dull blank where the dear little things had been.

Three or four days after, a very suspicious little scratching was heard in the room, and then a light scampering. The door was opened, and another thorough search made. All was quiet, but some of the nuts had been taken. No doubt remained that the mother had conveyed her family up the chimney, and now and then returned herself to the stores that had been provided for her. So day by day the nuts were replaced, and day by day were found to have been appropriated.

One day a mysterious little pile of shells was found under a table. The table had a drawer, which shut close, and had not been opened; it was now pulled open, and six pair of the brightest little eyes ever seen looked up in surprise, as if to ask what business anybody had to disturb a family in their retirement, and interfere with their domestic arrangements.

The table was an old Pembroke, and when the drawer was shut, there was a gap of five inches at the back of it, quite out of sight, except from below. The nimble little mother must have run up the leg, and conveyed the nest, and then one little one after the other, till all were snugly hidden away. They had lived here in luxurious comfort till they were nearly as large and strong as their mother. They were quite as merry and confiding. It was a funny expedition which took place one day, when the young family were fully able to take care of themselves. The whole company of their protectors marched out into the woods to find a home for them. They came to a nice old tree, with a hole in it that seemed made on purpose, and moss all about, ready to make a soft bed.

Never did a party of squirrels go into winter quarters with so generous a supply of nuts, both foreign and home-grown.

M. H. F.

OLD HOVEN AND HIS MONKEY.

WHEN I was a very little girl, not more than five or six years old, I went with my mother and my little sister to make a visit at my grandfather's. He lived in a large, old-fashioned house in the country. It had large trees all round it, nice gravelled walks, and a garden. There was a great barn in the side yard, where the horses and cows were kept. I used

to like to run about and amuse myself. My grandfather and my aunt were very kind, and did everything to make me happy.

Grandpapa's man was an old German, by the name of Hoven. He was very odd, and used sometimes to say rather cross and disobliging things, so that many folks disliked him, and thought he was not good. This was a mistake, for he had a very kind heart, and was glad to do a favor to any one. To me he was always good-natured. He liked to have me follow him about, and ask all sorts of questions, and he never seemed tired with answering them.

One day I asked him why he was so cross to other people, when he was so kind to me.

"O," said he, "my bark is always worse than my bite."

There was one thing that took away a great deal of my pleasure in a visit at my grandfather's. Old Hoven had a monkey, of which I was terribly afraid, particularly when his master was not by. I suppose Pug knew this; he was always peeping out of some corner, and as soon as he saw me alone, he gave a great leap, and chased me with all his might. He never hurt me, but I was always afraid he would, and so I ran to get out of his way. He liked to see me scamper.

He was a very ugly little fellow. His shoulders were very round, and his arms long and lean. His face was small and black, and he had wrinkles on his forehead. He looked to me like a very wicked and cross little old man. Some folks said that he looked and acted just like his master, but I did not like to have them say so.

When I had anybody with me, I was much amused with Pug's pranks. There was great fun when grandpapa came down in the morning. Pug always came in, and jumped up on his shoulders, and peeped cunningly round into his face. Then he pulled off grandpapa's linen cap, and threw it on the floor, and waited for me to bring his wig from the sideboard. I had a great respect for this wig. I remember the very perfume of it, and how heavy it was, and full of white powder. It seemed to me a part of grandpapa himself. So I handed it very carefully to him. Grandpapa flung it on, always contriving to hit Pug a good knock with the tail of it. Pug managed to keep his place, and rubbed the powder out of his eyes in a very funny manner. Then, to revenge himself, he snatched off grandpapa's spectacles, and peeped through them at me. This ended the fun, and Pug had to come down pretty quickly.

When old Hoven went away anywhere, he used to put a little chain on Pug's leg, and fasten him to a hook in the barn; but the rogue of a monkey would sometimes get loose. One day I was playing in the great hall, when I heard the rattling of the chain in the next room. I was frightened out of my wits, and ran up the stairs to find my mother. Pug saw me, and gave chase, and he got going so very fast, that he could not stop. Away he went right by me to the top of the stairs. So I turned, and ran down again.

My mother found Pug, one day, sitting on the floor, with a very important air, behind my little

baby sister. He had picked out all the pins from her dress, and untied all the strings, and was patting her white shoulders with his little black hand, chattering all the time as sociably as possible.

Such a mischievous creature as he was! He would lick off the cream from the milk, dig holes in the loaves big enough to put his head in, and stuff his pouch, a sort of bag that monkeys have under the jaw, with all sorts of good things from the store-closet. Once my aunt had set a tray of nice custards in there, meaning to have them upon the table at dinner. The rascal watched her, and as soon as she turned her back, he leaped on the shelf, and poked his little black thumb into one of the custards. Finding it tasted pretty good, he grinned, and looked round to see if anybody was coming; then he did the same thing to every cup. I saw him do it, but was afraid to come out of my hiding-place, behind the door. I could not help laughing though, and he ran off, when he heard me snicker out aloud.

One Sunday Pug went to church. He did not get much benefit from it, I fancy. We had been seated there a few minutes, when we heard the clatter of his chain. I suppose he got loose, after old Hoven tied him. I saw him jump on top of a pew-rail, and I stood up on a cricket to see what he would do. There was a fat old gentleman sitting in the pew. Pug boxed his ears, pulled his white hair, and then twitched off his spectacles, and threw them down. Then he leaped over to another pew, on the other side of the aisle, where there was a young lady. He untied her bonnet, and gave it such a jerk, that he

lost his balance, and tumbled over into the pew behind, with the bonnet in his hand. The poor young lady blushed very much. A man in the pew tried to catch him, but got smartly bitten. By this time old Hoven, who sat in the gallery, saw what was going on, and came down. When Pug saw him, he ran up one aisle, and down another, clinking his chain, and chattering as he went. Poor old Hoven followed after, all out of breath. Before he reached him, Pug darted out of the open door. There was so much noise and confusion, that the minister could not go on. Nobody could help smiling, and one little boy laughed out.

Pug delighted in plaguing my kitten. She was not much afraid of him, but always tried to get out of his way. He would follow her, and pull her tail, and bite her ears. Or he would roll her gently over on her back, and keep rocking her to and fro, till her patience gave way, and then, perhaps, he got a good scratch for his pains.

When he felt sleepy, he used to take kitty round the waist and lie down to get a nap. She would be very quiet for a while, and perhaps get a nap too; but the moment she moved, he would hug her so tightly that she could not stir an inch. She had no chance to free herself by using her claws. So poor kitty had to wait till the tyrant chose to let her go.

Pug sometimes had to pay for his naughty doings. When he had been eating too many good things, one day, he became sick. I went into the kitchen with my aunt to see him. He was sitting on a block

by the fire, with his elbow on a chair, and his cheek leaning on his little paw. He really looked pale and sick. He glanced at me very dismally, with his face all puckered up, but he did not offer to come near me. There was no fun or mischief in him now.

Old Hoven sat opposite to him with a bad toothache. He was holding his head in the same way, and he had the same rueful look upon his face that Pug had. I could hardly help laughing, they looked so very much alike; but I felt sorry too, and I told him so. My aunt gave old Hoven some toothache-drops, and I said I hoped they would cure him. All he said in answer was, "What a plague 's the reason people's teeth can't last as long as *they* do?"

E.

NIGHT SCENES IN CAMP.

It was a hot night in August. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves of the huge gnarled oaks under which we were lying asleep. The voices of the frogs in a neighboring swamp, and the low hum of clouds of mosquitos, alone broke the silence which reigned over camp. The mouldering embers of the cook's fire, and the quiet among the animals picketed among the trees, showed that the hour was that in which sleep is the soundest and most refreshing.

Heavy banks of clouds rising in the west had gradually spread over the sky, and shrouded us in darkness so profound that the solitary sentinel, who sat

drowsily nodding near the line of packs, could not distinguish the men lying on their blankets from the ground on which they reposed.

As he was lazily scrutinizing the face of the time-piece by the dim light of the embers, and wishing that the hours of his watch would roll more swiftly away, his attention was attracted by a low, distant sound. It gradually approached, and as it became louder and more threatening, he recognized the savage lowing of a herd of wild bulls.

His hurried call aroused every one to listen to the ominous sound. Unseen in the thick darkness, the animals approached, pawing the ground, and evidently enraged at our presence. Every moment we expected a charge.

Some hurried on their clothes, others threw sticks on the fire, in the hope of obtaining a little light, and every one prepared his fire-arms. One man rashly attempted to drive the animals away; but they charged upon him, and he narrowly escaped with his life by taking refuge in a tree. There was something inexpressibly horrible in being thus surrounded by an unknown number of furious beasts, whose presence was indicated only by their savage bellowing. Afraid of injuring each other or the terrified mules by firing upon the enemy, we stood uncertain what to do.

Suddenly, a huge mass, blacker than the surrounding darkness, approached the outer confine of the flickering light from the fire. One of the men, armed with an army revolver, crawled towards it, concealed by the huge trunk of a fallen tree. When within a

few feet of the monster, he rapidly fired the pistol several times before the eyes which glared in the fire-light like balls of red-hot iron.

Dazzled by the unexpected flashes, and terrified by the loud reports of the pistol, the animal was seized with a sudden panic which communicated itself to the whole herd. They rushed away, and the heavy sound of their retreating footsteps was soon lost in the distance.

One by one we lay down to sleep; and unbroken silence soon again reigned supreme. In the morning the incident seemed like a vision of the night; and had it not been for the tracks which covered the ground near camp, we might almost have believed that the scene had occurred only in the land of dreams.

We once encamped on a small promontory, which jutted out into a lake more than twenty miles long. Its shores were surrounded by heavily-timbered ridges which had never echoed back the blows of the woodman's axe. A range of rugged mountains, one peak of which towered high into the region of eternal snow, lay to the westward of the lake, and separated it from the infant settlements of one of the new Territories. On the north, east, and south savage tribes of Indians held undisputed sway over a country as wild and irreclaimable as themselves.

We had chosen our little promontory for a camping-place, partly because it offered peculiar advan-

tages in case of an attack from a war-party of savages, and partly because it was covered with a thick growth of bunch-grass. This grass was now dry and yellow, for rain never falls during the summer months in that region; but it still retained much nourishment, and our hungry animals considered it a rich feast.

The sun had set behind the mass of fir-clad ridges, bathing the lonely snow-capped summit in a sea of golden light. Our animals had all been securely picketed near camp. A line of sentinels had been stationed to prevent the treacherous savages from stealing unseen upon us, from the land, or in canoes. The men had gradually left the blazing fire, around which they had been whiling away the hour with stories of perils by land and sea, to roll themselves in their blankets, and watch the silver moon gliding through drifting masses of fleecy clouds, until sleep spread a dark veil over the scene. Soon the low ripple of the water upon the rocky shore of the lake alone broke the drowsy stillness which prevailed.

"Fire! fire! fire!" suddenly shouted the sentinels in wild alarm; and every one, starting from his sleep, sprang to his feet, and grasped his weapons, with a dim sense of impending danger.

Some rushed for water from the lake; others seized green twigs and beat the burning grass in frantic haste, to master the flames which were spreading rapidly. Others, fearing that the misfortune was the work of prowling Indians, who were preparing to stampede our mules in the confusion, hurried to protect the animals.

One poor man, while rushing about distractedly, stepped into a hole, and fell across a rock with great violence ; but his groans were unnoticed and unheard in the tumult.

Knowing that the fire, if not checked, would consume our goods, stampede our mules, and perhaps ruin the expedition, every man worked with all his might ; and at last success crowned our efforts. The flames were mastered, and we had leisure to investigate their cause. We now found that the Indians had played no part in the scene, but that the cook's fire had spread by some dead roots to a clump of dry grass and bushes in the vicinity, and thus kindled a conflagration which the united exertions of more than a hundred men had nearly failed to extinguish.

We crawled back to our blankets to dream of burning cities and yelling Indians, until the morning light dispelled all illusions, and brought us back to our wild mountain lake surrounded by an unexplored wilderness.

We chanced one night to encamp near a little village on the Western frontier. The few houses were roughly built of whatever materials had been most convenient at the time of their construction, and there appeared to be but one remarkable peculiarity of the place. This was *the pigs*. Great pigs, little pigs, medium-sized pigs, black pigs, white pigs, speckled pigs, swarmed on every side ; and we concluded that pig-raising must be the only business of the town.

They rooted our packs ; they ate the grain which we gave our mules ; and they perseveringly tried to do the same by the very food on our plates, as we sat on the ground at supper. We tried chasing them off ; we tried pelting them with sticks and stones ; but their name was legion, and for every one that we sent squealing away, two more came up, attracted by the noise.

At length it began to grow dark, and we decided to give up the contest in despair. We piled our eatables together, protected them with the largest and heaviest articles we could find, and lay down to sleep. But the brutes seemed to think that their turn had come ; and they "carried the war into Africa," by now and then unceremoniously rooting us over as we lay rolled in our blankets. Riding all day on the back of a mule makes one feel drowsy at night ; and we all dropped asleep, while still devising plans for our defence against the enemy. The slumbers of one man, however, having been interrupted two or three times by the curiosity of the pigs to discover what he was lying upon, he loaded his double-barrelled shot-gun in a towering rage, determined to give the next intruder a charge of small shot.

Again awakened from sleep by the same cause, he jumped up, and, half blind with fury, rapidly fired both barrels at an animal which the dim light of the moon revealed only a few feet from him. The pig hastily jumped up, exclaiming, in an agitated voice, "What in nature are you shooting at, Mr. Blake?"

It was our cook, who, while quietly sleeping curled up in his blanket, had received the charge of one

barrel in his hat, and that of the other in his boots. No harm was done; but the poor fellow who had fired the gun never heard the last of the joke.

H. L. A.

THE LITTLE DOLL.

A READING LESSON.

I AM only a little doll, dear children. I do not know even as much as you do. I have no brains in my little pate. But perhaps you will love me, when I have told you my story. Sometimes, when I stood in a shop-window with a great many other dolls, little girls would stop, and look at us, and talk about us. I could not take a step, you know, by myself, and had to wait there till some one should take a fancy to me. But no one took me, for a long, long time. One day, I was jarred by something passing in the street, and went heels over head down a precipice. The master of the shop picked me up, and looked to see if I was hurt. Then he brushed me a little, and set me up where I was before.

At last a lady came in, and looked at us all. She seemed to like me, and took me away with her. When she got home, she said, "You are not half dressed, little dolly. I shall make you some nice clothes, for you are to see the world now." So she dressed me in a little blue flannel gown, which was just the color of my eyes. She made me some nice little shoes, too. Then she set me upon a table.

People who came in laughed to see me there, standing alone. They said I looked funny in my little woollen dress. I stood very still, and without blushing, while they gazed at me.

The time came when I was to go out to see the world. I was laid in a basket, among pincushions, picture-books, boxes, and many other pretty things. I was the only doll in the basket. It was carried to a large hall, in which there was a green tree. Ladies were hanging gifts for children on the branches. I saw dolls there much like myself; all were more gayly dressed than I, not one so comfortably. They fastened me near the top of the tree. When the time came for lighting the candles, I had a fine view of everything that was going on.

Ladies and gentlemen and children were crowding into the hall, and all came to look at the tree. I looked down into the upturned faces of the children; I knew one of them was to take me. Some looked happy and pleased, and others looked anxious. I saw one smiling little girl, whom I would have chosen to go home with. But, you know, I could do nothing about it. I could not even fall. A gentleman took me down when my turn came, and said, "Here is a nice little doll! What little girl is to have her?" I could have wished to stay with the kind gentleman, who spoke so pleasantly. But he could not want a doll for himself, you know, and I rather think he had no little girls at home, for he gave me to a lady who had a group of children around her, and was giving each a gift. She smiled very sweetly when she took me up, and offered me to a little girl. "There is something I

know will please you," said she. But the little girl put her hand behind her. She did not want me, she said; she had seen something she liked better. I did not care to go with the pouting little damsel. The beautiful lady put me under her cloak, and it would have been a very happy thing for me could I have staid there. The child did not get the thing she desired. So she came again to the lady, and, with tears in her eyes, said she was sorry, and would take the little doll. I did not feel that she loved me, as some little girls love their dolls; she had no love to spare. But when she carried me home, the baby stretched out its little hands and cried to take me. She was all ready to love me. But the little girl held me back. When it came night, I was a very lonely little doll, not kindly put to bed, and cared for by my little owner. I was tossed aside. I had my pretty blue flannel gown, and, being a doll, could not really suffer, you know, with cold, at any rate. It would have been pleasant to sleep with the baby, though. However, when baby took me next day, she squeezed and pulled me so hard that the mother took me away. Her moist kisses would have spoiled me. So I am laid by. Now and then, my little owner looks at me, but not with a happy, loving smile; she never talks to me, and calls me her little girl, nor makes me any little garments with her own little hands. I hope those dolls, so finely dressed, who were near me upon the Christmas-tree, have found good homes, and somebody to care for them. Good by, little children; do you pity me? Do you love me, now?

A LETTER ON GLUE-MAKING.

NEW YORK, May 3, 1857.

YESTERDAY I visited the glue-factory belonging to Mr. Peter Cooper,* situated in Williamsburgh, on Long Island. It is an immense establishment, as you will judge when I tell you that one of the buildings, six hundred feet in length and several stories high, is capable of holding about three acres of the nets on which the glue is dried, and that four hundred and fifty large vats are required to prepare the stock. Everything else is on the same large scale. The principal material of which glue is made is the refuse from tanneries and leather-dressing establishments, the parings of thick raw hides from slaughter-houses, and other waste scraps of a similar nature. These are prepared with lime, and washed with water till free from all impurities. They are then placed in large boilers filled with water, which dissolves the gelatinous matter, and forms a jelly,

* This gentleman has almost the monopoly of the glue business in this country, and his name will doubtless be familiar to you from his munificent donation to the public known as the Cooper Institute. The cost of the building and land has been nearly or quite half a million of dollars. The first and second stories are arranged for stores and offices, the rents to be applied for the support of the establishment. In the basement is a large lecture-room 125 feet long by 82 wide and 21 high. The "Exhibition Room," in the third story, is a splendid hall, 125 feet long, 82 wide, and 30 high. In the fifth story are two large lecture-rooms, and the library, consisting of five rooms, connected with each other and with the lecture-rooms. There are also rooms for experiments, for instruments, and for the use of artists.

which upon cooling assumes about the same hardness as the jelly of the confectioners. In this state it is cut up, first into pieces about the size of a common house-brick, and afterwards sliced by means of a wire knife into thin slips. These are laid upon a netting of twine, and then placed in a free circulation of air. The water goes off by evaporation, leaving the glue in a state for market.

Imagine a boiler, as large, perhaps, as your parlor, filled with jelly; watch the workmen drawing off the liquid (for it is quite thin while hot) into a tank on wheels, which is afterwards emptied into long, narrow vats arranged in galleries. Here it is left to cool, and then removed to the cutting-room, to be thence transferred to the drying-room, and afterwards packed for market. From this account you would say glue-making was a very easy and simple matter; but upon examination you would find that this is far from being the case. Great skill is required in every part of the operation, to insure a good result; and sometimes, with the utmost care, and with no fault of the workmen, a large quantity, when nearly finished, has to be again put into the boiler and worked over. The jelly cannot be dried by heat, because any degree of heat above 70° will melt it; therefore a hot day, when the glue is on the frames and almost ready for market, may spoil it, and cause it to run down like molasses. A damp, cold rain is nearly or quite as bad, as it will cause mould, and thus make the redissolving and going through the whole operation a second time necessary. A period of bad weather sometimes causes a

loss of a thousand dollars per day. Most of the glue is made in winter; in summer, during the hottest weather, none at all. Some kinds of glue cannot possibly be made except in winter; for instance, the white gelatine, for *blanc-manger*, jellies, &c., &c. This is only a nicer kind of glue, and is frozen dry.

A new substance from which to manufacture glue has lately been introduced into Mr. Cooper's establishment by Mr. Rich, formerly of Cambridge, Mass. He has invented a process of making glue from old leather boots,* shoes, scraps from the book-binders, &c., &c. He first removes the tannin (which can be used to tan fresh hides again), and then treats the gelatine in the way already described.

A. H. E.

THE DONKEYS.†

"The day will turn out fine after all, but it will be night before they are half-way down the mountain, starting so late," said Antoine (more properly Antón) to José, as, sitting sideways, they were riding and leading donkeys to Fredonia, for the proposed party to the Caldeira.

"The American lady who has Marie's stockings is going but half-way. I hope she will have one of

* This, with the use of old leather in making prussiate of potash (the basis of the beautiful pigment called Prussian blue), explains the late importunate inquiries for old boots at our doors.

† Continuation of "Marie" in the February number.

our jacks. Here is Marineiro, a good, easy-paced fellow."

"Laranjinha will do better. He is old, and cannot be trusted for a long day's work. His knees will fail in coming down, when he is tired. She shall have *him*; and as for jolting, she will say he is like a swing."

"There are steep, dangerous places she would have to come down on him, and besides, now I think of it, Francische has engaged Little-Orange for a lady who will be brought down from the crater in the net."

"Were I a lady, I would trust a donkey's feet sooner than a man's, coming down mountain-paths after rain. If the net-bearers slip down, the pole falls directly upon the lady's head. And the stones are so slippery with mud, only a donkey's hoof could stick to them."

The avenue to the Consul's estate was the rendezvous of the party. The mounting and other preparations for starting occasioned a deal of merry bustle. A babel of sweet voices, raised to their highest pitch, with peals of laughter, the vociferation of guides and donkey-men, and the shouts of the children who were looking on, or running here and there through the throng, filled the air.

There were some donkeys of established character for the use of the invalids. Jeannotte (Jenny), Laranja, and Laranjinha, and two or three more, were known to be sedate, sure-footed, and easy. But the distinguishing traits of the other donkeys, gray, black, and brown or buff-colored, were not

generally known, and were to be found out by experiment, and not at all by the recommendations given them by those who brought them.

José espied the American lady, whose donkey-boy he was desirous to be, at a critical moment. She was about to hang her wallet and umbrella upon the saddle of a small black donkey she had chosen. She looked round, as he gently touched her arm, but poor José could not speak a word of English. He could only point at a gray and white beast of unusual size, with a very rough coat, a pair of ears of ludicrous length in perpetual motion, large prominent eyes, a nose extravagantly Roman, and a hanging lip. She laughed heartily, and shook her head. The black jack looked meek, as well he might; for he bore the marks of cruelty, hard work, and scanty fare. She was about to take possession of him, when a young lady came running up, exclaiming, "Have mercy upon yourself, my dear aunt! Such a shaking as you would get, coming down the hills on this wooden-jointed brute! The poor thing has been too much abused to have any spring left, I am certain."

"Then, if any one is to have him, why not I, who can turn back as soon as I am tired?"

José, meanwhile, had brought up his long-eared favorite, and the black jack had independently sauntered to the end of the avenue, perhaps to get a nibble of a geranium, or something else better than common fare, when nobody was looking. So Anne Berkeley, the Bay State lady, spread her Bay State shawl over Marineiro's saddle, hung her umbrella on one

of its horns, her wallet on another, over which the bridle was hitched, and finally deposited herself on the well-stuffed cushion between them, facing sideways, her feet swinging without stirrup or foot-board. This was a safer position than that of a lady on horseback, as there was no danger of being entangled in slipping off, an accident pretty sure to happen to an inexperienced rider upon mountain-paths.

All being mounted at last, the party came out into the principal street of the city of Horta in a squadron, several riding abreast. This arrangement did not last many rods. The party being large, the donkeys were from more than one stable, and soon an inconvenient emulation of the various studs began to show itself. Marineiro was accustomed to take the lead in his own circle of acquaintance,—the working class, which were oftener in a train with panniers and packs than honored with a saddle and rider. But plebeian as he was, his spirit rose when he saw a well-groomed, glossy, full-fed, mettlesome jackass from the Consul's stables presuming to lead the whole cavalcade. The consular bidet, it is true, was taking airs upon himself. Being sometimes employed in company with the horses used in shorter excursions, he was now aping their lofty carriage, and showing himself off, a caricature of the noble and graceful steed Pomposity. His long ears stood pertly erect, and close together; his short neck was arched as much as was possible; his up-raised tail wanted only the long, flowing hair to be graceful and imposing; and his fair rider was not a

little disturbed by his prancing and rearing, and sonorous braying. A whack from the club of the groom that followed close behind, and a flourish of his rider's parasol about his ears, where his wild eye could get a glimpse of it, quelled his music and dancing for the time, but not till Marineiro's indignation was fully aroused.

A seasonable thump, and a tweak of the tail, checked for a moment or two his demonstrations of spirit, and the unsuspicious rider went on chatting with her nearest neighbor, not attending to a sullen, ominous grunting sound that seemed to begin under the very saddle. Presently it rose to a loud roar, ending in an alternate shriek and bellow. No wonder John Gilpin's horse took fright at the braying of an ass, if he had such a voice as Marineiro. And as if he had frightened his very self, off he set, still braying, at a gallop, so suddenly that poor José, plying his light, unencumbered feet at his utmost speed, could not come within club's length of him. He stopped of his own accord, the moment he arrived at the post of honor. His ambition being quite satisfied, he took advantage of José's breathless condition to browse a little upon the briers by the roadside.

"José! mind your business!" cried Anton, angrily. "What do you let him race for? See, he has set the whole train out for a frolic. Beat him!"

The donkeys seemed to share the merry excitement of their laughing riders. Some of them were inclined to zigzag across the path, as if, by occupying the whole of the narrow way, to balk the emulous designs of those behind them.

José was sufficiently disposed to inflict punishment upon the runaway, but the lady would not allow it. He would have wilfully misunderstood her gestures, but that they plainly signified that he would thereby lose the usual gratuity of a *pataca* (a copper coin worth about five cents) at the end of the journey.

Meanwhile Marineiro took the uncommon forbearance of his driver as a hint to continue his prickly refreshment. One by one the donkeys ambled by, and left him in the rear. The bridle had hitherto been a superfluous appendage; it now served to twitch up the clumsy head to a view of the departing cavalcade. Immediately the huge ears erected themselves, and through the expanded nostrils came the first note of a bass solo, preparatory to another rush.

"Eeeeh!" shrieked José, catching hold of the tuft of coarse hairs at the end of the outstretched tail, and twisting them round his hands.

"Is it to be thus all the way? Dear me! It is well he is not a hard trotter, however," said poor Anne Berkeley, as she overtook her young friend, whose humble-minded bearer still plodded in the rear of the party.

"Ah, Sailor!* how could you behave so! Pray don't repeat the joke!"

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" answered Marineiro, and away he dashed, leaving José ready to cry with vexation. A blow from Anton's club

* English for Marineiro.

fell upon Marineiro's nose, as it was going by, high in the air. It brought him to a stop so suddenly that the lady nearly lost her balance, and quite her patience.

"I must turn back ; there is no pleasure in this," said she, as the party came to a halt. "This abominable, self-willed brute is the plague of everybody !"

It was arranged that Marineiro should be kept ahead of all the donkeys but the spirited leader, and that Francische, the groom, should assist José to keep him in subjection. A rap upon the nose to begin with, and the sight of a tall, strong man walking by his head on one side, and José with his club on the other, taught the unmannerly beast his place, and for a few miles he ambled along without starting or braying.

The Caldeira (or chaldron) is an extinct volcano in the centre of the island. It is more than three thousand feet high, but the ascent is so gradual that it appears neither lofty nor distant. The road winds among and over the hills, presenting a surprising variety of landscapes ; and even where it stretched away between two high walls, excluding the enchanting prospect, there was something original and romantic in the long prospective lines, broken here and there by a graceful acacia, or tall, dark-green, poplar-like fayas, peeping over, and the stones, when not plastered and whitewashed, have a coloring, and an embroidery of ferns, mosses, and wall-plants, that are a continual feast to the eye. The buildings, too, with their odd, foreign look, their

tilled, chimneyless roofs, and, grouped at the windows and doors, curious faces, often handsome and interesting, looking out, excite the imagination of a stranger.

(To be continued.)

LILLIE WELLS'S LETTER.

A FAIR, drooping lily was Lillie Wells, beautiful, but so fragile, that her father (pastor of a village in New England) feared that his Lillie would soon fade and pass away for ever. The eldest of seven children, she had overtaken her strength endeavoring to relieve her mother in her arduous duties and cares. A kind uncle and aunt, seeing the necessity of change, took Lillie with them to Europe, where they purposed remaining some time. I shall now present some of her letters to her sisters and brothers.

Marseilles, France.

DEAR SOPHIE,— You will think your sister is a birdie on the wing when you get this letter, dated so far away in the South of France. We are stopping for a short time only in Marseilles. I do not like it very much, it is so dusty. I have to eat and drink dust, and inhale it with every breath. Uncle George took me yesterday to the fortifications. They are on a lofty eminence in the south part of the town, and there was a splendid view of the whole place, the gray rocky mountains which surround it, the harbor, with all the vessels going in and out, and then, beyond, the beautiful blue Mediterranean Sea. O, you cannot imagine how blue

and beautiful it is, and dotted with lovely islands and rocks. It was so clean, sweet, clear, and pleasant up there, I enjoyed it much. I see a great many funny-looking people in the streets, — sailors from all nations, and wearing such odd-looking, bright-colored caps. Some have red shirts, some blue, and others orange and buff. Now and then passes a Turkish turban, then an English hat; the latter seems quite home-like. The people here sit in groups out upon the pavement, and walk and sit on the tops of their houses. We went to a Protestant church last Sabbath; the services were in French. I could not understand it very well, though I am gaining daily in my knowledge of the French language. My dear Aunt Mary says we must not stay here any longer, the climate is so disagreeable for me. There are strong winds from the mountains. We are going to Algiers, and I shall write to Claudine from there. Good night, dear Sophie; do not let mamma miss me too much. Tell Eddie, Willie, Frankie, and Claudine, that this letter contains a large portion of love for each, and a thousand kisses for baby, from

SISTER LILLIE.

IF you would triumph over the ills of life, you must enter into an alliance with the Christian faith.

A benefit conferred without love or kindness deserves no gratitude; that sentiment can never be bought.

THE HAPPY ISLES.

Now loose at last the clasping hand,
The last farewell is o'er,
And the favoring breeze blows off the land
As the vessel leaves the shore.

Now look your last on the lessening sail
Through the mist of the starting tear;
And gladden the hearts of the outward bound
With a merry parting cheer.

For the hour shall come when they sigh in vain
For a voice from their native shore,
And many a day shall be yours, to weep
For the friends that return no more.

But the ship sails on o'er the quiet sea, —
None dream of danger there;
The blue waves shine in the summer light
And the breeze blows strong and fair.

But for hours of light shall be days of gloom,
And for mirth the tempests' wail;
With the thundering crash of the broken spar,
And the burst of the rending sail.

From the flying prow of the hunted ship
The flashing billows flee,
As, drifting through darkness and night and storm,
She enters the unknown sea.

Lo! the glad dawn; the winds are still;
The waves are lulled asleep,
And soft clouds float with crimson wings
O'er the tranced and silent deep.

And out of the depths of the azure west,
And out of the golden air,
Come the rich scents of the tropic woods,
And dreams of their flowers fair.

The breezes murmur the low, sweet song
They sing to the rustling sedge,
As they guide the ship to the land which shines
On the far horizon's edge.

Ere daylight waned from the sunny deep,
They reached the happy shore ;
And the mariners sang as they furled the sails,
For they knew that their toils were o'er.

And beautiful forms came down the strand
In the light of the setting sun ;
They welcomed the wanderers to land,
And they crowned them every one.

There were roses kissed by the lips of dawn,
And angel lilies fair,
And the poppy that weeps its pitying dew
O'er the heart that aches with care.

There were laurels and palms for the victors' brow,
And, dripping from sparkling streams,
The lotus poured from her night-blue cup
The balm that brings happy dreams.

Glad voices soared through the tranquil air
That touched each heart to smiles ;
" Welcome ! " they sang, " from the troubled main,
To your rest in the Happy Isles."

L. A. S.



BARRING FINE.

H. W. Smith Sc.

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND

AND
FAMILY MAGAZINE.

*Edited by
Anne Helen Abbott*

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THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

THE ORPHANS.

"I SAY, Mattie! Look up! See how high! What great posts, what windows! How they ever went to work to build this I don't know! I don't see how they ever began to do it! My!"

The young girl looked up with admiring gaze, though to her the sight was not new.

"Well, Billy, it was only a man sat down and planned it on paper, all out of his own head; then it was only men, Billy, hewed out all these great rocks, and laid 'em right; these monstrous stone pillars were all of 'em rounded, and hoisted on end by men; and men built on the roof, and the clock-tower. You see, Billy, what men's hands can do, with the *knowledge* to help them."

Billy did not seem pleased with this observation. Presently he said, with a defiant nod: "I can whittle, that is something! I can make things the other boys could n't begin to!"

"You can never make your living so," said his sister, sadly.

"I can! Did not a lady buy my switch with the dog's head cut on it? I'll be a carver, and then I shall not want any schooling. I can read *some*, now."

They walked along in silence. The snow lay upon the pavement, and puffs of wind came searchingly round corners and through alleys, as if seeking particularly for ill-clad urchins, to pinch their noses and fingers.

"I wish I had *two* pockets!" said Billy, plaintively. "Rich boys always have. And they have mittens, and outside coats."

"So do apprentices," said his sister. "As for *rich* boys, if they are ignorant and idle, they will become poor men, most likely; good-for-nothing ones, at any rate, Billy."

"And I may be a rich man, some day, and give all the poor boys I know a coat, with two great pockets."

"The first thing is to learn, Billy, to read and to write. Did you ever know a rich man who could n't? And you will need to learn to work well at something, to get your money, you know."

No answer made Billy. Passing a confectioner's shop, he looked in at the tempting things at the bow window.

"I'm rather hungry, I think," said he, smacking his lips. "But I suppose we have nothing nice for dinner."

"How should we?" said his sister, a little impa-

tiently. "Much as ever *I* can do to earn any dinner at all, now, and keep us both in decent clothes, for you are getting to be a great boy."

"Soon it will be my turn to earn. I have already begun, you know: my dog's head! I got sixpence for only that. By and by I'll buy you a silk dress. And every day we will have for dinner — let me see, what shall it be? A meat pie, I guess!"

Mattie laughed. "Are we to depend on dog's heads for that?" said she. "Ladies wont think your work wonderful enough to buy as a curiosity, when you are no longer a *little* fellow."

"You are out there, Mattie. By that time I shall do them *beautiful*. I'll carve out a great church, windows and all. See if I don't, — you need not laugh, — and a great many will want to buy it. I shall not let anybody have it cheap: O no!"

"There are not many customers for such things, Billy. You will have to learn to make some of those things *everybody* wants, before you buy my silk gown, I guess."

Mattie's plan was to bind Billy apprentice to some good master, to give him a safe home and a good bringing up. He was very fond of her, and was unwilling to admit the idea of any other home than the attic where they had suffered together a variety of discomforts and privations since the loss of their parents. But she was often obliged to leave him by himself, and then he played in the street with any companions he could find, good or bad. She could not prevent it.

"Stop, stop, Mr. ! Stop !" cried Billy, starting

upon the run to restore a billet of wood which had fallen from a cart. The driver smiled, and, seeing the chip-basket upon Mattie's arm, bade him keep his prize. In Billy's eyes it was much too valuable to burn. He resolved to begin upon his church model immediately. "I know I can do it!" said he, eyeing it with his head on one side. By the power of fancy, he saw it assume the exact form he wished. "I can do it — in time."

"Poor child!" said his sister. "In *time*, — yes, when you have learned the use of tools."

"O, I see you want one good fire out of this. Well; I can split it into three sizable sticks. You shall have two, and we shall be warm enough, Mattie!"

"Dear boy, keep the wood. Billy, do you know, the workshops are always warm! So are school-rooms (or ought to be). I am going in here. Come!"

They entered a furniture warehouse. They passed through several rooms, in which finished and unfinished articles were ranged in rows. Billy stopped to look at the roses and fruit cut in rose-wood, and having arrived at last at a small room in which a man was chiselling at an ugly figure-head for a vessel, he stood still, perfectly charmed and absorbed. Mattie went into the next room, and spoke to some person out of sight. "I have brought him," she said.

"Fine, stout lad, — but too small. Altogether too young! Surprised! A mere child, to handle a knife so! Cut his fingers off, one would think."

"He is eight, Sir." Mattie came to Billy, and

took from his slack grasp a bit of wood he carried, upon which he had begun to cut birds and flowers in relief. It was a failure, but the mere attempt was enough to show the existence of a natural talent.

"Time enough, three years hence," said the master, tossing it aside.

"He is a good boy yet, Sir, but I am unable to take proper care of him. If you *would* take charge of him now, I would bless and thank you all my life!"

Here Billy came to the door, opening his large, bright eyes very wide, because he could not believe his ears.

"I can take him into my own house. The lady has already paid his fee." Billy wondered what lady, and what boy they were talking of. "She said he must have a marvellous eye for form and proportion. But—ah, here he is! What do you say, my little man? Will you come and stay with me, and go to school? You shall see the men work every day, and Sundays you shall spend with your sister."

Billy answered by throwing his arms round Mattie, and crying passionately.

"Ah, he is too much of a baby to leave you at present," said the master.

Billy raised his head at this, and wiped his eyes with his coat-sleeve. "Do *you* want me to?" said he to Mattie, down whose cheeks tears were streaming.

"There are but two of us, Sir; I cannot drive him from me," said Mattie to the master. "No, I can-

not drive him from me. I must do as I can, if he will not consent."

"I will do as you say, Sir. It won't kill me!" said Billy, stoutly.

"Oh! you should thank the gentleman," said Mattie, shocked at his want of civility. But the master smiled, and patted his head, quite satisfied with his submission.

On Monday Billy went to his place, with a bright, shining face, clean collar, and well-mended clothes. On Saturday night he found the attic enlivened by a crackling fire, before which sat a small covered dish. How much he had to tell, and how fast and how long they both talked, with arms about each other, before the ready supper was thought of,—a little pigeon pie!

"I can work a great deal more, now I can stay away all day," said Mattie. "So you have earned your pie, already, by your obedience and good behavior. Next time, I shall have some new trousers all made, and they shall have two pockets!"

A. W. A.

NIGHT.

THE silent air is cool and fresh,
The stars are glowing bright,
The branches move with a sighing moan,
Swayed by the breeze of night.

A ghostly vapor, wreathing slow,
Steals from the turfy ground :
Save the low rustling of the trees,
I cannot hear a sound.

As by a spell, my soul is calmed,
All earthly troubles cease,
Doubt and distress are banished by
A pure and holy peace.

To-night my soul would spread its wings,
And soar above this life :
How mean and poor seem worldly joys,
How hateful worldly strife !

O that these joys might never snare,
O that this strife might cease,
That in my soul might ever reign
This deep and solemn peace !

To-night I feel that Thou art near,
Thou listenest to my prayer ;
Even I, O God, thy humblest child,
Thy love and mercy share.

Let not to-morrow's busy cares
This holy trust destroy,
But let it sweeten all my griefs,
And purify my joy.

Teach me to feel that not alone
Beneath the midnight sky,
But through the giddy, glaring day,
My God is ever nigh.

When the broad earth is hushed in awe,
Beneath the stars' pure ray,
And I look up with swelling heart,
He hears me as I pray.

But when I mingle in the throng,
'Mid noise and strife and care,
If one pure thought goes up to heaven,
God heeds the silent prayer.

O Father! let the thought of thee
Be with me day and night,
A beacon sure, a faithful guide,
To lead my steps aright.

TRUE STORY ABOUT A NEW ENGLAND FISHERMAN.

A BACK-LOG of enormous size lay half buried under a mass of glowing embers and blazing fore-sticks, in the old-fashioned fireplace. The wood crackled, the sap hissed, and the flames leaped higher and higher into the cloud of smoke, which rolled slowly upward towards the gloomy recesses of the chimney, as if it were unwilling to leave the cheerful light below. The cat purred in the corner; the dog dozed under the table; and the flickering light covered the walls of the room with fantastic shadows, resembling only the phantoms of a dream.

Gazing silently into the embers sat a man whose hard-featured, weather-beaten face betokened indomitable energy and resolution. Age had whitened his locks and furrowed his brow with many a wrinkle, but his giant frame still gave token of the strength which in his younger days had made him the boast of the town.

Suddenly rousing himself from his reverie, he said, "Nathan!"

"Eh? What? Did you speak, father?" said his son, a square-built man of about thirty, who was nodding half asleep in his chair, on the opposite side of the fire.

"Yes, boy. I wish you 'd haul my dory down to the beach with the oxen to-morrow. I'm goin' out fishin' one of these pleasant days soon. It's comin' on warm weather."

"Why, father! It's only April, and you know we'll have some tremendous nor'-westers before it's time to go out in the boat."

"Never you mind, Nathan. I've fished on these shores sixty years, man and boy, and I ain't afraid of the toughest nor'-wester that ever blowed. I can see it comin' on time enough to get ashore; or on one of the islands, at any rate, worst come to worst."

"Well, father, you know I'se engaged with the oxen, to plough for Deacon Newcome, and I cal'late I shan't have no time to spare for about a month. So I can't no how spend time to haul that 'ere dory of your'n a mile and a half out of the woods, just now."

"I don't see what in natur' possessed the boy to haul it up there last fall. You might jest as well 'a' let it be on the beach."

"Well, I don't mind telling of you now, father. I did n't want you to get blowed off in one of them fall gales, as I knowed you would be, if you had that there pesky old dory where you could get at it.

You're jest the most risky man anywhere round, and you see you ain't to be trusted yet awhile. Hold on till the gales is over; then you can fish all the time, if you want to; but it ain't no use talking to me about hauling that there old boat down for many a day yet."

The old man took down his tobacco board from the nail on which it was hanging, near his side, carefully cut a few thin slices from the end of a piece of pig-tail, rubbed them fine in the palm of his hand, and filled his old, black pipe. Placing a hot coal on top of the tobacco, he drew a few whiffs until it was well lighted; when, resting his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands, he resumed his former fixed gaze into the embers. Had it not been for the cloud of smoke which occasionally curled from his mouth, one might have supposed him dead, so motionless did he remain.

"What upon airth are you doing, father?" said Nathan, in great amazement. He was driving home the oxen on the day after the above conversation had taken place, and a sudden turn in the path had revealed the old man, diligently employed in moving his dory toward the beach with rollers. The sturdy old fellow raised the bow, pushed under the roller with his foot, went to the stern and shoved the boat forward until the bow touched the ground again. He then stopped, wiped the perspiration from his forehead with the palm of his hand, and, looking towards his son, said: "I could n't think of waiting for this here dory till you got through with

Deacon Newcome, no how. So I sot to work, getting it down myself."

He then resumed his task. Although extremely troubled, and not a little vexed, to see his well-devised plot wholly unavailing, Nathan could not help bursting into a laugh.

"Well, father," said he, "I'll give in. You're the obstinatest man I ever see. It won't do no good to make you roll that there pesky old dory a mile and a half; 'cause I know you'd roll it ten, if you took a notion to. So I'll haul it down to the beach. But don't ye now think o' going out in her yet awhile; that's all."

So Nathan dragged the dory down to the beach.

A few days afterwards the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and there appeared to be every prospect of fine weather. The old fisherman hunted up his lines and hooks, dug a few clams for bait, and rowed about among the islands, trying at all the well-known ledges to catch a few cod-fish. He did not meet with much success, until he had gradually worked his way to a fishing-ground outside the outermost island; where, as he would have expressed it, he "struck a school."

Too busy to think of anything but his sport, he did not notice that the wind was blowing fresher and fresher from the northwest, until at length it blew a gale.

He tried to pull up his killik,—as an anchor made of wood and stone is called in fisherman's parlance; but it was fast in the rocks. At length the rope

parted, and the old man began to row vigorously towards the shore ; but the wind was so furious that he could not gain an inch. In fact, he soon began to move, stern foremost, further and further from the wished-for goal. Still he pulled away at his oars, with the air of one who was not discouraged, and who did not mean to be.

The gale increased in fury, and as the sun was about setting the old man in his frail boat was nearly out of sight of land. With his feet braced, and his eyes closed, he continued to row desperately on, although his arms, weakened by age, were hardly able to pull the oars. His white locks streamed in the wind ; his clothes were drenched, and his dory was half filled with water ; but he never faltered for a moment. A better impersonation of indomitable will might be sought for in vain ; at least so thought the crew of a small coasting schooner who happened to see him in passing.

A loud shout attracted his attention, and he was soon safe on board.

"Uncle," said one of the sailors with a laugh, as the old man, warmed and refreshed, was finishing a hearty supper in the forecastle, "why did n't you stop pulling, and wait till the wind lulled, when you found you were falling astern, eight or ten knots an hour ?"

The only reply was, "*The Lord caused the wind to blow, but it was my duty to strive against it.*"

H. L. A.

T O N Y.

IN the midst of a little country village, under the shade of a magnificent row of lindens, there once stood an old tavern, with its swinging sign and low bench. It was a favorite resort for all the idlers of the town. A little knot of them were assembled there one summer twilight, talking over the petty news of the day, when their attention was at once attracted, and the thread of their discourse broken, by the arrival of a smart pedler's wagon. It was gayly painted with red and yellow, and hung all over the outside with glittering tins, corn-brooms, tubs, washboards, pails, &c. Staring white letters informed all who chose to read, that fresh butter, cheese, herring, &c., were to be produced from within, in exchange for ready cash. The driver, a spruce, active young Yankee, leaped down from his lofty perch, and threw the reins upon the backs of the heavy horses, whose drooping necks and half-closed eyes showed they were jaded by a hard day's travel. A large and powerful black dog sat down under the wagon panting, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth. Matters were soon arranged between the pedler and the landlord, and the horses comfortably stabled for the night.

"Are you not afraid to leave your wagon out all night?" asked one of the by-standers of the pedler.

"Well, I guess nobody won't meddle with *my* things," he replied, dryly, as he went into the house.

In a few hours all was quiet. The group of idlers had dispersed, the lights in the tavern were extinguished, and the pedler lay sleeping soundly in his bed.

Suddenly he was aroused by loud cries of, "Help! help!" mingled with the deep growling bark of a dog.

"Ha!" said the pedler, as he raised his head a moment to listen, "I guess Tony has found some work to do."

Presently there was a great thumping at his chamber door, and the landlord cried out, "Mr. Pedler! Mr. Pedler! get up, and come out; your dog is *kill-
ing* a man!"

"O, no; he won't hurt nobody."

"But he will, indeed," persisted the landlord, in an excited tone, "for we can't any of us call him off."

"O, you'd better let him alone," was the calm reply; "Tony knows well enough what he's about."

"But, you see, the man was taking something out of the wagon, and so the dog flew at him, and threw him down. He'll tear him to pieces, if you don't come quick!"

"I'm too tired to get up at this time of night to take care of a thief," said the pedler, in a sleepy voice. "Don't you worry, landlord; Tony is only teaching him a lesson."

In the morning the pedler rose at dawn, to start on his day's journey. Going out into the yard, he found quite a group of hostlers and stable-boys looking at a respectful distance towards the wagon.

Close beside it was a man lying on his back, pale with terror and exhaustion; and over him stood the powerful black dog, ready, if he moved a finger, to catch him by the throat.

"Been lying so, all night?" asked the Yankee, with something like a smile.

The man made no reply, but, as the dog obeyed his master's call, he rose from the ground, stiff and lame, and was about to slink away.

"Stop, mister," shouted the pedler, pointing to a large cheese that lay where it had rolled from the thief's grasp when the dog sprang at him, — "Stop, mister; take that cheese, for I guess you 've earnt it!"

P. & S.

THE DONKEYS.

No. II.

EACH mile of the ascent was wilder than the last. In some places the road was a crevice-like ravine, with large, smooth stones or rocks in the bottom, embedded in mud. It seemed like the bed of a torrent, and probably had been, during the prolonged storms for which the winter of 1856 was remarkable in Fayal, as well as in America. Long tresses of the fragrant wild thyme hung down its gravelly sides, and ferns in great variety niced themselves in every hollow, or waved their plummy tufts from the brow of

a rocky bank. Now and then the donkeys waded through water and mud, but they would pick their way round it whenever there was room to set one little hoof after another upon a dry edge, or ridge; a hand's breadth of causeway would suffice, if there was room to pass along without grazing the rider's feet against the side. Sometimes they took a narrow foot-track upon the very edge of a soft earth-bank; the view of the quagmire beneath, and the probability of the soil giving way, so affected the nerves of the unpractised rider, that he would perhaps attempt to control his bearer by the rein. But as the head of the animal was the only part affected by a pull upon the bridle, and it was taken in dudgeon if persevered in, the traveller soon learned that any officious care on his part was worse than superfluous. The wisest and safest course was to leave the bridle upon the donkey's neck, and trust entirely to his cautious instinct, except in going down a steep pitch, when a tight rein gave him assistance.

In some of the difficult passes, Marineiro disdained to follow a leader. He was of a different opinion from the spirited black jack as to the safest and best footing, and would generally take to the left bank, if the other chose the right. He took no advantage of the opportunities this gave him to take the precedence, but conducted himself in an honorable and magnanimous manner. Racing under the circumstances was hardly practicable, to be sure, and probably the consciousness of unusual weight and clumsiness, rather than emulation, was the cause

of his contrary course, especially where there was danger of a ground slide.

This exemplary mood was not even disturbed, when, as the party came out of a ravine upon a brown moor, Laranjinha came nimbly ambling at his side, and kept pace with him for some distance. Little Orange was a pretty creature. His ears, though of asinine size, were delicately shaped; his hair fine and smooth, and of a dark-brown color; his body slender; his limbs tapering to the smallest available ankles, and the neatest pattern of hoofs. Nothing can be said in favor of his tail, except that it was never viciously brandished, or carried in a horizontal line with his back.

Laranjinha's rider was a slender lady, wearing a dark-brown Pico hat, with a wide brim a little sloping, so as to throw its shadow into a pair of brilliant but soft dark eyes. Her countenance was full of animated expression, yet not without a shade of pensiveness.

"You must be tired, and I have come to exchange donkeys with you for awhile," said she to Anne Berkeley. "You must not refuse, for I have had you on my mind so much that I have been most uncomfortably comfortable, all the way. What an unfortunate choice you made!"

This truly disinterested offer from an invalid made Anne Berkeley's heart glow, but she had no need to take advantage of it. She succeeded at last in convincing her kind friend that Marineiro's paces were nearly as easy as those of the more amiable and graceful quadruped. Moreover, the air, bracing

without being cold, had so exhilarated her that she was unconscious of fatigue.

"Therefore I do not see why I may not keep on," said she, despising the prudent resolves she had made before starting from home.

"You have three quarters of the whole journey yet to accomplish. But you can do it, I think, if you will get into the net now, and be carried up from this point. That will rest you. I will take the net half-way down, and then we will use it alternately till we get home."

This proposal was so heartily made, that to go on, and yet refuse it, would have been repulsing a kindness ungratefully.

"On the whole, I am content to go home," said Anne Berkeley, and she easily found reasons for preferring to do so, without expressing her fear of being in the net when it was needed by its proper occupant. "This dreary moor, and the bare, rugged, furrowed mountain-side, are not irresistibly attractive, and going down by daylight I can enjoy at my leisure the lovely views I have only caught by snatches with a twist in my neck. I will turn back here."

Some friendly voice in the party proposed that they should lunch together first. The usual stopping-place was at a spring two miles farther on. But a pic-nic on the brown turf, among the crimson-belled heath, would not be otherwise than pleasant. However, the sumpter-baskets from Fredonia were found to be too much in advance to be recalled. So the train was put in motion, and passed without exciting any restlessness in Marineiro. Having had

no luncheon but a bramble or two, snatched at a leisure moment, he very cheerfully turned his head stable-ward.

"It makes me sorrowful to see you going back, all alone," said the young lady whose unambitious jack still lagged behind. "The Caldeira is such a wonderful, such a strangely beautiful place, could you once get there! You could lie down on the margin, if too tired to scramble down into it, or to make the circuit of the top."

"Do not let your good heart be troubled for me, dear K.," said Anne Berkeley. "I have too long been disciplined by a scanty measure of strength, to be grumbling like a spoiled child about what is denied me. There is pleasure enough in my excursion, as it is, to make me joyously happy."

When she had charged José (in Portuguese of course) to keep Marineiro in subjection, and not once to allow him to set off on a gallop, the young lady ambled off in pursuit of her party.

The sudden gift of wings could hardly have caused greater exhilaration in Anne Berkeley's spirits than her new, almost breathless, sense of height, and increased expansion of view on first beginning to descend. The elevation of the point she had reached was not so very great as to confuse the elements of the glorious picture, and make particulars hard to be made out. It was not a *bird's-eye* view. The outer limit was nearly a half-circle of ocean, of the most exquisite color; on its refulgent edge lay the distant island of St. Jorge, dim as a fallen cloud. The island of Pico interrupted the blue horizon line, its

stately peak piercing the sky, and looking nearer and higher through the pure mountain atmosphere than it had ever done from the sea-shore at half the distance. The harbor, protected by the Esplamarca, a natural mole running far out into the sea, looked as smooth as a pond, and the large ship in the offing appeared like a school-boy's plaything. From her feet wildly beautiful hills and slopes, and the broad rich valley of Flamengos, stretched away toward the city of Horta, which lay (out of sight) upon the coast. Beyond the valley rose the beautiful cone of Monte Carneiro, crowned with an orange-garden and a few pines.

When the path lay in a chasm, José, interpreting the admiring scrutiny of the lady's eyes on both sides the way, gathered and presented to her with a natural grace of manner bunches of heath and wild thyme. She fastened them to the horns of the saddle, and added from time to time, by his ready assistance, ferns, branches of ivy, a trailing vine, and finally a curious wall plant with fleshy blue-green leaves.*

Soon she arrived at the Hombre, a ridge dividing the valley of Praya from the valley of Flamengos, or the Flemings, so called from its blue-eyed, fair inhabitants, descendants of ancient Flemish colonists. Here she resolved to dine. She took a biscuit from her wallet, and held it up as a hint of her intention, and the driver was not slow of apprehension, but

* A *Crassula*, which survives and is growing cheerfully in Cambridge, after having been hung up to dry three months, including the voyage.

with great alacrity assisted her to alight on the top of a low, broad wall, upon the crest of the ridge. In passing the spot in going up, she had ridden with her back to it, facing towards the valley of Flamen-gos. What was her astonishment to find herself on the brink of a precipice of two or three hundred feet, perhaps more. Its face, although perpendicular, or nearly so, more than half-way down, was covered with a tangled flowery mat, through which protruded, like teeth, sharp black crags. At its foot was the verdant valley of Praya, with its dry river-course, its lupine fields, of a bright peculiar green, like that used in scene-painting, cattle grazing, like insects on a leaf, and here and there Lilliputian figures in motion, some engaged in ploughing, &c. The land rose abruptly to another lofty ridge beyond this happy scene, and the vale extended along its foot, gradually widening to the sea-coast, where lay the village of Praya, with its picturesque church, and a little roadstead between two high headlands or promontories, and flanked by a savage-looking reef of black rocks.

Marineiro's approach in quest of brambles reminded the rapt gazer that the donkey-boy might probably have an appetite. Having made her own selection, she spread her remaining store upon a napkin, the low stone-wall serving for a table. José was far too respectful to comprehend that she desired him to approach, and help himself. He would only take his portion of chicken, and his fruit, bread, and cake, from her hand, the full breast of the tunic being employed as a pocket to contain the assortment. Then,

having kissed his palm by way of acknowledgment, he retired out of sight, taking Marineiro with him, and she was alone.

Not quite. For on the edge of a crag projecting so far that a pebble falling from it would have gone half-way to the foot of the mountain without striking, lay a goat, meditatively enjoying the prospect. His black head, with long horns and beard, were in sharp relief against the blue sky. He was of a rich red color, except his head and a broad black streak down his back, and his limbs were embedded in the luxuriant green foliage.

After gazing at him enviously awhile, Anne Berkeley clambered over the wall, and stood upon a narrow, rugged shelf. Then she cautiously and slowly scrambled sideways, clinching strong stems of heath and laurustinus, and with the aid of tough tangled vines for her feet. She avoided a downward glance till she had deposited herself safely on a rough black spur of rock standing out like a bracket upon the face of the steep. Carefully seating and bracing herself, she looked down. It was a sensation never to be forgotten. The soft carpet of delicious green hung perpendicularly half-way, then rolled out with a quick slope to the valley. As her eye followed it, her head swam, not with dizziness, but intoxication. It was not fear, but a rational caution, that forbade another look. She hastily crept back again to the wall, lest the temptation to throw herself down might prove too strong for the love of life, friends, and home.

There were three round-eyed spectators of her return

to a safe position ; young girls with handkerchiefs tied under their chins instead of bonnets, and with pretty feet that had never been tortured by shoes. Smiles and nods served instead of speech in exchanging a greeting. Making a plate of a split biscuit, the foreigner offered a slice of chicken to her visitors. The tallest girl accepted it, kissing her palm and bowing. The others modestly withdrew, but, looking back, answered a beckon, and each received a chicken-bone and a cake, with a similar gesture. Then shaking the crumbs over the precipice, Anne Berkeley went across the narrow road, and looked up and down without seeing boy or donkey. So she climbed over the broken wall to gather some of the dazzling yellow flowers of the broom, which brightened the hill-side like a strong effect of sun-light. The vale of Tempe could not have been lovelier to the sight than the valley of Flamengos. The undulating slopes were clothed in the fresh green of spring, except where the plough had turned up the dark rich soil ; and the deep-green orange-trees were full of their golden fruit.

As she gathered here and there a spike of flowers, a man left his cattle in a field below, and began to ascend the hill towards her, his curiosity excited probably by her solitary ramble among the tufts of broom. "He little imagines the flowers to be my object, but thinks I am searching for something more valuable," thought she, and a slight feeling of alarm made her glad to see Marineiro's honest face over the wall, from the top of which she mounted, and paced away down the declivity. Soon she wanted

to signify to José that she preferred to go down on her own feet, for she found it hard work to maintain her position on the saddle, having no stirrup. As she had but just mounted, he could not possibly comprehend this. Crying "Eeeeh!" signified "stop," and he stopped Marineiro, with some difficulty. But how to get down! A jump could not be risked among the smooth, large stones. Her gestures were misunderstood. José only looked to see that the girth was tight, and pulled the saddle a little. "*Andar! andar!*" she cried, a Spanish word occurring to her in her despair. He took the hint, "*andar á pie,*" to go on foot, being nearly the same in Portuguese. She had not scrambled many steps before she was right glad to put herself upon the saddle again, to hold on with both hands. On every smooth bit of road, Marineiro chose to gallop, and José was so far from endeavoring to prevent him, that Miss Berkeley suspected him of giving the hint with the goad. It was rather a pleasant movement as a change, but soon she found it tiresome, on account of the sidewise position. There was no help for it, however; José was perfectly stolid.

She forgivingly gave him his *pataca* at the door of the hotel, and the fatigue of her six hours' excursion proved quite sufficient to prevent any regret for having turned back when half-way up the mountain.

It was late in the evening when the rest of the party returned, too much excited to acknowledge that they were tired.

A. W. A.

RUSTIC REPARTEE.

As Tom and Bob, in a frolicsome mood,
Along the highway passed,
Their boyish gibes and jeerings rude
They at every pilgrim cast.

A woman approached with a quiet pace,
Humming a cheerful song,
And a span of the patient and long-eared race
With a stick she was driving along.

And as she met our saucy twain,
She civilly turned aside,
And hushed awhile her happy strain.
As she passed them, they sneering cried :

"Mother of asses, we bid you good day!"
And they giggled merrily.
But she had a keener wit than they :
"Good morrow, my children!" quoth she.

A. E. G.

WHAT WE DID IN THE COUNTRY.

"Come, Auntie," said Willie Gray, "draw up to the fire, and tell us a story before we go to bed, won't you? But not a fairy story to suit girls; tell us something real and true." "Yes," chimed in three or four little voices, "do, do, Auntie!" "Tell us," said a wild little romp, named Fanny, "of the frolics you used to have when you were as young as we

are. Only don't say how useful and good and quiet *you* were then, because I see by your eyes that you loved noise and fun as well as I do."

Aunt Susie laughed, and did not deny it. Coming into the midst of the little group, she took baby Agnes on her lap, and sat looking into the fire.

"Well, Auntie," said Willie, "what do you see in the flame? Begin, wont you?"

"O yes, Willie, I will tell you what I saw in the fire: such pleasant pictures that I quite forgot my promise of a story, — pictures of my childhood, when I played in the meadows, and shouted with my brothers in the woods.

"We were a right merry company when the summer-time came, and our mamma took us to our country home, and turned us loose in the fields, like so many deer. Our house was a very, very large old place, which your great-grandfather built years ago, when people were not afraid of having too much room. When the birds and the flowers came, we used to migrate thither from the city, — Aunt Ellen and her three girls, and mamma with her seven boys and girls, all full of life and frolic.

"I cannot tell you much about the inside of the house; we were usually out of doors from sunrise till sunset. But I remember there was a large hall hung round with pictures, and adorned with great antlers of a deer, which had been killed on the place before the house was built. From one end of this hall a broad staircase, with carved balustrade and a tall clock on the landing, led up to the chambers, — low rooms, with great oaken beams stretching across

the ceiling. By the side of the house the garden ran, — a queer old place, quite overgrown with weeds. There was a row of tall black pines around it, and it was full of great, sweet roses, red and white. Every morning I slipped out of bed and ran to the bushes to find the prettiest bud to lay by mamma's plate at breakfast-time; but it was hard to choose among so many beautiful ones. They all looked so fresh and dewy, and smiled such a welcome upon me, and seemed to say so plainly, 'Take me, take me!' that I generally had my little hands full when I came back to the house. Through the meadow, beyond the garden, ran a little brook, edged with alders, and cardinal-flowers in their gay scarlet coats; later the clematis swung its feathery festoons over the water, and invited the bees to breakfast off its white blossoms. Later came the beautiful fringed gentians, deep blue. Lower down in the meadow there stood a rickety old mill, its great wheel, which had once been turned by the brook, idle and dry. No one now had any use for the mill, or the mill-pond, but ourselves; here we paddled about in the water, like ducks, and learned to dive and to swim to the little island in the middle, where the 'touch-me-not' and the wild rose-bushes grew.

"Then there was the great barn, bursting with hay, where the swallows built their nests, and flew twittering in and out, not minding at all the noisy boys and girls. We climbed nearly to the rafters, and buried each other in the sweet hay; we shouted and screamed like wild Indians, till the sober cows in their stalls stopped chewing their cuds, and looked

up with great, wondering eyes. When we were quite tired and out of breath, we used to adjourn to the old coach-house; there we made 'rosy-cakes' out of little cinnamon-roses and brown sugar, pressing them under the heavy meal-chest. We sold all we did not eat ourselves to Aunt Ellen and mamma, for pins. These they had to buy back again, and were expected moreover to return the rosy-cakes. So you see the transaction, however profitable to us, was hardly so to them. I am afraid my roguish brothers, now your wise uncles, do not at present find the world ready to do business in the 'rosy-cake' fashion.

"But the favorite spot was under an old elm in front of the house. This tree was two hundred years old, and stood, like an old grandfather, looking down upon a ring of young syringas, which, with fragrant, milk-white blossoms, seemed like little children joining hands in a ring around his knees. Here in the twilight we met to play 'Tag,' and 'Hide and seek,' and 'How many miles to Barbary?' O yes, Fan! I see well that you would have liked the fun! Such screaming and running and tumbling about! You would have thought it was indeed a real shaggy bear who was chasing us, and not one of our funny brothers.

"In the great clefts in the trunk of the elm-tree we stabled our saddle-horses, fitting up little mangers, and filling them with grass and corn. To be sure, the horses were only sticks gathered from the woods. Every morning they were groomed and fed, and patted and talked to, as if they had been real horses,

till at last we almost thought they could understand us. Mamma would say, 'Come, children, saddle your nags and gallop over the roads to Farmer Goodhue's, to see if his peaches are ripe yet.' And off we started, on Lightfoot, or Fine-ear, or Pegasus, and had a grand trot. Many were the errands we were thus beguiled into, which we should have thought very tedious had we not been astride our gallant steeds. Sometimes we were brave knights pricking o'er the plain in search of adventures; sometimes bold barons on their hunters chasing the wild boar, which was represented by a luckless hen or a frightened pussy; sometimes gay ladies riding to a tournament. Everything that mamma read to us in the evening was acted out by us in the day-time.

"But you must not think we did nothing all day but play and run about, climb trees, and leap fences and brooks. The elder children were sent to school. Through the woods, across the orchard, and over the hills for more than a mile, we used to walk every day, the boys carrying the dinner, picking flowers and berries, and running races with us. Well, one day we had loitered more than usual on our walk, and so when we reached the school-house we found the door locked! The master, putting his head out of the window, said, 'Ten minutes late; you must turn back again!'

"Now you may perhaps think that this was all the better fun for us, but we did not think so; we were hot and tired, and really wanted to go to school. We felt mortified to return to mamma so early. But there was no help for it. We slowly turned

away, and started for home. It was a warm July day, and the basket of dinner was heavy for Frank and Harry. They proposed, that, instead of carrying it home again, we should have a feast, and dispose of the burden in that way. So we climbed up into an old shed by the railroad track, used to store wood for the engine. Here, sitting down on the floor, we spread our feast. But you may suppose that, so early in the morning, we were not very hungry. After we had eaten the fruit and cake, there was still left a little pudding of baked rice which mamma had put in for us. Various were the plans for disposing of this pudding; nobody wanted to eat it, and the boys declared they could not take it home again. Harry, always full of mischief, cried out: 'I have it! Look! This old shed would look all the better for a little plaster on the walls!' and seizing a handful of the pudding, he threw it plump against the boards!

"With shrieks of laughter, we all followed his example. I never saw such a funny scene. There we were, wild with mirth, shouting, capering, laughing, and all the time sending showers of pudding through the air, till the boards were well speckled with rice snow-balls, and the dish was emptied of its contents!

"You should have seen mamma's face, when we told her of it! She tried hard to look sober, and rebuke us for such waste; but she was forced to join in the laugh, and only say we were a parcel of mad-caps together.

"I could tell you more of our pranks;—how we went in the autumn on grand chestnut-gatherings;

how in the summer we helped the men load the hay-riggers, and drive the oxen home ; how we drove the horses to water at the mill-pond, two or three clinging upon the back of each horse ; how we used to drive over the meadows in a little wagon drawn by goats, whose horns we hung with wild grape-vine. But I see by the clock that your bedtime has come, and Fanny's eyes already look sleepy. Perhaps some time your good, sober papa there, who sits reading his paper, will tell you more, for he was the madcap Harry who threw the pudding about. Can you believe it ? ”

“ Why, I know he is your brother, and that his name is Henry,” said Willie. “ I will ask him about it.”

“ And he will charge you not to follow so naughty an example.”

“ I know better already than to do it.”

c.

A TRUE STORY.

A GENTLEMAN in the country observed that his wood-pile was diminishing much faster than it ought, if used only by his own family. He strongly suspected that some one had been stealing from it. He resolved to conceal himself near the wood-pile, and watch.

About midnight, a man came creeping cautiously along,—stopped,—listened,—then slowly and with

difficulty raised a huge log upon his shoulder and turned to go away. Mr. H—— recognized an idle, shiftless neighbor in the thief, and followed him softly. The man toiled along under his heavy burden, breathing hard, and stooping under its weight, until he threw it down at his own door.

"Neighbor," said Mr. H——, calmly, "that is *my* wood. Carry it back again!"

The man, frightened and ashamed as he was to be so detected, only replied, "O Mr. H——, I *can't* carry it back to-night, I'm so tired!"

"Carry it back!" said Mr. H——, firmly.

So the thief raised the log to his shoulder, and wearily plodded back to the wood-pile, when he threw it down with a sigh of relief.

"Now," said Mr. H——, "carry it back to your own home, and you may have it."

"I *won't*," replied the man, sturdily.

"Then I'll prosecute you," was the prompt reply.

As the man went over the same ground, for the third time, with the burden on his shoulder that seemed to grow heavier and heavier at every step, he mentally resolved to change his habits for the future, and have no occasion to steal.

In the outward, as well as the inward life, "the way of the transgressor is hard."

P. & S.

WHAT a searching preacher of self-control is the varying phenomena of health !

ALL 'S RIGHT WITHOUT, WHEN ALL 'S RIGHT
WITHIN.

No. I.

"COME, children, get your mother's leave and your baskets, and jump into my wagon," said Farmer Sterling to some little girls that were playing in his field. "I am going to the pasture to salt my sheep, and then I have a fence to mend. You will have an hour to run about there and pick flowers and berries."

"Delightful! May we *all* go?"

There were five in all. Except one grown-up son, who was in college, and supposed to be a great genius, the old man had no children of his own. But he was regarded as a general uncle or grandfather in the little village; all the young folks loved him.

"Let me see. There is Mary, and Sally, and Nancy, and Phebe, and Martha. Do you think poor old Bay can haul such a load? Guess I must leave one. Which shall it be?"

"I am the heaviest," said Martha.

"I am the oldest, and, besides, mother may want me to rock the baby," said Mary.

"I went last time, so I will stay," said Phebe.

Sally and Nancy were inseparable; they agreed to stay together, or go together, as the farmer thought best. He chuckled, and patted their heads.

"Good girls, good girls!" said he. "Come, let us ask old Bay. Take hold of hands. Stand right in front, so he can see you all. He is looking. Well, what say, old fellow? Can you carry so many?"

The old horse moved his head up and down two or three times, with an air of impatience.

"Yes, yes, yes, hey? Could you possibly take a couple more?"

Old Bay seemed to consider a moment or two. Then he threw up his head, and nodded again, stamping at the same time, and making the gravel fly.

"Then we 'll call for the children of my new neighbor, Mrs. Belson; what do you say, Mary?"

"I say old Bay did not understand you," said she, demurely. "I know he *could* not; and I think, if we all go, there are enough; don't you, Martha?"

"Poh, poh! it is all a joke about your being a wagon-load," said the farmer, laughing. "Why, have you not seen Bay trotting off very fast with a cartful of hay-makers, you simple ones?"

O yes, they had! yes, indeed! And, laughing, away they ran to their homes, while the farmer brought from the barn a couple of sacks filled with a soft kind of hay, called rowen. "These will do for them to sit on," said he to Aunt Ruth, who was driving the hens out of the garden, and supposed he was talking of *them*.

"I wish you could make 'em *set* on anything, for I shan't have a currant left," cried she, panting, while a little bantam flew back over the garden gate which she had just shut. "Shoo! shoo!"

"I meant the neighbors' chicks," said the farmer, laughing. "I am going to drive over —"

"They might shut them up at home, then," said Aunt Ruth. "It 's likely they *will* steal nests over

here, if they don't. Shoo, cropple-crown! What, must I tie you?"

"My dear, here they come, round the corner of the house," said the farmer, slyly. "There 's five of 'em."

"Why do you stand and let them come?" cried Aunt Ruth. And as she rushed out, shaking her apron, and crying, "Shoo!" she found herself in the midst of the children. They all raised their voices at once, making as much noise as a whole flock of geese. "O here is Aunt Ruth! Dear Aunt Ruth! Where is the red apple you promised me? I want a doughnut! Two doughnuts! A heart and round! My little cheese is cut! Papa had a piece of it! And so had Bose! We have three kittens; two are all black! and one is white all but a black tail! O Aunt Ruth! if you could only see them! We shall bring you some berries. We are going in the wagon to get some."

"But where are those chickens?" persisted Aunt Ruth, looking all about.

"I should think you would know," said the farmer, who was busily making a seat or couch in the wagon. "You look like a brood-hen."

"Landsake!" cried Aunt Ruth, "you are always making a fool of me! If I was n't one naturally, I should learn to look out for you. Well, such chickens as these are welcome to come over and eat my currants, — provided they are ripe, however. Now give me a smack, each one. Bring me home some berries, and I'll bake you a cake; yes, I will."

The children were lifted in, each giving a great

jump by way of help. They seated themselves on the sacks, back to back. Sedate Mary and solid Martha faced one way, and the three smaller children the other.

"Now, what do you say,—can you make room for the Belsons? Eh?"

The children looked at each other. Mary whispered to Martha, who answered aloud that she thought it would not do to say, "Room for Jane, not for Lucy," for Lucy was the older sister. The inseparable pair hugged each other closer at the proposal, and Phebe made herself as broad as she could.

"What's the trouble?" said the old man, much amused. "Have the Belsons got the whooping-cough, or measles?"

"Not that I know of, Sir," said Mary, primly.

"No, they have not," answered Martha; "they were at school this morning. Lucy said she did not like the new house so well as the old one. Just like her! It is always *don't like* with Lucy."

"Oh!" said the farmer. "How is it with Jane?"

"She is always pleased. Jane makes us have a good time,—*Jane* does; but Lucy does not ever let anybody have a good time."

"O, don't take Lucy!" said five voices in unison. "Don't ask the Belsons. Jane would not go, if we left Lucy behind."

Farmer Sterling looked troubled, as he always did if there was anything selfish or unamiable in the conduct of those around him.

"Very well," he said, coldly, and gathered up his reins. "Come up, old fellow; we will do what we can to make five happy, instead of seven."

Very silent were the children, as he drove across the green common on the other side of which was the new house occupied by Mrs. Belson. They were not having a good time. They did not want to laugh, though little Phebe rolled off from her hay cushion, when the wagon made a sudden turn. They did laugh a little, but it sounded much like whimpering.

"Really, it would not kill us to have Lucy go," said Martha. "I don't care, for one."

"I do suppose she would like to go, if she could, though she would not allow it was pleasant," said Mary.

"She is never cross, for all that," said Phebe; "she is obliging, — a real kind girl if you want any help."

"So she is," said Nancy. "And so sorry if you are hurt!"

"She gave me half her lunch," said Sally, "because I asked a bite, — only one bite!"

"I really wonder we do not like her," observed Mary, thoughtfully.

"Dear me!" said the farmer, seeing their relenting faces, as he peeped over his shoulder. "I wonder if Mrs. Belson could lend me a hammer, now!"

"Why, you have one already!" said Mary. "I see the handle sticking out of your tool-box!"

"Hammer, did I say? A hatchet, a good sharp hatchet! I'll go in and ask."

And as he was going in at any rate, he might as well ask Jane and Lucy too, the children said. And they felt in better spirits immediately. The good old

man was pleased to see this, and his face brightened up.

"Sit close, and prop each other up," said he, as he deposited the little Belsons in the wagon. "You will not feel the jounces nearly so much. We shall soon turn into the cart-track in the woods, where it is pretty rough."

Jane was a rosy romp of seven, and Lucy a slender, fair girl of nine, with rather a sad and anxious expression in her large hazel eyes. They cast restless glances on every side, as if always looking out for dangers or difficulties, and her lovely mouth rarely wore a smile, unless she was doing a kindness to some one. Then her whole face brightened, and became very attractive: it made people happy only to look at her; they felt a sensation of warmth, as when a cloud passes away from the sun.

"What a nice Indian basket!" exclaimed Martha, as Lucy was moving it from one abiding-place to another, afraid to trust it anywhere.

"If the berries are thick, I am afraid it will not hold enough. I dare say I shall stain it. I wish I had put some paper in."

"O, leaves will do!" cried Jane, cheerfully. "They seem cooler, and nicer than paper."

"We *might* get poisonous ones! Ugh, there is a caterpillar! I suppose we shall be covered with them in the woods. Do you know whether there are any snakes?"

"Harmless ones, plenty, striped and green," answered the farmer.

"Lucy was looking out for rattlesnakes and adders," said Martha.

"O, I am so squeezed," said little Phebe, laughing. "I am as flat as a paper doll, I know!"

"I am sorry I came, — I am the one too many," said Lucy. "I am crowding you all. I am very sorry. I could run home, now, if I could get out."

"O, it is only good fun," said Phebe. "No matter at all!" The others said the same, and laughed merrily when the wagon jounced over roots and stones, and shook them all about.

"Hold on by me! I am the heaviest," said Martha. "You will not see *me* upset, I fancy." But a sudden jerk threw her against Lucy, who was thrown against the back of the farmer's seat with such violence that her lip was cut by her teeth, and bled. The farmer was frightened and grieved; he pulled up instantly, and ran to dip a handkerchief in a spring by the road-side, while the children huddled together round Lucy with looks of tender commiseration.

"It is but a trifle," said Lucy, with one of her brightest looks; "I do not care for it. Do not mind."

"There is not one of us that would have borne it so well," said Mary. Phebe wiped the tears from her own eyes, while Sally and Nancy rescued the Indian basket, which was in danger of damage, as the farmer sopped the bleeding mouth, and bound on the wet bandage. Then he drove on very slowly indeed. Having something real to endure, put Lucy in good spirits, and her laugh rung out as loud as any in the sweet chorus of childish voices, when a pinch was discovered in Martha's bonnet. It troubled her however, presently, that she could not remedy the wrong bend entirely, and that the bonnet would not sit

evenly as it ought, on the little round head. It turned towards one ear, do what she would. Martha made an impatient exclamation at last, and twitched away from her light fingers.

"I don't see why Lucy should care, if *I* don't," said she to Jane. Jane only smiled.

"It fidgets me," said Lucy. "I hate to see anything awry. If I thought *my* bonnet was askew, or my shawl uneven, I could not enjoy myself a minute; and I feel worse when it is anybody else, because I can see it better."

Old Bay rather insisted on a swifter pace, and pulled hard upon the rein. The farmer inquired of Lucy whether the motion of the wagon pained her.

"It does not hurt me," said Lucy. "It is rather unpleasant to have my feet jarring upon the floor; they won't keep still."

"To think of her minding that, when she did not care for a hard knock," said Martha to Jane, who turned away her head, and asked the farmer to let her sister sit on the spring seat by his side.

"By no means safe," said he. "She could not touch a foot anywhere, and the first big stone would toss her over the wheel."

This did not occur to him, however, till he had allowed Lucy to climb over. Then he took her upon his knee. She was uneasy there, thinking she was too old and too heavy for such a position; she was certain she was in the way, and that the reins would not go straight. So the kind farmer put her upon the seat at his side, placed his salt-box under her feet, and bade her hold on by his arm at all the rough places.

"I wish we were not facing the sun; it puts my eyes out. And besides, it is very warm. It always is; or else too cold, unless I have to stay within doors; *then* it is sure to be just right to be abroad."

"Little Fussy!" whispered Martha, with a shrug, which Mary answered by a grimace, and toss of the head. Jane blushed.

"My dear child!" said the farmer, when the rattle of the wheels began again, and prevented the other children from hearing what he said, "are you sure the fault is not in *you*, that the weather is never just right?"

Lucy turned her soft eyes to his face in gentle surprise. "Why, I don't make the weather!" said she, half smiling.

"But you could make yourself content with what your Heavenly Father sends you."

"O yes!" said the child, with instant conviction. "I did not think about him."

"He has not left you without a shelter from heat and storms, has he?"

"O no! Such a nice new house, too! Only it is—"

"And you have plenty of clothes, adapted to the season?"

"Well, — yes!" A reluctant admission.

"And the same changes of weather that the farmers have to work and their crops to grow in?"

"How hard it must be to labor in the sun!"

"Not to a grateful spirit. All is right without, when all is right within. There, that is my flock; do you see? Is it not a pretty sight?"

(*To be continued.*)

T O M .

No. I.

TOM had lived in Paris about six months, under such civilizing influences that he had become as amiable a bear as one could wish to meet with. He would open the door at a knock, he would stand erect on guard for hours, halberd in hand; he would dance a minuet, balancing a broom-handle with indescribable grace. He had been exercising his talents to the great satisfaction of spectators in the studio, and had retired to enjoy the slumbers of the weary in the closet which served him for a den, when some one knocked at the street door.

Fau, in a masquerade dress, came in, inquiring for his friend Tom.

"In his niche," said the artist.

"Tom! Here, Tom!" cried Fau.

Tom emitted a low grunt, which intimated that he perfectly comprehended that it was he who was called for, but that he was in no hurry to obey the invitation.

"O ho!" said Fau. "Is that the way you answer when I speak? Tom, my friend, do not force me to employ strong measures."

Tom stretched out one paw, which came out of the closet without any other part of him becoming visible. Then he gaped in a plaintive and prolonged way, like a sleepy child that dares not protest in any other manner against the tyranny of his taskmaster.

"Where is the broom-handle?" said Fau, in a menacing tone, and rattling the Indian bows, the rattans, and fishing-rods that stood behind the door.

"Ready!" said Alexander, pointing at Tom, who at the well-known sound had jumped up and was coming to Fau, rolling in his gait like some pursy old gentleman.

"Lucky for him! Be amiable, then, since one has come all the way from the coffee-house Procope to the suburb St. Denis on purpose for you."

Tom wagged his head up and down.

"That's it! Now give a paw to your friends. Wondrous well."

"Are you really going to take him out?" asked Decamps.

"A little while, and moreover procure some sport by that means."

"Where do you go together?"

"To the masked ball. Nothing else! Come, Tom; forward, my friend. We have a hack at the door."

And as if Tom had comprehended this indulgent arrangement, he descended the stairs four at a time, followed by his conductor. The coachman opened the carriage door, and let down the steps. Tom, guided by Fau, mounted into the coach, as if he had never done anything else all his life.

"Good! That is a comical disguise," said the driver. "One would say it was really a bear. Capital! Where shall I take you, gentlemen?"

"To the Odeon," replied Fau.

"Grrroonn!" growled Tom.

"Nay, never mind," said the coachman, "it is not so *very* far, though it is something of a drive. We shall arrive some time or other."

In effect, half an hour after, the coach drew up at the door of the theatre. Fau descended first, and paid the fare. Then he gave his arm to Tom, took two tickets, and, the porter making no observation, entered the saloon.

At the second turn from the entrance people began to gather about Tom. The exactness with which the new-comer imitated (as they supposed) the motions of the animal whose skin he wore, attracted the notice of amateurs. The curious thronged about him, pulled the hairs of his tail, and also pinched his ears.

"Grrroonn," remonstrated Tom.

A cry of admiration rose from the crowd. It was so good a growl, one might really have been deceived by it!

Fau conducted Tom to the table of refreshments, and offered him some little cakes of which he was very fond, and which he bolted with a voracity so very natural, that the beholders burst into a roar of laughter. Then he filled for him a glass, which Tom took delicately between his paws, as he was in the habit of doing at the table of Decamps, and swallowed the contents at one gulp. Then the enthusiasm he excited was at its height.

Now Fau wished to quit the side-board, but he found himself hemmed in by so dense a circle, that he began to be afraid lest Tom might be moved to use his teeth or his claws to make his escape, which

would have made the affair a bad business for him. So he pushed him into a corner, and ordered him to stand erect, with his back in the angle, till further orders. This was a familiar position to Tom, in mounting guard, and sentinel's duty was perfectly adapted to the indolence of his character. More faithful always to this duty than many national guards of my acquaintance, he in this case stood patiently waiting to be relieved. A Harlequin offered his sabre, to complete the burlesque. Tom gravely laid his heavy paw on his fusil of wood.

"Do you know to whom you lend your sabre?" said Fau.

"No," replied Harlequin.

"Can you guess?"

"Not the least in the world."

"Look closely. Regard him. By the grace of his movements, by his neck so constantly inclined to the left shoulder, by the perfect imitation of tone, — what, you do not recognize him?"

"On my word of honor, no!"

"Odry," whispered Fau. "Odry, in his costume of the Bear and the Pacha."

"But no, his is a *white* bear-skin."

"He has changed it to disguise himself."

"O, the rogue!"

"Grrrdonn!" remonstrated Tom.

"Now I recognize his voice," said Harlequin. "I wonder I did not before. Tell him to disguise it more."

"Yes, yes, but I'll not plague him about that now. He has promised to dance a minuet!"

"Ah, indeed?"

“ Tell people, that they may leave him plenty of space for it ; will you ? ”

The Harlequin, enchanted, went from mask to mask to announce the proposed exhibition in the grand saloon. Everybody went there at once ; but before following the crowd, the facetious Harlequin came tiptoe to Tom, and whispered in his ear, “ I have found you out, — ah, you need not say *groom*, *groom* ! Will you dance ? ”

Tom bowed, as was his habit when interrogated, and away went Harlequin to find Columbine.

“ Meanwhile, Tom was *tête à tête* with the lemonade-seller, motionless in his corner, but with eyes fixed upon the counter and its piles of cakes. The woman observed his gaze ; she took a plate, and extended it towards him ; Tom extended also his paw, took a cake politely, then a second, a third. The lemonade-seller was not tired of offering her merchandise, Tom was not tired of accepting, till, as he was entering upon the second dozen, he was sent for to perform as a dancer between two ladies, each holding a paw. . . . They acknowledged his dancing to be wonderful, — but his eternal growl was an insipid style of conversation. Soon few were occupied with him. In an hour he went to sleep, entirely forgotten by everybody. So transient is popular favor !

(*To be continued.*)

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE first number of *The Child's Friend* was published in 1843. It will complete its fourteenth year in October. Its aim has been a high one: to develop the best qualities of the heart in children, while it interested the imagination and informed the mind. How far it has been successful, and useful, is not for its present editor to say, nor is it necessary. She is assured by urgent messages from different quarters that its readers, some of them at least, are its warm friends, and would be sorry that it should be sacrificed on account of a temporary derangement of its finances. Help from able pens has been promised, and the Editor has determined to carry on the work to the end of the present year at her own risk, in the hope of saving it. She has therefore purchased the subscription list, or, as it is technically termed, the *good-will*, and is now the Editor, Publisher, and Proprietor of the concern, the latter term signifying, at present, only the responsibility of paying its bills and the privilege of directing its affairs.

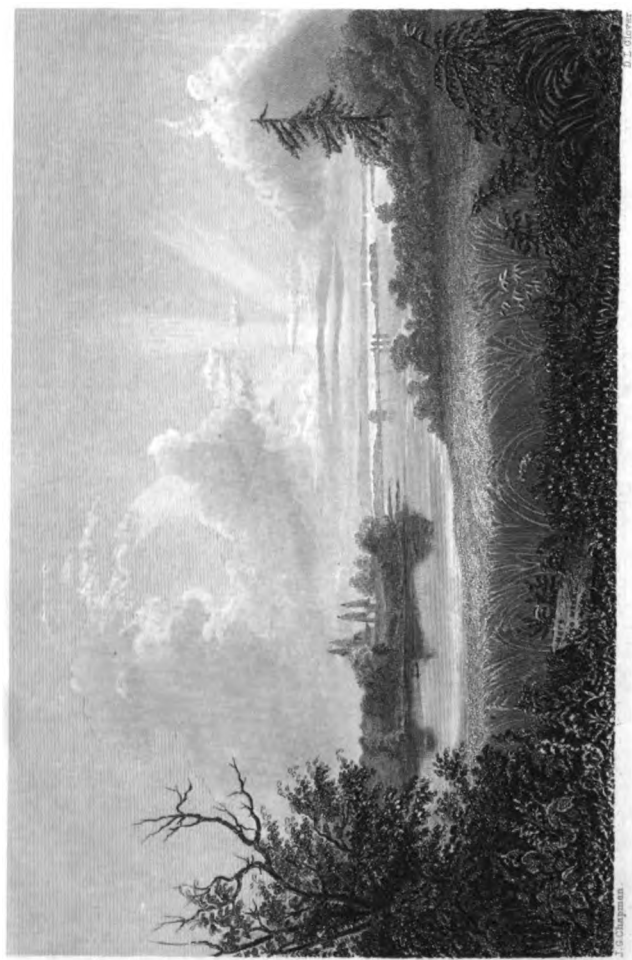
A principal reason why it seems to her worth while to make this effort, is that the subscribers, with less than forty exceptions, had paid in advance, and most of them to the end of the year 1857. That each could receive back his dollar, by taking the trouble to apply for it, would not con-

sole the children for their disappointment. That some other publication, not of their own choice, and perhaps not to their liking, would be sent to close the year, would not be much more satisfactory to old subscribers.

Another reason why it is worth while to incur a risk, or loss, in behalf of *The Child's Friend*, is this. Although, from its not being kept in the public view by advertising, or other means, its continued existence has been known only to a few, those are mostly its old, substantial friends. They are numerous enough, even now, to sustain it under careful management ; therefore, if it survives its present embarrassment, it will go on next year with a surplus, instead of a deficit. The Editor will require nothing for her services, but the pleasure of continuing her pleasant relations with the young readers, and keeping their old Friend alive and useful. The profits are to be devoted to the aid of indigent and friendless children.

In this view the Editor with confidence calls upon the readers of *The Child's Friend* to recommend the work, so far as it seems to them to have merit, and to bring it under the eye of any of their friends and acquaintance whom they think likely to be interested in it. Whatever additional subscribers are obtained by the children will not merely render the useless surplus back numbers of this year available towards paying the future half-year's bills : every dollar will *hereafter* be a direct help to needy and unfortunate individuals of their own age.

All communications are to be addressed to Anne W. Abbot, Cambridge, Mass.



D. L. Glover

J. C. Chapman

The Birthplace of Washington

THE BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON was born on the 22d of February, 1732, in the homestead on Bridges Creek. This house commanded a view over many miles of the Potomac, and the opposite shore of Maryland. It had probably been purchased, and was one of the primitive farm-houses of Virginia. The roof was steep, and sloped down into low, projecting eaves. It had four rooms on the ground floor, and others in the attic, and an immense chimney at each end. Not a vestige of it remains. Two or three decayed fig-trees, with shrubs and vines, linger about the place, and here and there a flower, grown wild, serves 'to mark where a garden has been.' Such, at least, was the case a few years since; but these may have likewise passed away. A stone marks the site of the house, and an inscription denotes its being the birthplace of Washington."*

The world has learned to exalt goodness above the false greatness of conquerors and princes. There is no fame higher or purer than has come to him who sought it not for himself,—whose life was far above any personal ambition or selfish pride. He sought not, like Bonaparte, the title of Emperor. He was not George the Great, nor the Grand Monarch, nor George the Conqueror (as if he could borrow greatness from an empty sound); nor do we call him *President* Washington. His title is "The

* Irving's Life of Washington.

Father of his Country." It is an affectionate reverence that Americans feel for him, and no cold admiration. It is a veneration and love like that of children for the father who guided and cared for them when they were not strong and able to care for themselves. He taught them to cherish the only true freedom, which, like that of a well-regulated family, leaves each individual at liberty to do well, but not to do ill,—the liberty of asserting his own rights, without encroaching upon the same rights in his brother.

Boys, hate tyranny with all your might, but hate it in yourselves even more than in others. Be just to all, the weak as well as the strong, that you may grow up worthy to be an American citizen.

TWO LITTLE CHILDREN.

It was one of the handsomest houses in New York. Everything without and within showed the occupants to be both rich and refined. Beautiful pictures covered the walls, thick carpets the floors; vases of hothouse flowers stood upon the tables, and bright coal-fires burned in the grates. But in one room all was hushed and dark; the nurse and the physician went in and out with noiseless steps; for on the luxurious bed a lady lay asleep. Her face was young and beautiful, and, though very pale, a smile of intense happiness played gently over her lips. Her husband sat by her side, watching her slumber, with a face full of love and gladness.

At last a slight movement in the bed, and a faint child's cry arouses them both. Yes, on the mother's breast lies a little, new-born baby, — their first baby. Poor little thing! it is very small and weak, — all unconscious of the deep love which has welcomed its arrival, and of the anxious care which is providing for its comfort. It is nothing to that little infant that weeks have been spent in embroidering its cunning garments; that nothing has been thought too rich, too delicate, too costly, for its tiny self. It cares nothing for all this. As little does it know or care for that father and mother, who would willingly lay down their own lives to shield its feeble little being from suffering or death. It opens its dazzled eyes a moment to the world, stretches out its tiny arms with a wailing cry, and falls asleep again in its mother's arms.

But another being has come into the world to-night. In this black, ugly building, up three pair of broken stairs, — in a room whose naked walls never saw picture or engraving, whose bare floor is destitute of carpet or paint, whose rusty stove is almost without fire, — on a comfortless bed, covered with a ragged counterpane and shabby blanket, lies another mother holding her infant in her arms.

No husband sits by the bedside watching them with eager love, — he lies in the next room, drunk upon the floor. No nurse or doctor moves round on tiptoe for fear of disturbing her; the poor woman who has been taking care of her has gone home to attend to her own family. There is no smile upon her lips, nor gladness in her heart, but she presses

her baby to her bosom, and weeps bitter, blinding tears.

The little one wakes. No delicate needle-work, no cambric and fine linen, cover its infant form,—only scanty and coarse garments, supplied by the hand of charity: yet what does the baby care? It cries, for it is hungry; but when that want is appeased it falls fast asleep again, happily ignorant that there are such things as cold, hunger, drunkenness, and bitter misery in the world upon which it has just entered.

Two years passed, and the children were no longer unconscious of their condition. What a fine boy was little Horace! His rosy cheeks, white skin, blue eyes, and golden hair were the admiration of all, and his mother's pride and joy. Playthings of every sort were his; pretty dresses, flowers, pictures, rides, walks, frolics;—was there ever such a happy child? And were there ever such happy parents? How dear he was to them, and how warmly he returned their love, only parents can tell.

But how was it, meanwhile, with little Johnny? Poor child! He had never known a father's love, nor seen a mother's happy smile. He had often cried bitterly with hunger and cold, before he was two years old. He had no white skin nor golden curls; a face begrimed with dirt and tangled hair do not make pretty children. He had never owned a plaything; and pretty dresses, rides, walks, and frolics were quite unknown to him; for how could his mother spare time from her work to play with him, or even to wash and clean him? Dirty, ragged, and neglected, he hardly found the commencement of life very pleasant or very desirable.

It is dark night, but in that handsome house the lights flit rapidly to and fro. Hasty steps go up and down, and anxious faces turn away from one another's scrutiny, unable to conceal their own emotions. In that pleasantly furnished chamber the doctor and nurse stand side by side, sadly, sadly watching the waning life, which no care, no skill, can save. The father kneels by the bedside with a face of unutterable anguish; the mother, still, calm, and pale as marble, supports the little head, bathing the forehead and lips, parched with the burning fever. The child tosses restlessly, and moans aloud; the mother's lips move as if in prayer, but she utters no sound. At last that moaning is hushed; he lies quiet in his mother's lap; he draws a long, deep breath, — it is his last.

The fever which has not spared the dearly loved and fondly cherished, has been busy all over the city. In the same dark, gloomy room in which he entered the world, little Johnny too is preparing to leave it. His father is away, and his mother, with dry, stony eyes, watches alone by his bed. The fever has run its course, unchecked by human skill; for in her poverty and desolation she knew not where to procure doctor or medicine. But it is all over now; a sigh, a moan, and that little heart is still, those young feet have no longer to tread earth's stony paths. And as the mother lays him down upon the bed, she whispers, "It is well."

Now one lies in a beautiful cemetery, where trees, flowers, and singing birds make the spot so lovely that we could almost wish to die that we might lie

there too. His little grave is covered thick with violets, and at its head, sculptured in the purest marble, stands a cherub form, with wings spread for flight, and eyes upraised to heaven.

The other sleeps in a crowded graveyard, where no flowers nor trees nor birds can live; the spot where his little body rests is unmarked by flower or stone; it seems but a sad spot to lay that little child.

But how shall we continue the parallel further? Could we pierce through the veil which hides the future world from our sight, should we find the barrier between these twin souls still existing? Or has death ushered them together into a scene of joy and peace, where hand in hand they may press to His feet, who said, "Suffer little children to come to me,"—where together they may tune their golden harps, and worship the Father who loves all alike?

Yes; death sweeps away all mere earthly distinctions. The lambs of Him who was born in a manger, and had not where to lay his head, shall all feed together in the green pastures and beside the still waters. And though here one has enjoyed all that love and wealth could give, while the other from birth to death has been surrounded by misery, poverty, and sin,—

"Both shall immortal wake
Among the breathless flowers of Paradise,
Where angel songs of welcome with surprise
This their last sleep shall break,
And to celestial joy their kindred souls invite.

"There, there can come no sorrow,
The brow shall know no shade, the eye no tears;
For ever young through heaven's eternal years,
In one unfading morrow:
Nor sin, nor age, nor pain their cherub beauty blight."

M. M.

TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER'S SHOES.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Two little, rough-worn, stubbed shoes,
A plump, well-trodden pair,
With striped stockings thrust within,
Lay just beside my chair.

Of very homely fabric they,
A hole is in each toe;
They might have cost, when they were new,
Some fifty cents or so.

And yet this little worn-out pair
Is richer far to me
Than all the jewelled sandals are
Of Eastern luxury.

This mottled leather, cracked with use,
Is satin in my sight;
These little tarnished buttons shine
With all a diamond's light.

Search through the wardrobe of the world:
You shall not find me there
So rarely made, so richly wrought,
So glorious a pair.

And why? Because they tell of her,
Now sound asleep above,
Whose form is moving beauty, and
Whose heart is beating love.

They tell me of her merry laugh;
Her rich, whole-hearted glee;
Her gentleness, her innocence,
And infant purity.

They tell me that her wavering steps
Will long demand my aid;
For the old road of human life
Is very roughly laid.

High hills and swift descents around;
And, on so rude a way,
Feet that can wear these coverings
Would surely go astray.

Sweet little girl! be mine the task
Thy feeble steps to tend!
To be thy guide, thy counsellor,
Thy playmate, and thy friend!

And when my steps shall faltering grow,
And thine be firm and strong,
Thy strength shall lead my tottering age
In cheerful peace along!

WHEN Xenophanes was called timorous because he would not venture his money in a game of dice, "I confess," said he, "that I dare not do an evil thing."

FABLES.

THE FLY AND THE BEE.

ONE day a bee espied a fly near the entrance to her hive. "What do you want here?" cried she, in a furious tone. "A low fellow like you, to intrude upon the queens of the air!"

"Enough said, madam," quietly replied the fly. "I am sufficiently aware of the imprudence of approaching such a quarrelsome tribe as yours."

"There is not a wiser nation on the face of the earth," cried the bee. "We alone of all insects have laws, and a well-regulated commonwealth. It is from the sweetest flowers that we draw our subsistence; our constant occupation is the making of delicious honey,—not inferior to nectar. Begone, for a troublesome vagrant, that has nothing better to do than to go buzzing about, picking up a living in the dirtiest places."

"We live as we can," replied the fly. "Poverty is no disgrace, but bad temper is a great one. You make sweet honey, but you have a sour disposition. You are wise in law-making, but not in conduct. When you sting, your own death is the consequence;* your blind malice injures yourselves more

* Can any of the young readers of *The Child's Friend* inform the editor whether it is a fact in natural history, that it is fatal to the bee to use his sting? She would be glad to hear from them on any subject. She hopes her young friend on the Kennebeck will like the fables, which she introduces at his suggestion.

than others. I am content, for my part, to have a less brilliant capacity, with more self-command."

THE TWO FOXES.

Two foxes made their way into a hencoop one night, by surprise. They strangled the cock, hens, and chickens; and then sat down to appease their hunger. One of them was young and heedless; he wished to make the most of the present opportunity. The other, an old fox, and very covetous, was disposed to make some provision for the future. "My child, experience has made me wise," said he; "I have seen a great deal of the world. Let us not exhaust all our resources in one feast. We have made a fortune; we should husband it carefully." But the young fox chose to devour the whole of his share.

"I shall want nothing for a week to come," said he. "As for coming back hereafter, for what may remain,—whew! It will be no safe business! The master will surely avenge the slaughter of his chickens."

Each took his own course. The young glutton, after his feast, was just able to drag himself home to die of repletion. The elder, who thought himself wise in moderating his appetite and practising economy, returned to his prey the next day, and was beaten to death by the farmer.

The young are prone to self-indulgence; the old to avarice.

FENELON.

THE FIRST AND LAST DISOBEDIENCE.

No. I.

To keep the snug home in which she brought up her son John cost the Widow Blackwell many a hard fight with poverty. Her struggles, and the keen pangs of anxiety and discouragement which the few unavoidable debts incurred now and then occasioned her, were never acknowledged. No one helped her, as she seemed to need no help, in her cheerful, industrious, regular way of going on. Her table was always neatly laid, even when boiled crusts or a rye cake was their only dinner for days together. Flowers grew under her windows, and morning-glories climbed the little trellis which formed an arch over the door. Her dress was always the same, and seemed to be endowed with some strange faculty of changing its form to the fashion of the day without wearing out, or being ever seen to be new and fresh.

John's uncle, a man of some wealth, but narrow mind, had early offered to adopt the boy as his own. A situation in some family as housekeeper would then have made her own life easy and agreeable. "No, brother," said she. "It is to *my* care that this young immortal is intrusted by God. No one can take the responsibility from me. As long as I can maintain him, he shall have a home of his own, and in it I will watch over him as only a mother can."

And John was now a fine, well-grown lad of four-

teen. His clothes had become rather tight and short for him ; but he wore them like a gentleman, without spot or dust. His collar was always spowly white, and on Sundays his socks also. However much worn, his shoes were always as black as his neck-ribbon. A blue cloth cap sat airily upon his thick, well-brushed hair, a little on one side, and he had a good, open, intelligent face, well browned by the sun. In his manners, there was an air of independence and spirit, without the least tinge of sauciness.

He was so good a scholar that his mother sometimes sighed that she could not continue his school education till he should be prepared for college. She would perhaps have done so had John been ambitious enough to undertake to obtain a liberal education without resources, or by borrowing of his uncle. But, like most smart boys, he thought very well of his powers and acquirements as they were.

"I have had as much schooling now as ever Franklin had," said he. "I am independent of everybody but my dear mother. I owe her everything, and am glad to, for I can repay her by my dutiful love now, and by being her staff by and by. As for Uncle John, he would have taken me for his own sake, not for mine. I should have been his bounden servant, not his son. He would not have allowed me to stand up straight, nor to take a step, nor to speak my mind, nor to have any mind ; but I must crook just after his pattern. I should have been as contrary as his old gray, whose bridle he is continually twitching, with a 'Get up, — go 'long, old hoss!' — now a little poke with the whip, now a

touch of the lash. Catch me borrowing of him, and putting my neck in a collar! I'll be under no obligations. I'll earn my bread all the sooner, too, and keep my mother from working so hard any more. I'll obey her though, just as long as she lives; it will be my pleasure!"

But this grateful resolution came soon to a severe test.

John had always spent his evenings very happily, reading aloud to his mother from various entertaining books. He had access to a Parish, Sunday-School, and Social Library, and he had a friend who willingly lent him newspapers and periodicals, knowing that he would return them unsoiled. Sometimes he copied, or rather drew out neatly, plans for another friend, a master carpenter who could plan better than he could draw. Sometimes he practised upon his school lessons, and again and again had he drawn, not as yet quite to his satisfaction, the fine old elm which extended its protecting arms over the widow's humble dwelling. He never dreamed of leaving his mother alone after nightfall. And she never went anywhere abroad in the evening without him.

One night, instead of getting his book or pencil after the bright little lard-lamp was lighted, he sat down idly, and without his usual pleasant, contented look.

"Are you ill?" asked his mother.

He said coldly that he was well enough.

She thought that perhaps he was worried on her account, for he had brought her, not long before, the

news of the invention of sewing-machines, and had seemed a little troubled lest it should interfere with her only resource, needlework. She took pains to cheer him, by saying that the invention of machinery must benefit all, finally, even those who at first were thrown out of employment, and that she trusted that Providence would point the way to a better resource than shirt-making, when that failed. At any rate, it was well that her son had now almost finished his preparation for earning his own maintenance.

Still John was abstracted, almost sulky.

In the neighborhood there was a tall yellow house, with a littered, untidy yard, and a garden displaying its rich growth of weeds through many a gap in the fence. The Widow Hobbs lived there. Her boys did whatever was good (or bad) in their own eyes; they usually spent their evenings in the streets, with such companions as they chanced to meet. Mrs. Hobbs had no particular reason to congratulate herself upon this, certainly, for Bob and Sam, deservedly or not, had acquired a bad reputation by being observed with rowdy associates.

But she had laughed at John's scruples about remaining in their company after dark, on account of his mother's preference that he should be within doors at night.

"You 'll never be a man, if she keeps you tied to her apron-string," said she. "Such a big fellow as you ought to have a little liberty. I could not keep Bob in, if I tried; and Sam — he's but twelve, and he goes with Bob. I never ask any questions, where they've been to, nor who with; why, it would only

make 'em lie, the rogues ! They 're getting a knowledge of the world, that 'll make smart men of 'em, John ; nobody 'll get the advantage of *them*, I tell you ! when they come to do business. They 're keen already. They 're knowing ones ! People don't ask *them* if their mother knows they 're out."

John was a sensible boy, but he was only a boy. He saw no harm in an evening saunter with his school-fellows, any more than in being their companion in many a daylight pastime. They did things sometimes he did not join in or give countenance to, such as helping themselves to fruit on any premises that were unwatched, riding pastured horses, rowing in boats that they had no right to meddle with, &c. But he had not been forbidden to associate with them on that account, even though he had formerly been occasionally led a little astray, and had confessed it.

" I 'll run home, that mother need not be anxious," said he. " I 'll tell her I am going out a little while, this warm evening. It is too warm to draw."

But when he saw her sitting with her usual cheerfulness at her endless work, his heart failed him. It was never too warm to sew !

" Work — work — work !
Till the head begins to swim !
Work — work — work !
Till the eyes are heavy and dim."

And this weary stitching, this patient staying at home, and severe economy of time, was all for him ; he understood that. He could not resolve to say for the first time, " I will," where he knew very well

her wishes would be in opposition to his. So after sitting still till he had succeeded in overcoming the evil pride that had been roused in his heart, he modestly asked her leave for a stroll to enjoy the evening air.

"She could not afford to go," she said. "He should take his walk earlier."

"O, he did not intend troubling her. He meant to go out by himself."

She forbade it, unless he had some definite object; such as to visit his friend, the druggist, or to spend an hour in the pleasant family circle of his employer, the carpenter.

Why? What reason could she have? Could he not be trusted, pray? What harm?

She was too wary a mother not to know that to debate a point was to yield the right to settle it. She told him, as she had often done in a similar case, that her reasons were such as he was not old enough to appreciate. She would tell him some time when he was at a more reasonable age, and he would then thank her for having decided thus for him.

John remembered that when other urchins strutted proudly along the street with cigars in their mouths, and full of mutual admiration, she had forbidden him to learn to smoke. He had outgrown that temptation thus early, for he could see that she was right. She had steadily discouraged his spending money, even what he earned or received as a gift, in little, useless self-indulgences, such as buying cake or candy, or any kind of drinks, however inno-

cent. And he had now a true, manly contempt for gratifications of a sensual appetite, and saved his money for nobler uses. He could thank her for that.

"But this is a very different case from those. Here there is nothing important involved." So he thought in his inexperience and folly. "I am needlessly restrained. I cannot see any use in it. I don't so much care to go, for I enjoy myself at home. But I ought to be trusted, at least. I deserve it. Just as if I should do anything bad! What is to be feared?"

There is no need to pursue his grumbling meditations any further. The more he thought, the more sullen he grew. He supposed that he had principle enough not to *act* in positive opposition to his mother's command. He did not know how dangerous a thing it was to allow himself in *feeling* disobedient.

For an evening or two, John sat silent and moody. But, with his natural sweetness of temper, this could not long continue. He resolved to forgive his mother, whom he considered more mistaken than unkind. He began again to read to her; he sought to pay her little attentions, such as before he had always rendered without effort. He told her the news of the day, such news as boys pick up and reason upon in eager anticipation of manly responsibility. He instructed her on political points, with second-hand wisdom, and profound earnestness.

And on her part, the widow endeavored to be sociable and loving as usual. But there was a dreary cloud of constraint which had fallen between the

boy and his best friend. No effort on her part or his could clear it wholly away. Each had unexpressed feelings, and while the tongue said one thing, the heart was throbbing painfully with a different thought. Both dreaded the still, quiet evening as much as they had formerly liked it. So Mrs. Blackwell bought tickets to a course of lectures, for herself and him. John was grieved at this expense, knowing the extreme slenderness of her resources. He knew she did it because she thought his evenings were no longer happily spent at home. He longed to tell her (but could not) that he did not require any change,—it was only a little matter of pride and temper, a point not conceded on either side, that lay between him and his usual domestic content.

Life was hard enough to the poor widow, always; now, with a chill upon her heart, it was bitter. The boy seemed to her no longer grateful, affectionate, confiding; he was but trying to appear so, she thought. She kept up a tolerable show of cheerfulness. But every half-smothered sigh, every wistful smile, smote on John's good heart. "Ah, poor mother! she has but me in the world, and I —" No, he could be miserable, but he could not feel submissive. Self-will rose above good-will.

She went to his bedside, and wept and prayed by him as he slept. His face was calm and sweet now as it had been in his cradle. "It is not necessary that I should be happy, but it is necessary that I should be faithful," said she, as, with a heart soothed and strengthened by her tearful prayers, she went to

take her much needed rest. "I have always found help at need, in my great task, and I shall have firmness given me to save him from the evil that lies in wait for the unwary. He cannot, in his goodness and simplicity, fear it. The most reckless of men and boys have by daylight some regard to appearances; he sees them now when they are under an eye they fear, the public eye. In the shadow of night they give a loose rein to every wild and vicious impulse."

(To be continued.)

AN HOUR IN CHARLEY'S ROOM.

THE days were very long to Charles Meade. He had a broken limb, and was obliged to lie quietly, subduing his inward impatience as well as he could, while the slow process of uniting the fractured bones went on.

A pleasant group had assembled in his room. His mother, by his bedside, with her sewing,—Frank, a boy of twelve, bending over his Latin Reader, with a perplexed expression on his usually sunny face,—little Maggie by the window, arranging the flowers she had brought for her brother Charley, while shadows from the maple-trees and the pink-flowered locusts played over her fair face and golden hair. Cousin Lizzie, by an opposite window, was reading from a large volume, which she occasionally closed to look upon the clear waters of

the Detroit River, and the reflection of the rich, changing colors of the evening sky.

"Can you forget your New England hills, Lizzie? Can you find beauty in such a sunset as this, though its light rests on no hill-tops?"

"O yes, Aunt Mary. Dear to me as is my home in the Pine-Tree State, I do not think New England the only habitable place in the universe. I have found many things to love in your Western home."

"And when you talk of your hills," said Charley, "we will tell you of our grand lakes. You must go to Mackinaw, Lizzie; you must see the Pictured Rocks, the canals on the great lake, and the beautiful little islands. There are many things I could show you, if we were only there."

"You must ask Dr. Lee to fasten those broken bones, quickly and firmly," replied his cousin, "and then we two will commence our journeyings together, in search of the beautiful."

"You will find Dr. Lee a very useful and pleasant companion in your journeyings," said Mrs. Meade. "He is familiar with the early history of Michigan, — a history full of interest. He will tell you the origin and the meaning of the names that have been given to lakes, rivers, islands, and towns. If you go to Marquette, he will give the name a permanent place in your memory, by his stories of Father Marquette and the early Jesuits. If you see the Indian in his graceful canoe, he will relate to you the wonderful legends of his tribe, their manners, the strange traditions, and the fitting, and often poetical, significance of their names."

"I think Dr. Lee's stories are a great deal better than his medicine," said little Maggie, seriously. "I remember what he told Charley about the fat woman and the vine."

"If you are going to tell stories, my Latin lesson will be duller than ever"; and, closing the book, Frank placed himself in an attitude of attention. "Well, Maggie, now for the story."

"No, mamma must tell it."

"It is only one among the many curious traditions preserved by the Indians," said Mrs. Meade. "It is the story which the Mandans, or people of the pheasants, tell of the origin of their tribe. They believe the Mandans were the first of created beings, having their home inside of the earth. There they hunted game and cultivated the land. They raised many vines, and one of them, climbing very high, found a hole in the earth, through which it sent its sturdy tendrils and its green leaves. A young Indian of the tribe, seeing that the vine had gone far up out of his sight, resolved to climb to the top."

Maggie. "That was like Jack, climbing the beanstalk, mamma. But the Indian did not find the old giant at the top."

"No, the story says he climbed the vine till he came out on the surface of the earth, on the banks of the Missouri River. He looked around and saw the beautiful country,—the broad stream, whose waters had never been disturbed by steamer, vessel, or canoe,—the wide prairies, and the large herds of buffalo roaming over them. He tried his arrow

and killed a buffalo, and found that its flesh was good for food. Then he returned to his home far down in the earth, and told of all the wonderful things he had seen. Other young men, hearing these wonderful stories, determined to go up and see with their own eyes such strange sights. So they climbed the vine, and two young women of the tribe went with them. They made a long stay there, and an old woman of the tribe, very large and heavy, wished to go up to the wonderful place. But the chiefs said, 'No.' The vine was slender and the woman was large. She must be contented to stay at home. But her curiosity was very great; and at night, when all were asleep, she arose from her mat and went to the vine and began to climb. When she had gone part of the way up the vine, its slender branches broke. Down came the large woman, and the vine came down with her."

"What a fall was there, my countrymen!" said Charley. "I think I see her, poor old woman! all tangled in the vine. Curiosity punished!"

"But did not the fall kill her?" said little Maggie, compassionately.

"No; she was severely hurt, but she did not die. She was held in disgrace by all the tribe for having brought upon them a loss that nothing could replace. No other vine ever grew so high; and the Mandans who were in the centre of the earth could never again ascend to the wonderful place. The young men and the maidens who were above could never return to their subterranean abode; so they made a new home there by the banks of the beautiful Mis-

souri, and built the first Mandan village. In time they increased greatly and became a numerous people. They built many villages on the river. The remainder of the tribe live under the ground to this day. In times of trouble the Mandans above dig holes in the earth and talk to those below, and are supposed to receive answers full of wisdom from the dwellers in the earth."

"Do the Mandans still live in Missouri, mamma?"

"As a nation, the Mandans have now no existence. Nearly twenty years ago, all of the tribe except thirty or forty were swept away in one summer by disease. The old chief — Mahtotohpa, the Four Bears — saw his wives and children die around him, while he recovered from the disease. He walked through the village and saw his brave warriors all laid low. Then, returning to his lodge, he placed the lifeless bodies of his dear ones together, and covered them reverently with robes. Then, wrapping a robe around himself, he went out upon a hill and lay down, resolved to starve, that he might go to his family. At the end of the sixth day, when his strength was nearly exhausted, he arose and went to his wigwam, and lay down in the gloom by the side of the lifeless ones, and drew his robe over him. At the end of the tenth day he died."

"What was the disease, Aunt Mary?"

"The small-pox. It made fearful ravages among other tribes at the same time."

"The Mandans who survived were mingled with the Riccarees, who took possession of their village, after the disease had subsided. And afterwards,

while fighting with the Sioux, they were cut to pieces and destroyed."

The bright sunset sky had faded. The moon and stars looked down upon the clear river, the maples, and the locusts. The flowers had fallen from little Maggie's hand, and Charley looked very tired. So the evening service was read, the evening hymn was sung, and Charley, bidding Cousin Lizzie "Good night," told her to dream of her promised journey with her two brave knights, Dr. Lee and himself.

S. E. S.

THE SONG OF THE MOSQUITOS.

COME, brothers, come!
Here 's a hole in the net!
Slip into the room, —
We 'll have a treat!
Here 's something sweet, —
Three little sleepers
Have shut up their peepers,
And we 'll have a taste of every one.
Who would stoop
To sip turtle soup,
Or of champagne
A glass would drain,
When here is wine,
Rarer wine
Than ever was pressed from out the vine,
Than ever wet Bacchus' lips divine.

Once we were good temperance folks;
But that was when we lived in the brooks,

In the ponds, and in the pools.
Were n't we fools?
Send cold water to the dogs,
Or the frogs
And their pretty polliwogs!
When we were little fishy folks
Wriggling our tails along the brooks,
We were content to live on slops;
But now we can aspire
To something rather higher
Than the swamps and the dank and dewy copse.
Such smart and dashing blades are we,
Rich and red our drink must be!
Sip and sing, — sing and sip!
Smack your lips, and take a nip!

Come, broach me first the six years old.
He 's not quite safe, — but we are bold.
He 's a more restless fish
Than hungry folks could wish.
He, may be, might,
Just out of spite,
Or in a fright,
Give one a whack
Upon the back
That would upset one's appetite.
He 's lean and long, — he 's tough and strong, —
He might blunt a fellow's sting
Without meaning such a thing.
So we 'll only sing him a song, —
Sing him a song, —
Of the nights too short and the days too long.

Now try we another,
The long one's brother.
The three years' chub sleeps very sound:
He 's juicy and tender, — he 's ruddy and round.
Strike in! — strike in! —

At the chubby, round chin !

Sweet, O sweet !

A fragrant treat !

Each cheek is a peach,

And we 'll take a taste of each,

Or, you may take the one, and I 'll take the other,

And so we 'll divide the fat little brother.

I saw his mother when she put him to bed ;

(I was roosting on her head ;))

And I heard what she said.

She called him peach, and dumpling, and sugar-candy nice :

I thought she would devour him, and leave us ne'er a slice.

O here is another

Tenderer yet than the plump little brother !

The baby ! The baby !

We 'll have her for dessert.

'T is perilous ! It may be

She 'll cry out when she 's hurt,

And that will bring the mother in

To hush our little sisterkin.

No matter, no matter ; we 'll sing her a song

And soothe her to sleep.

Such a tooting we 'll keep

All night long !

We 'll hover above her and sing her a song,

With a twang of the wing, we 'll sing, sing,

With a twang of the wing, we 'll sing, sing.

Not a bad way

The reckoning to pay.

The tenderling ! the tenderling !

She 's just the thing, —

The thing to sting.

Is it what she was made for ? Who knows ?

Mamma would say, " No, no," I suppose.

The sweet-water grape !

She shall not escape,

Neither she nor her dumpling brother ;
Whether made for us gnats, or for their mother.
When the baby sleeps by daylight, they cover her from the flies.
And that is very wise.
Indeed, it were a waste, —
A waste of a pearl, —
For a fly to get a taste
Of such a sweet little girl.
The fly, — no epicure is he !
She 's fit for only such as we.

Come, taste the little fingers, and taste the little toes !
And take, O take a nip of the cunning little nose !
Nobody knows, nobody knows
But her mother and we what a sweet little rose
Is this ! is this !
The darling sis !
Come ! Never fear
The little dear ;
The helpless baby arm
Could do a gnat no harm.
A dozen times to-day
I 've heard her mother say
That she should eat her up, most surely, —
Has she spared her to oblige us, purely ?
Then sting, brothers, sting
The sweet little thing.
Sting and sing !
Sing and sting !

Her mother may love her
As well as another,
But not as we ; O no ! O no !
As morning light shall show.
Though she threatens so to eat her,
And does otherwise ill treat her,
Biting her, and squeezing her,
And then with kisses teasing her,

Say, did ever she
 Leave such proofs as we, —
 Such tokens of affection
 In every direction,
 From little snubby nose
 To little stubby toes !
 “O, there ’s nothing half so sweet in life
 As these young things !
 In that mamma and we
 Do very well agree.
 Hurrah for the baby, the innocent thing !
 The tit-bit ! the tenderling !
 We ’ll sing, sing !
 And sting, sting
 The dear little thing !
 All night we ’ll feast here
 Upon the precious little dear,
 ‘ We wont go home till morning,
 Till daylight doth appear ! ’ ”

A. A. C.

PUZZLES.

| | | | | Add five straight marks, and make 9.

Take nine from six, ten from nine, and fifty from forty, and leave six.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9. Arrange these numbers in three rows, so that you shall count 15 in every direction.

ALL 'S RIGHT WITHOUT, WHEN ALL 'S RIGHT
WITHIN.

No. II.

THE sheep came galloping, and the lambs followed, with many a frolicsome frisk and kick up; but when they saw the children close behind the farmer, they stopped, and huddled together, in a mass. A handful of salt strewn upon a rock in plain sight tempted one old ewe to leave the throng, and directly the rest got over their panic, and came up, helter-skelter; some of them ate even from the farmer's hand. Lucy took a handful, and held it out, very quietly and perseveringly, but in vain.

"It is because Phebe is running about so! I should think she *might* keep still; but then one can't expect anything of a little indulged thing like her," said Lucy. "I never can get a chance to do anything I particularly want to. I am always hindered, one way or another; I expect it."

Jane ran to show Phebe a lady-bug which had alighted upon her arm, and while the child was watching its travels over mit and sleeve, and repeating the old rhyme of the Lady-bird, Lucy had the delight of seeing a sheep draw nearer and nearer, with wishful eyes. However, the little sharp nose would not trust itself in the unfamiliar hand, after all Lucy's motionless waiting.

"There," said Martha to Mary, "it was *not* Phebe's fault."

"No, indeed," answered Mary, with a grimace.

Lucy observed it. None of the children seemed sorry at her want of success, though they had watched the experiment with some interest. Lucy sighed, and threw the salt upon the rock.

Presently the farmer came to her with a large lamb in his arms, nearly full grown. "This was a cosset, and I dare say will accept anything you will please to offer," said he.

"Perhaps one of the others would like to try," said Lucy. "Mary, will not you?"

"' Mary had a little lamb,' " sang Sally and Nancy, in unison, while the lamb accepted a crumb of cracker which Lucy put into Mary's fingers.

"But why did you not give it to him yourself," asked Martha. "It came out of your own pocket. You had the best right."

"I enjoy it just as much so," said Lucy, in a smiling mood. "And more too, since Mary likes to feed him. There is one crumb left; here it is. I wish I had some more. I am sorry I did not go without my luncheon in recess." And the smile gave place to the usual pensive gravity. "What a pretty creature it is, except the black nose and feet! I don't like *them*!"

The little berry-pickers had not long been among the bushes, before Lucy began to complain of a heavy pair of shoes which her mother had induced her to wear. It did not prove to be wet in the pasture, and the precaution seemed to have been superfluous.

"I might just as well have worn my slippers, and I should have been *so* comfortable!"

"She would have found something else to fuss

about," said Martha to Jane, who immediately moved away, leaving a full bush unplundered.

Lucy wandered to the edge of a little pond. Here she was assailed by a swarm of mosquitos, and in defending herself from them, she suddenly felt that she had a wet foot. She sprang to a distance from the water's edge, with a faint scream, supposing at first she had dipped her foot in the pond. Jane ran to her, happening to see her throw herself on the grass to examine her foot. They were astonished when they saw the wet stocking, and observed that the bank was far above the water. The other children came running to the spot, at their call, and Martha explained the mystery.

"Some one has trodden upon this side-saddle plant," said she, picking up Lucy's basket, which she had dropped close beside it. "Some of its pitcher leaves are crushed." Then there was a hearty burst of laughter, and Lucy was as merry as the rest. Jane examined the plant with great curiosity, and pulled a leaf to carry home to her mother."

"What a cunning little pitcher!" said she, pouring out the water it contained.

"It must be stuffed with cotton, if you want it to dry in its proper shape," said Mary. "Strange you never saw one before! We kept one in a tub, once, and mother filled the pitchers with water when they got low, in the hot weather."

"And you don't know how many silly flies and spiders went and drowned themselves in them!" said Phebe. "O such a lot!"

Lucy went to tell Farmer Sterling her adventure, and sat down to dry her ankle in the sunshine.

"There, you are glad to have a hot sun, *now*," said he, with a roguish glance over his shoulder.

"Yes, and I need not have fretted about my thick shoe, which has kept my foot snug and dry inside," said she, with a smile. "I like to stay here with you. I do not know why it is, but my school-mates never seem to like me very well. I would do anything to gratify them, but I suppose I am naturally disagreeable."

The farmer was driving nails, and did not seem to hear her.

"I should think you would hate to be mending an old black fence; why do you not have a new one?"

"Can't afford it. So I don't ask myself whether I hate to mend it, or not. It must be done." And he certainly *seemed* to take pleasure in his work, as he went on, with quick and expert motions, wasting neither time nor materials, and making everything firm and strong again, from the point where he started. "I guess this will last a good spell. A new fence, did you say? I do not want one. It would be a waste."

Lucy sat watching him, and thinking of the rents she had been obliged to mend in garments she would have thrown by, but for her mother.

"You are not poor, are you, dear Uncle Asa?" said she, at last. "Do you have to 'conomize?"

"Poor compared with some, rich compared with others," said the farmer, smiling. "Yes, I do have to pinch, — that is, I can't have everything I may happen to think desirable."

"I wish you and mother had a gold mine!" said Lucy.

"Thank you, I would rather not," said the old man.

Lucy opened her brown eyes in wonder, and repeated, "Rather not!"

"Lucy, you are more knowing and thoughtful than most children of your age."

Lucy had often heard her mother say so, and ascribe it to her having been an invalid, and consequently much more with older people than with those of her own age. So she said, simply: "Yes, I know it."

"I think you can understand this. I was rich once, Lucy; I had a great business, and a great deal of money was always passing through my hands. I was a worldly, scheming man. I found no time for my family, except the weary remains of my hurried day; no spare time for myself, or to attend to my only child, a boy of your age."

"Why,—not Sunday?" said Lucy.

"My mind was harassed by business cares and vexations, even on the day of rest; and the press of affairs obliged me sometimes to write letters and arrange my papers for the next day."

"Oh!" said Lucy, "I would not have done it for anybody!"

"Least of all for self," said the farmer. "Well, Lucy, God took my riches away, when they were not good for me. I failed, and my creditors, knowing I had done my best for their interest, made me a present of this farm, after all my accounts were finally settled."

"I thought creditors were always cruel!" said Lucy.

"By no means," said the farmer, with tears in his eyes. "To the honest, they are sometimes very generous."

"Poor Aunt Ruth! was she not sorry to be a farmer's wife, when she had always had a great deal of money before?"

"To be sure, at first."

"And the boy of my age?"

"O, it has been the making of Seth. When he thought he was to be rich without labor, he was idle, and idle boys are not apt to be good."

"Oh!" said Lucy, thoughtfully. "It is best then that I have to help mother, I suppose. I won't hate to sew, any more,—if I can help it!"

"Do you *always* dislike it?"

"No, not when I am sitting on the cricket at my mother's feet, hearing her sing old songs, and tell stories. And sometimes, I have liked to sew up in my little chamber, when the sun came in pleasantly, and I had happy thoughts."

"All is right without, when all is right within," said the farmer. "Happy thoughts, not riches, not the having our own way, and our own will; do you see?"

"Yes," said Lucy, sighing. "But when I cannot have things to suit me, I don't have any happy thoughts. I am more fretful than Jane, because I have been sick a great deal. Now I am well, but—"

"Now is the time to be grateful and cheerful, then. No doubt it was best for you to suffer, and now your Heavenly Father gives you health; try that that may be good for you, too."

"Best for me to have pain! I wonder why," said Lucy. "But I suppose it was, or God would have made me well sooner."

"It has made you serious and sensible, — a child that can think and feel for others, has it not?"

Lucy's face lighted up, but she said nothing.

"It has made you gentle, and sweet-tempered, and affectionate."

"Oh!" said Lucy, blushing, and putting her hands over her face to hide her smiles.

"It has saved you many temptations and trials."

Lucy looked up. She did not quite feel that it had, but she would think more about it, some time. Just then the farmer pounded his thumb instead of the nail he was holding ready.

"O dear! That is too bad!" cried Lucy, grieved to the heart, and suffering more from sympathy than the hardy old man did from pain. "Oh! it is *too* bad!"

"Not at all. If it did not hurt me to injure my body, it would not last long. I need to be reminded to take the best care of it."

"Oh!" said Lucy, a little comforted.

"Luckily I had about finished. Hallo! Martha and Mary! Hallo! Phebe! Sally!"

"No need of calling Nancy too," said Lucy. "They are like a pair of scissors." She was going to regret that it was time to go home, but bethought herself in season to say instead, "What a beautiful time I have had!"

"Here they come. Lucy, I will tell you why you are not popular with them. You want the sunshine

of cheerfulness. Children, like flies, turn towards the light."

Lucy's intelligent look was a sufficient reply, and the farmer brought the wagon from the shady nook where old Bay had been comfortably resting, gently whisking and tossing his short tail, and champing a mouthful of leaves now and then from a near bough or bush.

"Here is your basket, Lucy," said Martha, the first to arrive. "Have you been worrying about it?"

"Why, it is all full of berries!" cried Lucy, joyfully. "And lined so nicely with maple-leaves! Who did it? Jane?"

"All of us," said Mary, coming up soberly, and trying not to look her expectation that Lucy, even Lucy, would be pleased.

"Thank you all, very much. Very kind, I am sure; very." And she looked carefully all over the basket. "And it is not soiled one mite."

Aunt Ruth had the whole party round her early tea-table, to eat the huckleberry-cake she had promised them, and when they separated, they all thought the Belsons very pleasant girls, *both* of them. Lucy had taken the farmer's hint.

Mrs. Belson had a variety of proverbs which she had had frequent occasion to quote to one of her daughters. "Take things by the smooth handle. Do not make mountains of mole-hills. When we've not what we like, we must like what we have. If you are good, you will be thankful for what you can get; if you are not, it is good enough for you. Never mind trifles, when self is concerned; never disregard

them, when they affect the comfort of others." Lucy had submitted to the daily application of these sayings, as if they had been so many little rods; she had not been made cheerful by them. But she became so by thinking upon the farmer's motto: *All is right without, when all is right within.*

ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. 1066.

William the Conqueror's reign we fix
In the year one thousand and sixty-six.

WILLIAM RUFUS. 1087.

In one thousand and eighty-seven is begun
That of King William the Second, his son.

HENRY I., BEAUCLEK. 1100.

The date when Henry First appears
Is just eleven hundred years.

STEPHEN THE USURPER. 1135.

Add just thirty-five, and you have the date
When Stephen began to govern the state.

HENRY II. 1154.

In eleven hundred and fifty-four
Henry the Second the diadem wore.

RICHARD I., THE LION-HEARTED. 1189.

Eleven hundred and eighty-nine just
Put on the throne King Richard the First.

JOHN, LACKLAND. 1199.

He leaves the crown to his brother, John,
In the year of our Lord twelve hundred, save one.

HENRY III. 1216.

Next Henry Third on the throne is seen ;
Remember the date, twelve hundred sixteen.

EDWARD I., LONGSHANKS. 1272.

In the year twelve hundred and seventy-two,
Edward the First takes the crown as his due.

EDWARD II. 1307.

In thirteen hundred and seven, his son,
King Edward the Second, ascends the throne.

EDWARD III. 1327.

Thirteen hundred and twenty-seven brings
Edward the Third to his place 'midst the kings.

RICHARD II. 1377.

In thirteen hundred and seventy-seven
Richard is crowned, at the age of eleven.

HENRY IV. 1399.

And in thirteen hundred and ninety-nine
Comes Henry the Fourth, of the Lancaster line.

HENRY V. 1413.

The year fourteen hundred and thirteen brings
His son, Henry the Fifth, among the kings.

HENRY VI. 1422.

And in fourteen hundred and twenty-two,
A babe, Henry Sixth, on the throne we view.

EDWARD IV. 1461.

In fourteen sixty-one, the red rose is down,
The white rose ascends; Edward Fourth wears the crown.

EDWARD V. 1483.

In the year fourteen hundred and eighty-three,
A child, Edward Fifth, on the throne we see.

RICHARD III., CROOKBACK. 1483.

Richard the Third next came into power,
Having murdered his nephews that year in the Tower.

HENRY VII., RICHMOND. 1485.

Fourteen hundred and eighty-five closes
With Henry the Seventh, uniting the roses.

HENRY VIII. 1509.

His son, Henry Eighth, of the Tudor line,
Succeeds to the throne, fifteen hundred and nine.

EDWARD VI. 1547.

In fifteen forty-seven, behold
Edward the Sixth, but ten years old.

MARY. 1553.

Bloody Mary, his sister, a queen we see
In fifteen hundred and fifty-three.

ELIZABETH. 1558.

And in fifteen hundred and fifty-eight,
The great Elizabeth rules the state.

JAMES I. 1603.

In sixteen three, King James we view
On the English throne and the Scottish too.

CHARLES I. 1625.

And in sixteen hundred and twenty-five
Did Charles the First at the throne arrive.

1649.

By Cromwell, in sixteen forty-nine,
He 's driven his throne, with his life, to resign.

1658.

Till sixteen hundred and fifty-eight
Lasts Cromwell and the Protectorate.

CHARLES II. 1660.

In two years more, King Charles the Second,
Of the Stuart race, from France is beckoned.

JAMES II. 1685.

Not till sixteen hundred and eighty-five
Does the second James at the throne arrive.

1688.

He tramples down the Constitution
And brings about a revolution.

WILLIAM AND MARY. 1689.

By which he 's compelled his crown to resign
To William and Mary, sixteen eighty-nine.

ANNE. 1702.

In seventeen hundred and two, Queen Anne,
Their younger sister, her reign began.

GEORGE I. 1714.

Then seventeen hundred and fourteen brings
King George, the first of the Hanover kings.

GEORGE II. 1727.

To George the Second the crown is given
In seventeen hundred and twenty-seven.

GEORGE III. 1760.

In seventeen sixty, on George the Third,
Who loses our country, the crown is conferred.

GEORGE IV. 1820.

In eighteen hundred and twenty, the crown
To George the Fourth is handed down.

WILLIAM IV. 1830.

And eighteen hundred and thirty brings
William Fourth to the throne, the last of the kings.

VICTORIA. 1837.

Eighteen thirty-seven, Victoria gains
The British sceptre. She still reigns.

CASTELLO BRANCO.

ON the southwestern shore of the island of Fayal a large rock or bluff projects into the sea, which from its whiteness and its picturesque appearance, as seen at a distance, has received the name of Castello Branco, or the White Castle.

Seen from a point on the southern coast, from which we often viewed it, it is a very striking object, standing so firmly in the blue water, its noble form

towering above the other promontories, and presenting a fine contrast to their dark, rich coloring. It is one of the most interesting features of the beautiful little island of which it forms a part, and one day we made an excursion that we might become better acquainted with it.

We were sixteen in number, some mounted on horses, some on donkeys, and one lady carried in a palanquin, — a kind of conveyance that resembles a cradle without rockers. It was borne by two men, attended by others ready to relieve them of their burden when tired. The rock is six miles from the town of Horta, and the road follows the shore. This is the only good, level road on the island, for the hills are steep and the paths over them are so washed by the heavy rains that they can never be in very good condition, and are quite impracticable except for donkeys. On this fine road the horses had the advantage, and the donkeys knew it, but did not seem willing to acknowledge it; so when the noble horses were allowed to take a rapid pace, the poor jackasses started off in awkward imitation. Though soon distanced by the superior animals, they galloped on, as if resolved to see what they could do. I rode a donkey, which had an impudent habit of crossing the path of the horses. He persisted in annoying in this way a frisky little pony, bringing his own rider much nearer to his capering hoofs than was agreeable. If the pony's bridle had not been held by a skilful hand, the spirited little creature would probably have revenged himself upon the ill-mannered donkey. Horses and jacks are not on very good

terms with each other. The former evidently regard with proud contempt their humble comrades, and the latter, perhaps conscious of peculiar merits of their own, resent in no very becoming way the scorn of their superiors.

We had a beautiful day for our excursion. Along the road we had on one side the sparkling blue water, and on the other the beautiful green hills which rise higher and higher to the Caldeira. Every turn opened a new view to us, and each view gave us some fresh delight. We passed a great many houses of the poorer people, built of rough stone without plaster, and covered with thatched roofs. The pigsty was usually in front of the house, and pigs and children were companions together around the door. The people came to see us with as much interest as a public procession excites in America. Little children hid timidly behind their mothers' dresses, and just peeped out with their black eyes to see us pass.

We were obliged to leave our animals at the distance of half a mile or more from the rock, and we walked by a narrow footpath through the fields to its base.

There is no vegetation at the foot of the rock. The ground is irregular and broken, and looks like hardened mud or lava. The bluff is connected with the island only by a narrow bridge of rock, the ascent of which is very steep. It looks quite inaccessible to one standing below it, but the foothold is always sure; and though the ascent seems something like climbing a ladder, I found it on the whole easier than I expected.

The sides of the bluff rise almost perpendicularly

from the sea, and the water is so deep around it, that they told us a whaler had once struck her yards against the precipice and passed unharmed.

Wild pigeons find holes here which serve them for their homes; and as we looked over from the giddy height, we saw them hovering far below, between us and the sea.

The material of which Castello Branco is composed is a sort of pumice, or decomposed lava, and crumbles readily to the touch. There is no other stone like it on the island. We were surprised to find, on the desolate summit, a large area of nearly level plain covered with heath. The soil is very poor, but yields a scanty crop of melons, corn, and potatoes.

There are remnants of an old wall and cisterns, showing that it was once the site of a convent or monastery. These carried our thoughts back to the past, and we wondered about the strange old monks who had lived in this lonely place, eight hundred feet above the sea, which lay so calmly all around us, and we thought how pleasantly the convent-bell must have sounded in that pure air, as it called the monks to morning and evening worship.

But our thoughts were soon carried back beyond the dim old monks, and their convent-bell, for, having crossed the field and left the ruins, we found ourselves at the edge of a crater, the bottom of which is a smooth plain, and is cultivated. This cold, dreary rock, then, on which we stood, had been a volcano; from that calm, still height the fiery flames had darted, the blackened smoke had rolled in clouds around

its summit, and the water which rippled so blue and so gently against the mountain-side had boiled and raged and darkened as the fiery shower was quenched in its abyss. All this has been, but many quiet centuries have passed over the green island since that day.

We would gladly have stayed a long while on the summit, enjoying the sunshine and the stillness and the glorious view around us. But the day was not long enough to allow us much time for rest. We had left some of our party below, and knew that they waited dinner for us. The descent was quickly accomplished, step by step; it was like going down a steep staircase. We broke some pieces of the crumbling pumice from the rock, to take with us to our distant homes. Having collected the scattered members of our party, we dined pleasantly under the shelter of the rocks at the base of the mountain, and then proceeded homewards.

The softened light made our afternoon ride very agreeable. There was no glare to trouble us. After sunset, as the twilight deepened, the gentle murmur of the waves rippling against the shore seemed to chime in harmony with our pleasant recollections of the day, and we rode quietly along, enjoying the beauty and the evening silence, till our donkey-driver's prolonged "E-e-e-e-h!" reminded us that we had reached our door.

E. A. E.

A LETTER.

DEAR RICHARD:—

I have found an old letter of mine, which you put in a book as a mark. Such spelling! If I should try odd ways of spelling now, I could not find any half so funny. And the writing is so ugly! Great black marks and blots everywhere. And the letters seem to be kicking each other, and falling over upon their noses, or their backs. Now they are all on the line, you see, and leaning forward slightly, just like sober people walking in procession. To write to you every week has been a fine thing for me, papa says. Now that I write easily, it is not a task.

Just now a young hemp-bird paid us a visit. In he came, and went round and round Emma's chamber, just as if he wanted to look at all the things. I called mamma. "Poor thing, how frightened he must be!" said she. But he was not; he was very much at home, *I* think. When she came into the room, he flew out of it over the top of the open door. We searched the entries, and went down and looked under the staircase. We came up again, and hunted all about. There he was, perched upon the top of the window-curtain. When we spied him, he was peeping down at us, first turning one eye, then the other, towards us. He looked so saucy, we all laughed very loud. Up came William, with a pen in his mouth, to see what was going on. "Could you catch the little fool without hurting him?" said

mamma. "I want to get him out before anything can happen to him." You must know there is a great yellow cat that comes in at our windows from a tree. She prowls all over the house, and is always jumping out from some dark corner, and scaring me. One day she stole some beefsteaks from the grid-iron. And William named her Jemmy Jedd.*

William went and put his hand gently over the little bird. He thought he had him; but whirr! away he flew. Then he sat on the carpet awhile, looking about composedly enough. William crept round behind him. Up he went, as if he had wanted to say, "No you don't! I see what you intend, sir!"

Mamma spied him behind the bed. She crept on hands and knees to catch him. He was not there. As she half rose, she saw him sitting on the pillow, and looking down at her. Then he hopped right upon her head. We all shouted and screamed with mirth. He sat there, turning his head first one way, then the other, looking at his toes, as if he were saying to himself, "What is this great ball that feels so warm and comfortable to my feet?"

"Open the blind," said mamma. I did. When she put her head out, the saucebox would not go. When she shook her head, he slid and slipped, and yet clung on. We screamed and shouted with mirth. "Push him off," said mamma, who was not fond of being a bird-roost. I thought he would fly if I touched him. Not he. I gave him such a

* "And Jemmy Jedd up *steaks* and fled." — *Mother Goose*.

shove he had to fly. But he came back in an instant. Then I pushed him off once more, and we shut the blinds very quick. We could see him balancing upon his wings, and looking in. But we did not let him come. I am tired, writing such a long story, so good by till next week.

MARY.

NOTICE.

As *The Child's Friend* will be published in Cambridge at present, it will be sent to subscribers by mail or express. If any copies fail to come to hand, the Editor would like to be informed, and also if any of the back numbers have been sent to new subscribers deficient in plates. The postage is 6 cents a year.

The Editor will, in future, give the names of the writers in the table of contents, in every instance, unless particularly forbidden. This has been suggested and urged by some of the subscribers.



W. H. Sullivan. Engraver.

FRIENDLESS AND HOMELESS CHILDREN.

"FRIENDLESS children! what visions of gloom and sadness are called up by these words! What multitudes of these little ones are seen at the twilight of evening, mingling in the homeward stream! Some go to the sanctuary of loving homes; some, to places which it seems a mockery to call by that sweet name, where chill penury and want brood by the hearth, with gaunt misery and ghastly death. Others retire to places that may be designated as mortal tombs, where huddle the demons of drunkenness and debauchery; where God is but a dark cloud of muttering thunder in the soul; where childhood is baptized in infamy, and overhung with curses. Hundreds in our large cities are found, in their early childhood, so helpless, and confiding, and yet with no maternal bosom to lean upon, — no words of love, like the breath of spring, to develop their affectional nature, — left to the whirl of evil and the prowling destroyer. Such children are seen in our midst, left to the action of influences that cast over the young life an abiding gloom, — children that look sad and melancholy, with the cares of age and the forecast of evil fixed and frozen in their juvenile faces. 'A melancholy child!' what an anomaly among the harmonies of the universe! something as incongruous as a bird drooping in a cage, or a flower in a sepulchre.

"A few facts will serve to give a perceptible reality to the gloomy picture, and quicken our sympathy for poor and parentless children.

"A gentleman passing one day through the streets of Edinburgh, saw a boy, who lived by selling fire-wood, standing with a heavy load upon his back, looking at a number of boys amusing themselves in a play-ground. 'Sometimes,' says the writer, 'he laughed aloud, at other times looked sad and sorrowful.' Stepping up to him, I said, 'Well, my boy, you seem to enjoy the fun very much; but why don't you lay down your load of sticks?' 'I wa' n't thinking about the burden,—I wa' n't thinking about the sticks, sir.' 'And may I ask what you *were* thinking about?' 'O, I was just thinking what the good missionary said the other day. You know, sir, I don't go to church, for I have no clothes; but one of the missionaries comes every week to our stair, and holds a meeting, and among other things he said: "Although there are rich and poor folks in this world, yet we are all brothers." Now, sir, just look at these lads,—every one of them has fine jackets, fine caps, with warm shoes and stockings, but I have none. So I was just thinking, if those were my brothers, it does n't look like it. See, sir, they are all flying kites, while I am flying in rags; they are running about at kick-ball and cricket, but I must climb the long, long stairs, with a heavy load and an empty stomach, whilst my back is like to break. It does n't look like it, sir,—it does n't look like it.' "— *Home Scenes*.

And the want of sympathy grieved him more than the want of food, and clothing, and sport. He felt that he was nothing to them. Their indifference, their neglect, their possible contempt or pride,—

thence was the deep heart-wound which would fester into hatred of the careless rich, and make the boy a criminal before he became a man.

But brighter days are coming, days when well-taught children are to be allowed to *act*, as well as to *learn*. Any of these playful boys, who had been taught that there was something in their power to *do*, would have left their play at such an appeal as the above. Pity grows by benevolent action, and the feeling of brotherhood is never wanting when properly appealed to. How eagerly children read stories of kind deeds to the poor! Their hearts are warm, and imaginary sorrows touch them always. No doubt they feel, more than they seem to do, for poor, and even ragged and dirty children, whom they pass in the street with hardly a glance. "There is nothing I can do. I will not pain my heart by dwelling upon their suffering," is the feeling of many a child, as we may know by going back to our own early experience. I have never yet forgotten a poor boy I saw standing at the railing of Boston Common, watching boys coasting down hill. He was suffering from cold, probably, but the sorrow in his face was deeper and more fixed than bodily pain produces. Yet I passed him by, and gave no token that my heart was wrung. I had not got to the end of the street before I felt remorse; and stopped. But I had no money, and should have been too shy to offer it to one who asked no charity, if I had. I paused, and looked back, but there seemed to be nothing I could do. "I don't know him," thought I. "It would be so *strange* in me to go and speak

to him." And I went on, yet never forgot him, or felt indifferent to my poor, sad, suffering unknown brother. It was a barren pity, but it shows that the innate feeling of brotherhood glows warmly beneath apparent indifference in children.

An excellent Superintendent in a Sunday school, wishing to give the children something to *do* as well as to learn, proposed to receive any money they would earn, or save, and apply it for them to some charitable use of their own choice. A young, and somewhat playful and inattentive class, caught at the idea with ardor. They had usually given but little heed to addresses, though they loved the good sub-pastor with great heartiness, for his smiles and his love and his pleasant voice. They were too volatile to attend long at a time to abstract teaching of any sort. Their teacher had been obliged to sow the seeds of future virtues in little stories which caught their attention, or in such conversation as the stories suggested, with no task but a few single verses from the Bible, which might be sometimes remembered as guides to action. As soon as action, and not something for study and reflection, was proposed from the desk, they listened. "What shall we do?" was asked with beaming eyes,—very different from an indifferent glance at a dry question-book, with "What have we got to get next time?" Plans of various sorts were proposed. The teacher was somewhat puzzled, as the ways in which very small children can earn money are few. She rejoiced to see the feeling so strong, and knew it was not to be measured by results in dimes and cents.

As Christmas approached, the boys in their talk in the class wished that their friends might some of them happen to give them money, instead of toys, because they then could give it to Mr. N——.

There came an appeal at that time from a school for poor boys in Lowell, which wanted a library. The Superintendent requested the children to bring any story-books they had to spare, at the same time telling them, that giving what they did not want was not benevolence. A large collection of worn books was brought in on Christmas Sunday. The youngest class brought some well-thumbed volumes; but there was one perfectly new one among the rest, bound in red, and gilt in the way most fascinating to children.

"Why, Thomas!" said the children to the boy who brought it. "Why, Tommy!" said the teacher, too, hesitating to accept it.

"Father gave it to me for a Christmas box," said Tommy. "And I thought the poor boys would be *so* glad to have such a *real pretty* book, I had rather they should have it. O, won't they like it! It is all about a sailor-boy, going to sea. I have not read it, only a little bit at the beginning."

The true feeling of brotherhood!

He had brought another book, which his father had provided him with on purpose to give, but the red book went also, and no look of regret followed it when it fell into the great heap, and disappeared.

A. W. A.

HOW I CAME TO BE HOMESICK.

It did seem strange, when I was so kindly treated, and when I had looked forward to this visit with such engrossing interest! I had watched the packing of my trunk, without a shadow of regret at leaving home. Indeed, I triumphed in the idea that I was considered old enough to be left by myself, in a new place. I had, a month before I left, told it in the strictest confidence to all my little schoolmates in succession, and enjoyed great distinction among them on account of it. I told them I was going for——O, I did not know how long! I promised unhesitatingly to write to every one, though I had not yet been promoted to pen and ink, and made a three day's job of one letter in pencil. When I started from home, in my new bonnet and best attire, an admiring procession of all my youthful acquaintance escorted me to the Depot. I was the centre of attraction, the one to be looked at, and beset, and talked to by all at once, and my heart swelled with pride and importance. It *was* strange, after all this, that I should want to be at home again, the very first hour! Yet so it happened. My heart was full when my mother kissed me, and told me to be a good little girl. It sank within me when I stood at the window and saw her go off, smiling, leaving me alone in my misery. When she looked back and nodded, I was on the point of rushing after her, and begging to be taken back; but I restrained myself with a great effort, and made no resistance to the

kind-looking lady who took off my bonnet. She did not know how to do it! She tangled it in my curls, and did not smooth them lovingly again with her hand like my mother. She fumbled at the fastening of my cloak, and finally rang for a maid to take it off, and carry "the young lady's" things away. That was what she called *me*! It seemed so strange and formal! A sense of utter desolation settled over me. This was but the beginning of my homesickness.

The lady asked me some questions very kindly, and I answered in monosyllables. With a child's quick instinct, I knew that she did it for the sake of saying something, not from genuine interest. She did not put her arm around me, and give me the good squeeze that children like. I sat, as prim as a dish, in a high chair, with my feet swinging. My eyes wandered slowly around the room. It was large, and high, and expensively furnished. Very grand, and very comfortless, to my unaccustomed eye. Everything was in perfect order, — not a chair uneven, not a particle of dust anywhere. And there was such an appalling silence! I heard a rumbling in the street, and turned my head timidly towards it. The lady hailed any sign of animation. "Would you like to look out of the window?" I shyly slid out of my chair, and stepped gravely and carefully over a rose-bestrewn carpet. If I had felt at home, I should have thrown myself on the floor before the bay window; but now I stood, in the stiffest of attitudes, feeling all the time as if the lady's eyes were fixed upon me. I was amused at first, with the

long train of carriages and people passing. The gay colors of the promenaders, the tumult of voices, the exciting blockings and stoppages in the narrow street, and the various novel city sights were so interesting, that I presently forgot everything in watching. It was only when the echo of my own voice came back to me in a surprised and delighted exclamation, that I remembered where I was. I had expected immediate response from little Becky or Fanny, who were always somewhere near me; and I was *alone*! I looked timidly behind me. The room seemed more silent and grander than ever. The sofa was empty. The lady was gone.

The twilight came stealing on, and yet it was but the middle of the afternoon. The great brick houses opposite shut out the light, and the sky. I could see only a little just above me. It was blue, bright, and clear; but where was the sun? The dark curtains, sweeping from ceiling to floor, and drooping heavily from a hand, (made of gold I thought,) shut out the last beams of light. So the hours dragged heavily by. Mrs. Harper made fitful efforts to entertain me. Mr. Harper took no notice of me at all. That I liked best. I was very miserable. I wanted to go to bed; but I dared not say it, so I sat up till nine o'clock, an unheard of hour at home. Then I tumbled out of my chair, so desperately sleepy that I was carried up stairs.

So passed the first day! After a while I became better acquainted with Mrs. Harper, and loved her too. But she was totally unused to children, and I was too timid and backward to make advances. I thought

she little guessed why I stole round with such a woe-begone face ; I knew too well the ridicule that usually follows a confession of homesickness, to bring it upon my head by tear or sigh. If there had been any one near to pity me, I should have given way at once. There was no kind mother near to comfort and encourage me, as she always did in my childish trials. There was nothing bright to look forward to, for my visit was of indefinite duration. If three days seemed a year — ah ! I could not make any reckoning, for each day was longer than the last. I tried to think of something else ; but there did not seem to be anything else to think about. I had nothing to take up my mind but myself and my griefs. There were no playthings that I cared about, no picture-books, no merry playmates to get up noisy games. I grew tired of watching the streets. All faces were strange to me. If I caught sight of a mantle that looked like my mother's, how my heart beat ! The bitter disappointment at a closer view overbalanced the first rapture. Little children passed, happy and frolicsome, as I had been long, long before. As for writing, I had so much to tell, and made such wretched work of it with no help, that I stopped it altogether. Mrs. Harper took me to walk ; but I was dressed very nicely, and must walk demurely by her side, holding her hand fast lest I should be lost. It was not a free, wild ramble in the country, where I could race and shout, and play the hoiden. No one would have guessed my capacities that way who saw the grave, well-behaved little girl in Mrs. Harper's elegant parlor. Sometimes I was shown

off to visitors, and requested to go through with some performance that had charmed the day before from its artlessness, for I was not quite all the time under constraint. Of course it lost all its grace in repetition. Or I heard certain bright sayings of mine told over in my presence. I intercepted meaning glances exchanged by Mrs. Harper and her friends at some of my unstudied pranks. However natural any movements at first might be, I was sure to be made conscious and affected, and uncomfortable in some such way. Children that retain anything of their original nature hate being played off like puppets. I was not accustomed to it. It mortified and humbled me. I grew more and more bashful, more and more unhappy, and Mrs. Harper looked upon me with curiosity as the "strangest child she ever saw." I heard her say so to visitors, in a whisper. She had always heard, and always believed, that children, like kittens, could and would find something to play with everywhere. They could amuse themselves in every place with the aid of their powerful imaginations. But now the kind Mrs. Harper began to have doubts about her theory. A bright thought struck her, as I was standing, one day, disconsolately watching from the window for the familiar face that never came. The child wanted company. "Ella!" said she, "you do not know those little girls that are running along the sidewalk; but *I* do. You shall have a party. There! How delightful that will be! Would not you like it?" Upon the impulse of the moment I said, "Yes." But I did *not* like it. A party at home would have

quite turned my head ; but here it would bring only strange children, and I should have to play with them, and entertain them. As an additional pleasure, Mrs. Harper told me that I should go round with the maid, and invite them myself. That was yet more distasteful, for I was shy and frightened ; yet my heart smote me for being ungrateful, when so great an effort was to be made to divert me. Kindness only added to my misery. I thought myself the most unhappy little mortal that had ever lived.

A letter came from my mother, written in a large, clear hand, that I might read it myself. It was a sweet, kind, loving letter. It made me more homesick than ever. I read it to myself, and then to Mrs. Harper, at her request, very fast, very tremulously, with a pause at each dear name, and a choke which it seemed to me I *could* not get over ! She was amused at my style of reading, and at what she thought was the flutter of ownership. A lady happening to call, she told me to get that nice letter I had received, and read it again aloud. My letter ! my *own* letter ! I was half disposed to rebel ; but indignation bringing its usual accompaniment of tears and burning cheeks, I was glad to obey, in order to make my escape for a moment or two. I came slowly back, and I began to read. But the very first sentence was a thorough, unmistakable, disgraceful break-down. I ran up stairs sobbing violently, and hid myself in the closet. There was no need of it. No one was coming. There was no Fanny here to come calling and searching for me,

no little Becky to throw her arms around my neck. It seemed to me an hour that I staid in that cold room. I suppose it was about ten minutes. Then the maid came to look for me, to lead me into the dreaded presence. I scarcely dared to look at the face that was turned to meet me as I entered; but I need not have feared. An amused smile, which she could not conceal, hovered about her lips; but the voice was kind as it could be. I should go home as soon as I liked, she said, and did not appear offended at all. So home I went the next day.

I was surprised to find no change there, and to hear Fanny and Becky say, with a candor hardly complimentary, that they had not missed me at all, I had been gone "such a little time." To me it seemed a year.

E. A. E.

THINKING ALOUD.

"WHATE'ER we think, it is not best
Our every thought should be expressed."
The axiom 's wise, and that 't is so
Example best may serve to show.
Along a pleasant, shady way,
A weary traveller passed one day,
On quiet roadster slowly trotting.
He chanced to see
A high o'erarching mulberry-tree,
Whose fruit 't were pity to leave rotting.
No fence beneath the loaded limb
A footing offered him;

Sadder the horseman grew, and sadder,
 As round he cast his eye
 A substitute to spy
 For the much wished for ladder,
 For he could naught discover —
 Not even a stake —
 With which a shift to make
 To reach the fruit that hung, so tempting, over.
 “Ha! I’ve a thought,” quoth he,
 And led his patient horse
 Under that bough, of course,
 Which hung the lowest from the lofty tree.
 And then his foot forsook
 The stirrup’s loop;
 His stand he on the saddle took.
 They formed a group, —
 His horse, I mean, and he, —
 You sometimes in the circus see,
 And feel it gives your nerves a shaking.
 Balanced on tiptoe thus, and quaking,
 Our traveller caught the bough.
 It yields its treasure now,
 But, while he fed,
 He ’twixt the sweet and juicy mouthfuls said,
 “Ha! this is well. But stay!
 What if some merry wag,
 Passing this way,
 Should say ‘GEE!’ to my nag!”
 Ah thoughtless man!
 So loud he spoke th’ authoritative word,
 His horse the well-known signal heard,
 And off he ran!
 Low lies our cavalier among the stones,
 And feels our motto’s force in all his bones.

A. E. G.

SALICIANA.

MANY years since, a lively boy broke a twig from a willow on the borders of Sallows Brook, and, making himself a rude whistle from the largest end, carelessly threw the remnant down. It took an erect position, and, sinking into the soft earth, remained as if planted by a careful hand. He looked after it with an amused expression upon his countenance, and turned off, waking the echoes with his sylvan pipe as he went on his way. A few weeks after, he chanced again to wander in that direction, and found his twig had taken root, and put out some bright leaves. He clapped his hands with delight, called it his *whistle-tree*, and afterwards came often to watch its growth. Now it happens that this region about Sallows Brook has from time immemorial been inhabited by the little Arborites or Tree-fairies, whose business it is to superintend and promote the growth of all the trees in the immediate neighborhood. These merry little sprites daily shut themselves up, each within his or her peculiar tree, and find ample employment during the long hours of daylight in straightening the limbs, directing the sap, smoothing the bark, and spreading carefully out the delicate fibres of the roots, that they may derive all possible nutriment from the surrounding soil. At night, after directing the water to the roots, folding up the tender leaves, and shedding refreshing dews over the branches, they leave their work till morning, and, all retreating to a little sequestered glade, amuse

themselves with dance and song. In a moonlight night the little creatures may be seen bounding and frisking in the very joy of their hearts; and what so refreshing as play with the consciousness of previous well-performed duty! One night they assembled earlier than usual. It had been a hot summer's day, and the delicious coolness of the air was truly welcome after their imprisonment within the close bark of the trees. The moon shone down into the clear water, and shed a soft light over the scene of fairy merriment. The king and queen of the Arborites tripped lightly among their diminutive courtiers, and added their ringing laugh to the general chorus of mirth. The music of their tiny instruments was delicate, yet so exquisitely penetrating, that it rose triumphant over the envious murmurs of the inhabitants of the pools. The *piping* frogs screamed from a distant swamp, the *trillers* from a dark pool on the left, and now and then an envious paddock lifted his nose above the water of the pond close by, and, uttering a scornful and emphatic Pu-toob! sunk wrathfully to his rushy depths again. All this served but to divert the little creatures, and increase the hilarity of the scene. They danced and frolicked till their pliant limbs refused to bound any longer, when they threw themselves panting upon the grassy bank, some to talk and laugh, and others to lose the memory of their fatigues and their pleasures in sleep. "Look, my beloved," said the king of the fairies, "upon these sleeping children, and tell me which is capable of taking charge of the little tree which has sprung up on the very borders of our Fairy Round.

I love the little plant; that sweet, rosy-cheeked boy has consecrated it by his rude music, and the earnest love with which he views his leafy *protégé*. Let us appoint our loveliest child to the charge of this pet plant, and let her sympathy mingle with that of the young and joyous spirit which now watches over its progress." "Ah," quoth the little queen, "who but our dear little Saliciana can fulfil this trust! She is at once the loveliest, the wisest, the purest, the most thoughtful of our train. To her care will we give it." With the earliest ray of light, Saliciana was inducted into office, and with the delight of a young and ardent soul entered upon her pleasing task. She seemed to infuse her own spirit of life and beauty into the delicate little sapling; it grew and flourished from day to day, and from year to year, till the branches danced and threw their flickering shadows upon the Fairy Round, sheltering the little elves who sported beneath it.

Meanwhile the boy had grown up into early manhood, and his cheerful spirit was bound and chastened, and his joyous countenance sobered, by deep and noble thought. Still came he to look upon his tree, and to love it; for amid his communings with his own beautiful spirit, his soul went abroad through nature, and renewed itself in the contemplation of the benevolence manifested in the wonderful works of creation. The good little fairy, who occupied the tree, always smiled out upon him from the glossy leaves, and gracefully waved the branches to welcome him. At last, however, he entirely disappeared; another residence and other pursuits severed him

from his favorite haunt. The fairy went on with sober faithfulness, but lacked the impulse which sympathy had given her. She had tasted the joys of communion with a human spirit, and she felt a void that nothing around her could fill.

Early one spring, two little girls came bounding hand in hand along the road under which passes the outlet from the brook. They were looking, poor things, for something which would assure them that spring had really come. Children are ever eager to greet the opening year. It is symbolical of themselves. The vivid green of the renewing grass, and opening of the early bud, the soft sweet air and the rushing water, inspire their bright spirits with hopes of happiness to come, and seem emblematical of their own fair promise of future good. With a shout of delight they espied the Fairy Round, which, by the special care of the tiny occupants, was far in advance of the spring, and seemed to invite them by its couch of green velvet to repose beneath Saliciana's tree. They bounded within the magic circle, and, throwing themselves carelessly down, began looking about them. "O," said S., "what pretty little buds are on this tree! What can they be? They look like little mice in their soft silky fur." "This is a willow-tree," said E. "Let us carry home a branch, and put it in water; the buds will bloom out." Saliciana had as yet no bright leaves to offer them, but gladly gave them her silky buds. They broke a long twig from the tree, and, seizing a handful of fresh grass, tripped joyously away with their vernal spoils. Saliciana followed the children home. She felt her

heart drawn towards them, for they were sisters of the boy who no longer frequented the borders of the willowy brook. She saw where the twig was deposited, and then returned to her home in the parent-willow. Daily did these little innocent girls change the water for their *protégé*, and watch the progress of the opening buds, little dreaming that daily also the sweet fairy came to aid them with her gentle cares. She swelled the bud, drew forth the delicate filaments, scattered the golden pollen over them, and delighted their eager eyes by some new and unlooked for change each succeeding day. But why do I speak in the past! she is even now, with her delicate fingers, working some change upon the little shoot, and glances with an eye of love and sweet encouragement upon the sisters as they sit in one chair, their arms around each other's waists, while they study from the same map on the little study-table before them. Often the glance of a dark eye is turned from the map to look lovingly upon the willow at their side, and they wonder what new and singular thrill of pleasure the object so well conned before imparts to their hearts. They little know that the spirit of love and beauty which seems to beam from it, is the approving smile of the beneficent little fairy. What doth that little fairy now watch? It is no longer her *material* charge. She knows the tree to have the very principle of decay within it. It grows, strengthens, and comes to perfection, but to decline and fade, and be no more seen for ever. She has quitted that for a far nobler task,—to watch and smile upon these lovely plants of home, these buds

of human promise. She watches the progress of *mind*, the unfoldings of moral and intellectual loveliness, that which can never fade nor decay, the most perfect, the most beautiful work of God! This shall last through all changes of time, till

"Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign."

E. E.

THE POOR BEGGAR-WOMAN.

O LASSIES, lay aside the doll,
And laddies, leave the hoop and ball,
And cease your noisy glee;
Your eyes are bright, your hearts are light,
And I am dark as wintry night,
But come and list to me!

For I was once as young and gay,
As mad for frolic, fun, and play,
And fair as the fairest here.
My home was in a mansion grand,
And servants waited my command,
With flattery and fear.

Within a garden rich I strayed,
Where roses bloomed and fountains played,
And all was bright and fair.
My every whim was gratified,
My every fancied want supplied,
By a fond father's care.

But I was haughty, proud, and vain,
And treated all with rude disdain
Who were less rich than I.
My playmates feared my scornful tone,
And of them all there was not one
Who loved me earnestly.

If sometimes on the crowded street
A ragged child I chanced to meet,
Unfriended and forlorn,
My rich attire aside I drew,
Replying to her looks of woe
With glance of cruel scorn.

I ne'er approached the dying bed,
I never soothed the aching head,
Nor wiped one tear away.
Careless, selfish, cold, and vain,
I turned from every scene of pain,
And want, and misery.

I little dreamed that even I
Should learn the woes of poverty,
And ask for help in vain!
I little dreamed I e'er should know
That tears which from true pity flow
Are the sweetest balm for pain.

My father died, — a ruined man, —
And then my life of woe began,
That ne'er on earth may end!
In time of bright prosperity
So haughty, harsh, and cold was I,
I had not then a friend.

How bitterly I now repent
The sins that brought such punishment,
O, children, you may see!

For many a glance of cold disdain,
Many a heartless word I gain,
Instead of charity.

The rich sweep on in stately pride,
The hasty jostle me aside,
All pass unheeding by.
And through the long and dreary night
I often lie in the cold moonlight,
Beneath the open sky.

Be merry, little ones, and gay,
Be happy in your harmless play,
But, O, be meek and kind!
Put sharp-eyed selfishness aside,
Let love and pity banish pride.
O, bear the poor in mind!

THE FIRST AND LAST DISOBEDIENCE.

No. II.

"HAVE n't yah chose yah guardeen?"

"What do you mean? Guardian?"

"Yass,—guardeen. Aint yah old enough?"

"I'm fourteen."

"Hurrah! Then yah can jest go and choose a guardeen that won't trouble his head about yah, and do jest as yah 're a mind tah. Yah won't have tah mind yah mother at all then, by lah."

John did not like the fellow who said this. He was a lazy, lounging, drawling varlet, active only in mischief. He knew that he was no true friend. He

was sure, too, that no human law *could* set aside the divine command to honor a parent. Yet he let the suggestion sink into his mind, and add distinctness to his doubt whether he had all the liberty a boy of his age and discretion should enjoy. He was generally frank and open, telling his mother whatever interested him enough to be remembered. But now he brooded in silence over Jem's remarks, without giving her the least hint of what so disturbed his complacency. Poor woman! She missed the fond, pleasant looks to which she had been accustomed, as much as a plant in a cellar may be supposed to miss the glad rays of the sun.

One evening Mrs. Blackwell was sent for in great haste, an accident having happened to a neighbor. The messenger was Jem. The fellow came with speed for once, but not for good. He sat himself down, without waiting to be asked, and Mrs. Blackwell went away, leaving the boys together. She had an unpleasant remembrance of the look Jem gave her, as she looked back in closing the door. It was a look of triumph. John was missing when she came back. He had called in a person who chanced to pass, that he might not leave the house unprotected, and she said John had "only stepped out a little ways."

Only!

Nine o'clock struck, and the bell rang. The widow listened to every footfall upon the sidewalk. Ten, eleven,—and no John came to relieve her anxiety. It could be borne in silence no longer. Her pride gave way, and she went and knocked at her

next neighbor's door. John might be there, with Bob and Sam. It could not be that he had been in the street all this time. Mrs. Hobbs put her head out at the chamber-window. She knew nothing of John, she said, and advised the anxious mother to go home and fasten him out. Her own boys had been in bed and asleep for an hour. They had not mentioned John, and had not seen him, so far as Mrs. Hobbs knew.

Mrs. Blackwell passed on to the home of Lounging Jem. He was missing, but his absence had occasioned no alarm; it was of too common occurrence. "He will come home when he is hungry," said the fretful voice from the window; "no chance of *losing* such a one as he!"

There was a well in the street, and Mrs. Blackwell had a remembrance of a decayed plank in the platform, which she had requested John to repair at some leisure time. He had forgotten to do it, she knew, and now its unsafe condition came to mind with a shock of alarm, which seemed to her a presentiment.

"John is drowned! He is drowned!" she said aloud, and ran to the well. It was in the bright moonlight, and the plank lay just as she had last seen it. She sat down, for she could no longer stand, and looked up and down the still, deserted street.

She thought that to find her boy dead in his innocent youth, innocent of wilful wrong-doing, would have been less dreadful to her than to find that he had been guilty of a crime, or had taken the first step

in the path that leads down to ruin. "O where can that wicked Jem have taken him!" She thought of a tavern, a known place of resort for gamblers and tipplers, but she would not go there to look for her boy. She would not yet believe that he could have been so quickly led by any one into manifest vice. No, she knew vice must be masked at first, to tempt the young and pure-hearted.

Her first news of John was from a constable who came to the house in search of him. He did not seem to believe that she did not know where he was. "Better for him, and you too, to give him up at once," said he. She begged to know what John had done. "Mischief," was the short answer; and she knew no more till a pencilled note was brought her, in his handwriting, announcing that he had preferred going to jail for a month to having his mother pay a fine which he had incurred. This note was not brought to her till night; she had begun to fear that the boy had gone into the city, and secreted himself on board of some vessel going to sea. To know where he was, even though he was in jail, relieved her anxiety in some measure. He was not beyond her reach, he had not gone away beyond her influence and care.

When John had gone a few steps with Jem, which was all he at first intended, Bob and Sam, who were lurking near, suddenly joined them. When John, having asserted his independence, as he thought, and established a right, wished to go back to his drawing and his mother, the ridicule of his companions made him keep on down the street. He was

at first uneasy, and disgusted; for besides an uncomfortable feeling within his heart that he was an ungrateful and disobedient son, he saw much in his companions repugnant to his taste. Bob, he found to his surprise, could swear with the utmost coolness and deliberation. He expressed his surprise, but it had no effect on Bob, except to aggravate his profane expressions to more positive blasphemy. He quitted him, and joined Sam. He was in exuberant spirits, and could not pass a fence without scratching the paint, or a gate without taking it off the hinges. He even hacked the bark of some young trees, being intent on acquiring distinction among older street-runners, by boldness in mischief. John said, "I would n't, Sam. Don't do that! Where's the use? What fun is in that? It is poor wit; any scoundrel could do it!" But, somehow, he was not attended to by Sam, as he had always been before, when he remonstrated with him for any wrong-doing. When one is doing wrong himself, he has not much power over the conscience of another. The force of example is gone.

They came to an unfinished house, and Jern stopped to look at it, on which the other boys faced round also, and leaned on the paling to talk. Jern represented that his father had made proposals, among others, to do the plastering, but that his offer, though the most advantageous, had been refused, on account of his having been born in another country.

This seemed to the boys a monstrous injustice. Bob swore about it fearfully. John inquired if the rejected applicant was a good workman. Of course

Jem was eloquent in behalf of his father's skill ; there was no man who could compare with him in America, although in the place where he learned his trade he was nothing *very* remarkable. In the old countries, where the trade was handed down from father to son, and they made it a point of honor to interfere with no other branch of business, why, of course John himself might see it "stood to reason," the work was more perfectly done. Yes, that was clear as day, the boys all said. It was all prejudice, mean prejudice, that had *taken the job away* from the best workman. They were all fired with indignation, and especially the youngest, whose high-pitched voice perhaps gained a hearing from more ears than he reckoned upon, for a proposal to break in and spoil the freshly done ceilings. John's sense of right and wrong was confused by some crude notions of justice ; he thought two wrong things balanced each other ; he would punish the exclusiveness of the native-born housebuilder, by making him have his work done twice. John therefore joined in hacking and scoring the walls. As the others became more and more excited, and more heedless of discovery, he had as much as he could do to prevent their firing the building.

As they came out, they were seized by the police, with the exception of Jem. His long legs bore him off, in vain, as he had been recognized. The boys were dismissed, on condition of their going to the house of the master carpenter at a certain hour in the morning, to make humble confession and apology, and to abide his pleasure concerning them.

Bob and Sam accordingly presented themselves at the appointed time. They were questioned, and, upon their humble submission, and professions of remorse, were let off with some slight penalty. John, foolish fellow, had absconded, but in vain; and in company with Jem, who had been foolish enough to hide, was carried to the police court, and thence to jail.

Mrs. Blackwell went to the master carpenter's house. He received her kindly, though she reproached him with some bitterness for not considering John's previous good character, and the injury to his prospects in life from his public disgrace. He had punished the *poor* boy, she said, the boy who had no friends who could do anything for him, and released the sons of the well to do.

"I did it for his own good, ma'am, and not from any anger I hold towards him. I thought you connived at his escape, and that you wanted to screen him from the consequences of what he did. So I prosecuted. It will be a lesson to him. Do not cry, ma'am. If he had come to me like the rest, I would have forgiven him, as I did them, after giving him some good advice, and a little punishment to make him remember it well."

Mrs. Blackwell was a reasonable woman; and she was convinced at once that John's imprisonment was the consequence of his own folly.

"I do not wish him to escape the punishment he deserves, when he does wrong," said she, "and I cannot now blame you that it is a public disgrace, instead of a private discipline. But to have him in jail, among criminals, — O, how can I bear it!

Poor boy, it will do him harm, instead of good, to be forced into such bad society. It will make him familiar with what I have kept him away from with so much care! A month! O, an age!"

"I don't see as I can do anything, now he is sentenced," said the good carpenter, sighing. "If I had but known! I'll be a friend to him when he comes out, ma'am, if I can be of use any way. Or—stop, let us see! A few of us will subscribe, and get him out at once, by paying the fine."

That this could be done was a new idea to Mrs. Blackwell. She very properly declined calling upon charity to pay the penalty of crime, and relieve her boy from his deserved distress. She had promised that he should wear his father's watch, as soon as he was fifteen. Now it must be sold for whatever it could bring; and very much solaced by having something to be active about, she started at once for the silver-smith's shop. But on her way she found a friend, the apothecary who sometimes employed John in his laboratory. He proposed to loan the money to John, taking the watch in pledge.

"I shall not look to you for a cent of it," said he, as he counted out the money upon his counter. "Let the lad pay it as he can earn a little change from time to time. No matter if he is long about it. No matter if he finds it a tedious thing to be in debt, and to have to part with all he earns, and have nothing in hand. Here is a little book to keep the account in, do you see? There's the creditor side,—there the debtor. I'll show him how to set down the items, till he gets the notion of it."

A. W. A.

T O M .

No. II.

THE rooms were emptied of the gay throng, and the sun began to send a few pale rays into the windows, when a woman, coming in with her broom and dust-pan, heard a snoring which betrayed the presence of some belated mask. It was Tom, who, fatigued by his extraordinary adventures, had given himself up to peaceful slumber. The sweeper in no gentle voice informed Tom that it was six in the morning, time for people to go to their own quarters.

“Grroonn,” answered Tom.

“I understand,” said the charwoman, impatiently. “You are sleepy, my brave gentleman, but you would be better off in your bed. I beg you will go there immediately. Go, go! Your wife will be anxious. I declare he does not hear one word! A sound sleeper truly!” She gave him a clap upon the shoulder.

“Grroonn, grroonn!” said Tom.

“Very good; but this is not the time for it, sir; there is no one to admire you. Besides, we all know who you are. Get up. Shall some one call a hackney-coach for you?”

“Grroonn.”

“Come, come, come! The Odeon is no inn on the road. Ah, is this the way you take it? Fie, Monsieur Odry! Fie on you! I shall summon the police. The commissary is not gone to bed yet. If

you won't conform to rules—— What, do you offer me blows with the fist? Would you beat a woman? We shall see—— O, Marshal, holla! Police! Help, here!"

"What is the matter?" answered the fireman of the watch.

"Help! Monsieur, help!" cried the charwoman.

"Watchmen, holla! Municipal guard, here!"

"What is it?" said the sergeant who commanded the patrol.

"Here is Mrs. Something calling for help."

"Coming."

"This way, Sergeant! Here! here!" cried the woman.

"On hand. Where are you, Somebody?"

"Don't loiter; no fear of steps. This way! Ah, there he is, in the corner, against the door. Do you see? O, the bandit! He is as strong as a Turk."

"Grroonn," remarked Tom.

"There, do you hear? I want to know if that is any Christian tongue?"

"Come, my friend," said the sergeant, beginning to spy Tom in his obscure nook, when his eyes had got accustomed to the darkness. "We know very well what it is to be young and waggish. I like to laugh myself. But then we must all obey regulations. The hour to return under parental or conjugal authority is arrived. Quick step, forward, march, and with spirit; left foot first!"

"Grroonn!"

"Very well. You imitate a growl very nicely: Let us pass to another kind of exercise. Come, com-

rade, go of your own accord. What, you won't stir? You play the *gruffy*? Good. We will have a frolic. Collar him, and turn him out men."

"He won't walk, Sergeant."

"Why have we butts to our guns? Pommel him well; give hearty knocks upon the shins."

"Grroonn, grroonn, grrooonnn!"

"Pound him, pound him!"

"In my opinion, Sergeant," said one of the guard, "this is a veritable bear. I took him by the nape of the neck, and the skin grows to the flesh unless I am very much deceived."

"If it is really a bear, we will be somewhat on our guard; the owner will be prosecuting us if he is damaged. Run and get a lantern. Quick."

"Grroonn," grumbled Tom.

"He will remember the municipal guard, at any rate," said the soldier, "if bears have any memory. Here comes a light. Let us see; close to his nose!"

"It is a snout; a veritable snout!"

"A true bear?" cried the charwoman, running off. "A bear, really?"

"Ah well, yes; a bear. He must have strayed away, and, as he likes society, he made his way in among the guests last night."

"Grroonn."

"You see, he answers to that. Is there any mark about him, that we can restore him to his owner?"

"Here, here!" said a soldier.

"What have you there?"

"A little bag hung round his neck."

"Open the bag."

"A card!"

"Read."

The soldier held the card to the light, and read:—

"I am called Tom. I live in the Faubourg St. Denis, No. 109. I have a hundred sous in my purse, — forty for a coach, the rest for those who will conduct me home."

"And in truth, here are his hundred sous," said the guardsman.

Two of the guard approached Tom with a rope, which they put round his neck, and, by way of precaution, three times round the snout. Tom made no opposition; the blows he had received made him supple as a glove.

Half an hour after, there was a knocking at No. 109. At the third summons the portress, half asleep, opened the door.

"Here is one of your lodgers, Mother Wide-awake," said one of the guardsmen. "Do you recognize him as belonging to your *menagerie*?"

"I believe so, indeed; it is Monsieur Decamps's bear."

The same morning, a bill was presented at the domicile of Odry. It was for the little cakes Tom had eaten; the amount, over seven francs. Odry easily proved his alibi; he was on guard at the time in the Tuileries.

DUMAS.

LET your love ennoble, not depress its objects; urge your friend to duty, instead of finding excuses for him.

VISIONS.

How the visions come and go !
As the early light flushes,
Where the fountain stream gushes,
And the waters glow ;
Transient hues of light are caught
On the rushing stream of thought,
But they come — and go.

How the visions gleam and glide !
As with lavish hand strowing
Flowers, with early dew glowing,
On the passing tide ;
As they float beyond the sight,
Buds from fancy's bowers of light
With them gleam and glide.

How the visions glow and shine !
Where the homeward keel dashes,
As the sudden light flashes
From the midnight brine ;
Visions sweep o'er life's dark sea,
And beneath their witchery,
Lo ! the waters shine.

How the visions pass away !
Dim grow the clouds of morning,
Soft hues of early dawning
Fading into day,
Flowers sink beneath the stream,
Waves lose their sunny gleam,
Visions pass away.

L. A. S.

CARELESS BESSIE.

"O DEAR! Bessie, where is my thimble? I do wish, when you borrow my things, you would return them!" said Lucy Lee, when, on going to her work-basket for that all important article to an industrious little girl, she found it was missing. She was very careful and orderly, and always put her pretty gold thimble (a New Year's present from her mother) into its case, the moment she had done using it. Her rule was, "A place for everything, and everything in its place," a motto printed upon a card, and hung up in her room by her careful mother. It was now so well fixed in her mind, that she hardly needed this daily reminder.

But her sister Bessie, though taught by the same good mother, was a heedless child; and when she could not find her own things, she borrowed Lucy's, and sometimes failed to return them. This vexed Lucy very much. We are so closely connected with each other in this world, that our faults not only affect our own happiness, but annoy those around us. Not one of my young readers would like to have an epithet affixed to her name like that at the head of this story. But Bessie well deserved it. Heedlessness marked everything she did. Her dolls were always broken, and their dresses so ill-sewed that they were constantly ripping and dropping to pieces. Her own dresses were often torn and soiled, her hair in disorder, her shoes untied. Bessie was constantly saying what she should not, and giving offence; but

there was a grace and a charm in all Lucy did, making her beloved by all who knew her.

One day their mother was taken very ill. Lucy and Bessie were both lovingly anxious to stay by her bedside, and minister to her many wants. Bessie did everything in her usual careless way. When she handed medicine to her mother, she was sure to spill it. She disarranged the articles in the room, and in her sudden movements sometimes overturned them. She had no idea of the gentle observances and tender attentions so gratifying to the sick. She would tread heavily, or run across the floor, and if she went out, leave the door open, or shut it noisily. At last she could be tolerated no longer, and the nurse forbade her entering her mother's chamber.

Bessie had a kind and loving heart. Her banishment was a great mortification to her, and more than that,—a great sorrow. It was the beginning of a great change in her.

Lucy's care was in great contrast to Bessie's thoughtlessness. It was by her little hands that the white cloth on the little table at her mother's bedside was so smoothly spread, and the glasses and other articles kept in the neatest order. She brought fresh flowers every morning, and arranged them in a vase, where her mother's eye would fall upon them. Her light motions about the room were so grateful to the invalid, after Bessie's noise and confusion, that she felt as if an angel was ministering to her wants.

Bessie passed hours alone and in tears, and reflect-

ed more than she had done in all her life before. She tried to think how it was that she succeeded in very few things that she attempted to do. Why were her scissors, thimble, and other little things belonging to her, so prone to hide when she wanted them? Why were her books soiled and torn, when Lucy's, bought at the same time, were fresh, almost like new ones.

Want of attention — want of attention — she saw, at last, was the root of the whole trouble. She resolved to reform, and cultivate a spirit of order that should go into all the daily duties of her life. Her mother had often talked to her about it, she now remembered, but her words had gone by like the idle wind. Her mother had been devotedly kind to her, and so patient and gentle always, that now Bessie's heart was ready to break when she thought how little pains she had taken to gratify her in trifles. She felt that, with all her faults, her dear mother loved her, and would have been grieved to the heart could she have looked in upon her in her tears, and known that she had been turned away from her door by the nurse. She might even now think of her, and feel herself deserted by one of her children.

This bitter lesson was the turning-point, and from that time Bessie was more thoughtful. Her habits of carelessness would not at once yield their sway; she found it difficult to be attentive at first, and her improvement was very gradual. As soon as her mother felt a little better, she inquired for her, and she became a comfort to her in her slow convalescence, ever ready to wait upon her, and run with

orders to any part of the house. When she was tempted to leave things she had to do, half done, or to neglect them entirely, she remembered her resolutions, and the sad hours she had passed alone in her room, while Lucy was at her mother's bedside. There was much that she could do, now that her mother was feeble and suffering, and she was determined to be faithful. It was a great joy to her mother to see her giddy Bessie growing considerate, and neat, and gentle. Very soon she was a favorite with many who had formerly been impatient and irritable towards her. They no longer called her "Careless Bessie."

H. W. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

(See p. 76.)

NINE.

Take IX from SIX leaves S
 Take X from IX leaves I
 Take L from XL leaves X.

Put five in the middle, and the even numbers in the corners.

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

LETTER FROM LILLIE.

Algiers, Africa.

DEAR SISTER CLAUDINE :—

Can you imagine your sister Lillie so far away as the distant coast of Africa? Yet, in very truth, here I am. When we landed, the harbor was alive with shipping, — steamers and every kind of craft. There was a great bustle on the quays; people were hurrying to and fro, in the steep and narrow streets, a motley crowd, chattering in various languages. This was very novel and amusing to me. As we passed through the various streets, they looked quite European; a handsome cathedral, theatre, jewellers', milliners', and confectioners' shops, in quite the Parisian style. I shall soon be in perfect health here, I think, it is so warm, and I have such an abundance of delicious fruit; oranges, as many as I can eat, dates, pomegranates, melons, cherries, and peaches. I went with Uncle George, yesterday, to the market-place. How inviting to me were the rich pyramids of fruit! My dear, kind uncle bought for me some of each variety.

There are a great many people here from Paris. Aunt Mary has met some old Parisian friends, and we visited them some days since, and had a delightful time. Madame Priault's daughters, Valerie and Annita, are such nice girls! I assisted them in speaking English, and they helped me in French, and we became quite acquainted. I went with them to a beautiful retreat outside of the city, called Le

Sahal. It was the most perfectly beautiful place I ever saw; there were groves and parks of the richest green foliage, with glimpses of ladies and gentlemen walking, richly dressed, and a splendid, distant landscape was spread out before us. Little hills of the most brilliant verdure extended east and west, dotted with white houses peeping out from among beautiful orange and palm groves, clumps of pomegranates and almond-trees, and elegant vine-gardens. Above us the sky was blue and cloudless, and then, far down below us, at the north, were the calm, bright blue waters of the Mediterranean. Valerie and Anita Priault are coming to spend the day with me to-morrow. I love them much, but not half so much as my own dear sisters Claudine and Sophia, who I hope will not forget their distant sister,

LILLIE.

MOSQUITOS.

It was a hot day, after a rain. The yard where Ernest was playing with Ella, his little sister, was a nice, shady place. They sat down in the grass, where the weeds were thick. They liked the blue succory, and the graceful campion, and the yellow mustard, and the pink flowers whose name mamma could not tell. But best of all the little, creeping mallows which bore what they called cheeses.

"'Nest, what are *skeeters* good for?" asked Ella.

"I am sure *I* don't know," said Ernest. "But

God made them, I know that, and they are very curious creatures, Ella. I know a good deal about them."

"What do they want to bite *me* for? Because they are angry to have me come out here?" said Ella, slapping her own face to drive one away.

"No; because they are hungry, I suppose."

"O dear! I wish they would take a dinner of something else."

"Some of them do. Sometimes a great swarm comes round my head, and the air is full of them, and they do not seem to be hungry at all. Then I think what the gentleman who has the big microscope told me."

"What did he? Oh, I have such a bad bite on my elbow! Look!"

"Here 's a plantain-leaf; I 'll bind it on. There; does not that feel cool and nice?"

"Yes," said Ella, clapping her hands. "Go away, you plagues! What did the gentleman with the microscope say?"

"That the male mosquito never bites. He sucks the juices of plants," said Ernest, brushing Ella's neck with a leafy twig. "Ah, this scares them nicely; they hear the leaves rustling, I suppose."

"O, but it tickles my neck so!" said Ella. "And I hear him — no, *her* — singing somewhere, now. Oh! she has bitten my ankle! Oh!"

"Did you ever see one bite? There, one has lighted on my wrist. I will hold still. Now you look."

"Does not it hurt you?"

"A little prick at first, that is all. And if I don't disturb a mosquito till he has drank enough out of my veins, he hardly ever poisons me at all. See, how full he is already! Mind, sir, I am afraid you will burst, you are such a glutton. Gone! He could hardly fly off."

"He had a pretty good dinner, I think," said Ella.

"But my hand does not smart at all. — Once I went to see the microscope."

"Yes, I know."

"And after I had seen a fly's wing, with sharp spines all round it, I saw a mosquito's proboscis."

"Oh! is it a *pobossus*?"

"Yes; that long bill of his is a proboscis. Well, there is a hole in the side of it, and when he has fixed his bill in the flesh, he thrusts out little, sharp knives through the hole, and cuts and slashes about under the skin ——"

"'Nest, is that true?" asked Ella, seriously. I can't believe it!"

"I looked through the microscope, and I saw the knives, myself. They are long, like scythe-blades ——"

"Now I know you are joking!"

"I don't mean they *are* so long as that, of course," said Ernest, puzzled, and unable to make Ella understand how the microscope makes the smallest things look large. "I only say they look of that shape, and pretty large, under the glass."

"I don't wonder my elbow is sore, then! I'll tell mamma of it. It is dreadful!"

"Why, it is not any worse than when you did not know about the little cutting blades, not a bit! I have not told you all, either!"

"O dear!" sighed Ella. "What else about the *perbuscis*?"

"Why, when he does not find tiny veins enough, in cutting about, to make a good deal of blood come to be sucked out by his cunning little tongue, he has some venom he sends out into the wound he has made."

"O, the wicked thing!" cried Ella.

"Just a little bit, to make the blood come. You know how red it makes it look, when he does that. He did not do it to my wrist, for, see, it is not red in the least."

"O, so it is not."

"And I suppose, when we scare one away, in his hurry, he squeezes out the poison without meaning to."

"Let us go into the house. I do not like to have them biting me with their *pobusses* with knives and poison in them," said Ella, pouting.

"Why, it does not hurt you any more for knowing how curious they are!" said Ernest, laughing. "You can go with me, and see one, under the microscope."

"No," said Ella, "I would not go to look at a *perbuscius* for the world."

And she went into the house to ask her mother if it was all true that Ernest had told her. And her mother said yes, and told her some other curious things about mosquitos, which we will tell our readers another time.

A. W. A.

BERTHA.

No. I.

"BERTHA, you are a witch!"

"Thank you, ma'am; I know it."

"You know it? Then why do you not settle down, hey?—and be good for something or other in the world? You wild thing, you are old enough and big enough to be ashamed that nobody can place any dependence upon you for anything useful."

"I have no manner of intention of *settling* at present," said Bertha, skipping down the steps into the garden. "No, no," she continued, mentally, "they won't catch me to be what they call reliable! It would be inconvenient to have any such reputation! Everything I hate to do would be put upon me immediately."

The aunt shook her head sadly. "We can't expect old heads on young shoulders," murmured she to herself, as she went with weary steps to the nursery to give the needed aid to her invalid sister.

But neither the garden, rich in scents and fruits, nor the musical tinkle of the brook at the bottom of it, nor the singing of the cat-birds in the swamp beyond, nor the pleasant, tranquil, living motion of a swing under the buttonwood-tree, nor the frisks of the half-tame squirrels all around, while she was whistling Paddy Carey, nor the hum of bees among the hollyhocks, nor the soft fanning of the summer breeze upon her brow, beguiled a dull pain at heart, which Bertha was conscious had been caused by her indulgent aunt's remonstrance.

"Stupid! Stupid!" she cried, fretfully, when she found she could not get quite away from the inward monitor. "Why cannot we have a nursery-maid, as we used to?"

Why? Mr. Hayward had lost money by being too confident of the honesty of a friend. His large family made his income much too narrow for comfort, after he had been compelled by law to pay the debts of a selfish man for whom he was bondsman. Wild Bertha partly understood the matter, though she was not supposed to have given any attention to it, when it was talked of in her presence.

Presently she sauntered into the house, and was attracted to the nursery by the sleepy whine of the baby. "What, all alone? What a shame! Yes, — sister will take her up! She sha'n't stay in the old cradle when she did not like it. Oh! I dare say Aunt has just put her in. I don't care! — I'll rock her to sleep in my arms. By lo! by lo! By!"

After some time Aunt Marian came hurrying back. Willie had cut his finger, and she had, perforce, left Baby alone in order to bind it up.

"Why, how pale you look, child, with that heavy child in your arms!"

"Heavy indeed! My arm aches, I can tell you. She has been asleep this ever so long."

"Pshaw! Why did you not lay her down then?"

"I don't know, — I could not bear to disturb her, she looked so comfortable."

Aunt Marian gently seized the little sleeper, and with a quick, light movement laid her on the pillows. She gave a deep, sobbing sigh, put her thumb into her mouth, and was sound asleep again in a moment.

"I'll stay by her," said Bertha. "I have a book I want to read."

"Need n't trouble yourself,—she'll need no watch-er," said Marian. "If you are disposed to be helpful, there are handkerchiefs to hem, and ——"

Bertha was deep in her book, and really did not hear. Marian wondered if her abstraction was genuine. "Ah, well," sighed she, leaving the room, "she is not fifteen yet, and never has been made to regard anything as a duty but to get her lessons, and practise music. As if that was the first study of a woman! What can I expect of her?"

The window at which Bertha sat rocking and reading came down to the floor. It looked down a path with a flight of steps at the end, which were a back entrance to the garden. In a corner, formed by the steps and a chaise-house, was a water-butt, recently placed there to hold water for the greenhouse and garden. It was filled by a conductor from the roof above.

Dudley Hayward was a little fellow of five years old, very full of mischief, though very easily guided. He had been accustomed to a great deal of watching, and leading, and had not yet learned to resist an impulse, or hesitate before acting, now that he was left to take care of himself. He had his experience to get, and was getting it fast, very fast, and at no small cost to himself and others.

On this day, he could think of nothing better to do than to jump down from the top of the steps upon the top of the water-butt. The cover instantly turned, dropped him in, and covered him over, leav-

ing out only the little finger-tips, which had fortunately caught over the edge of the cistern as he fell. So suddenly was he popped in, that he had only time for one shriek before he disappeared.

"There 's Dud in a scrape!" said Bertha to herself. "I wonder if I had not better go. Somebody else will, I suppose, though."

A second scream, which sounded strangely remote, made her throw down her book, and run. She thought something must have run off with the child, or that he was flying in terror. She ran down the steps. Another struggling, half-choked cry from beneath the cover, sounded as if it came from the bottom of the garden; but fortunately her quick eye saw the poor little fingers, all colorless, and just ready to unclasp.

"Oh! Oh! Hold on! hold on! Bertha 's coming!" she cried; — but she was not tall enough to be able to help him, till she had dragged a garden chair to the spot. Then she seized his wrists, but she could not draw him up an inch. Her screams brought out the cross cook, who twitched him out with little regard to scratches or bruises, scolding all the while with virulence proportioned to her fright.

"You are the blunderin'est, and the foolishest, and the provokin'est boy ever born into this world. What could put it in yer head for to go and whop into a water-hogshead? Hey? D' ye want to be drowned? Hey? What a boy!"

"Drowned?" repeated little Dudley to Bertha, with a careless laugh, as he looked down at his wet legs. "How does it feel? I like water; it does not

hurt me at all, not a bit." Bertha sat on the steps, white and trembling, and unable to speak. "I did not mean to, Patty," said he, observing *her* unusual excitement, but not Bertha's. "I won't again. I won't, certainly."

"You deserve a whipping; you 're up to every kind and sort o' mischief! I'll carry ye right in to yer mother, and tell her a bit o' my mind, for if you 're going on this way, you 'll never live to grow up, never!" So she was bearing him off, struggling and kicking, when Bertha stopped her.

"Don't frighten mother," said she, faintly. "It is very awful!"

"Ye 're right. She 's a very weakly woman now, poor soul, so she is. I'll put on his t'other clo'es myself, and you ma' tell her. But patience, jest look o' your arms! There 's the skin off, and a blue wale on your flesh as big as your finger!"

"I could not have held him an instant by main strength," said Bertha. "I was only too thankful for the sharp edge to rest my arms on. Had it broken them, I should not have cared if I could hold him. O, I never shall forget this! O, I never can!" And she burst into tears.

"What is Bertha crying for, I wonder," said Dudley.

"Hold your tongue," said Patty. "If it was n't for her, you 'd be in the bottom o' that water now. O you plague! But there!" said she, hugging and kissing him with sudden fondness, "I do love ye! I could not spare ye, plague and all." And she cried too.

A. W. A.

(*To be continued.*)

HENRY.

"O PRETTY bird! bright pretty bird!
Pray do not fly away!
I 'll hurt you not, upon my word;
Stay, little warbler, stay!"

She will not stay, — away she flies,
And Henry sighs depressed;
But stop, — what meets his eager eyes!
It is her little nest.

Four tiny birds, with half-fledged wings,
Are nestling soft together;
He will not harm the pretty things,
Nor touch one single feather.

For Henry knows full well, that they
Would pine away and die,
Should he convey the nest away,
Ever so carefully.

Yes, little birds, stay where you are;
He 'll bring you crumbs of bread,
But leave you to your mother's care,
By whom you 're warmed and fed.

And when you 've learned to skim along,
Or soar aloft in air,
O give the little boy one song,
To thank him for his care.

A. E. G.



THE GIRL WITH THE SNAKE

THE RUNAWAY BABY.

RUN, Mary, and see whether my little Johnny is in nurse's room. I wonder much that I have not heard his voice all this while. It is two hours, at least, since he ate his gingerbread in my big chair. What can have kept him so quiet?

What, has not nurse had him at all? Has she not heard him, either? He must be in mischief. O the rogue! He has gone to plague his busy papa, no doubt. So run and see if he is in the study. I have no doubt he is there. So fond of him is papa, he will lay down his pen, and forget his dull books, when Johnny pays him a visit. Yes, papa has been amusing him. No wonder he is quiet. But his time is precious. Bring him to me, Mary.

What, are you coming without the baby? You should have *made* him come. Not there? Where can he be then? And his father has not seen him? Has no one heard his voice, nor his tin trumpet, nor his drum, nor his mallet, nor his bells, nor his rattle, nor his waggon, nor his rocking-horse, these two long hours? Strange enough. Run down to the kitchen. Johnny prefers the busiest place. He likes to be with the cook, and taste her dough, and her unbaked cake. She is making pies; he is there, I am certain. Did you not see the cunning little hands yesterday, making sawdust pudding in the yard? He is watching the cook now; I know it as well as if I saw him.

Not in the kitchen! Then where can he be? I

should like to know! Who has carried off my boy? They'll be glad to bring him back again; I am sure of that! Go up stairs to Annie's room in the attic. He must have crept up all those stairs, I think, for he is nowhere below. I have looked in every room, — in every closet. He is fond of Annie. She makes squirrels for him of her handkerchief. And she is learned in Mother Goose's Melodies. I might have known he was there. The little rover is safe enough, up in the attic with Annie.

But here comes Mary, shaking her head. You need not look frightened, child! He can't be far off, if he is not in the house. I will look out at the window here, and call. I shall be answered from the sawdust heap, I imagine. Johnny! John! John Henry! John——ny! Did I hear him? Or was it a bird? Here comes Fido, trotting along. Fido, Fido, where is your little master? *Yap, Yap!* Fido wants to come in, so Johnny is not in the yard. Fido would not leave him alone.

Is it not strange? I really begin to feel a *little* anxious. O, but it is nonsense; I will not worry and fidget. And yet—suppose he has gone out of the yard! There is the stable, — O, has he gone to the stable? Let us run, all of us! The child has no fear! He is under the horse's feet, I know he is! Good old pony, do stand still, I pray, if he is near you. O my darling baby! How could his mother forget him, and not know where to find him! I do not see him. Speak, old Dobbin; has my boy been here? Doh — doh — doh — doh — doh! I think that means no. Has he climbed the ladder, and hid-

den himself in the hay? Johnny is not old enough for that. He is not in the barn.

Could he have opened the garden gate? Some one may have left it unlatched. Run down the alleys, — call, Johnny! Johnny! Is the rogue playing bo-peep under the currant-bushes? Is he hiding from us in the arbor, I wonder. Dear me, how awfully still it is here! Little robins, have you seen my tender chick? He has escaped from under my wing. Mary, don't look so pale, my child. I'm not frightened, — or, at least, I won't be so! My heart beats a little hard, though. The garden is large, — he may yet be among the bushes, and unable to find his way out. Here's mother, darling; come, come, come! Perhaps he does not want to come. Supper's ready for Johnny! Supper!

Not a sound! Pray, run and look up and down the street. Send to all the neighbors. The little runaway! We shall find him under some kind wing; he cannot have gone far.

O dear! my heart is heavy! No one has seen my boy. What can have become of him! It is growing dark. The dew is falling. He must be chilled and hungry. The neighbors are alarmed, I see. They are helping his father to search for him. Where are those people going? O to the brook! The brook! My darling is drowned! He is dead! O my boy, my sweet Johnny! I shall go crazy! Careless mother that I was! Careless nurse! I cannot forgive her either, if — O, I must not, must not be angry with her; I am the one to watch over him, and I did not. But there is One who never

forgets his children ; without his care, what would mine avail ? He is always with him ; in life, in death, my sweet baby is safe ; I trust in God.

Hark ! I hear the crier : “ Child lost ! Blue eyes, long fair hair.” — O, many a mother’s heart aches for me, at the sound. They are coming back from the brook, — they have not found him ; I see them looking over the walls, and under the bushes. The clear stream goes smiling on, as if it could never be darkened by such a fear as this. Thank God, my darling is not found beneath its sparkling water. But where — where —

Ah, here lies one of his little shoes, close by the gate. Johnny came here with Matthew once, when he called the cows from the pasture. Now he must have crawled under the gate, to get into the meadow. Yes, here is the other shoe, in the green grass the other side. Johnny ! Johnny ! Here comes Patty to be milked, but Mopsy stands still, though Matthew is calling “ Co’ ! Co’ ! Co’ ! ” One would think her calf was there, and she would not leave it behind. Matthew, Mary, all of you, help me to search for my boy ; he is in the pasture, I know. Mopsy is waiting for him, kind Mopsy ! She will not hurt my darling. Poor mother always bereaved, why have I not pitied you when they robbed you of your little one ? Drive her gently, Matthew ; do not be angry with her because you must go after her.

He throws up his arms, — he shouts. What has he found ?

THE BOY ASLEEP !

A. W. A.

THE FATE OF TYRE.

IF you were to pass through the city of New York, or any other great centre of commerce, and see the miles on miles of buildings, palaces full of luxury and ornament, the stores crammed with merchandize from all parts of the earth, the vessels lining the shore and studding the horizon, how incredible it would seem to you that any power would cause it to vanish from the face of the earth, so that not a trace could be found to mark the place where it existed !

But Tyre was the commercial capital of the ancient world. Its inhabitants were as active and enterprising as those of New York. Their ships visited every known country; their land traffic brought by means of caravans every kind of inland production and manufacture, for barter. The Tyrians were opulent and luxurious beyond any other people of their time. They were carriers for all other nations. They were adventurous navigators, and well might be, since even the idea of navigation originated with their nation. They invented the alphabet, little aware how great a gift they were bestowing on the world. And the exigencies of business suggested to them a contrivance which the world could hardly dispense with at the present day, though it may be made a curse, as well as a blessing, in facilitating traffic, — that of money.

The Tyrians were worshippers of Baal. They had no knowledge of the commandments given to

Moses. There was no restraint upon their selfishness, and eagerness for gain, but the inward voice which in every human bosom speaks for justice and honesty, — a voice but too seldom attended to in the hurry of trade, even in a Christianized commerce. How great must have been the rapacity and covetousness of the spirit of gain, without the spirit of Christianity and brotherly kindness to pervade it! Tyre became a very corrupt and wicked city, and a tyrant over her weaker neighbors. Prosperity founded on violence and dishonesty is hollow and unsound. Where is Tyre now?

Imagine yourself a Tyrian, proud of the power and wealth of your magnificent birthplace. See its lofty walls a hundred and fifty feet high, and broad enough for carriages to drive upon, — its edifices of massive stone, with vaulted chambers, — its busy mart, — its crowded harbor. What would you have thought of a voice proclaiming aloud, —

“I will make her like the top of a rock; it shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea, for I have spoken it.”*

“They shall lay thy stones, and thy timber, and thy dust, in the midst of the water. I will also scrape her dust from off her. Thou shalt be sought for, yet thou never shalt be found again.”†

The old city of Tyre was demolished by the Chaldeans. After seventy years, some of the people returned, and rebuilt it on an island opposite the ruins. They resumed their commercial habits; indeed, from

* Ezekiel xxvi. 14, 15.

† Ezekiel xxvi. 4, 12, 21.

their position, they had no other means of living. Two hundred and forty years after the destruction of the elder Tyre, came Alexander the Great to besiege the new city. It was fortified by the sea and a lofty wall. He built a mound or causeway from the mainland to the island, and the materials were furnished by the ruins of the old Tyre. The enemy and the sea destroyed it. The mound formed under the water by its ruins was a good foundation to build upon; to raise the mole above the water a second time required not only all the stones and rubbish of ancient Tyre, but the very soil. Thus her very *dust* was *scraped* from her. Nothing was left to mark the sight, and the exact spot occupied by the ancient city is unknown.

What is the element we depend upon to save modern civilization and power from a similar ruin? It is righteousness; it is Christianity. Only so far as our prosperity is just and upright, is it strong and enduring.

A. W. A.

AN HOUR IN CHARLEY'S ROOM.

No. II.

THE next morning, dark clouds covered the sky, the rain fell steadily, and there was no promise of a pleasant day. But there were no clouds in Charley's room. There was something better than sunlight there,—cheerfulness and patience, which can fill

the darkest place with light, and make all suffering easier to bear.

Charley was a true hero. There is no need of *great* occasions to test heroic strength. The lives of all, even of children, are filled with occasions for magnanimity, and no one need wait for an opportunity to be great. The patience that can bear cheerfully the little trials of every day, will not fail when great sorrows are to be endured. The unselfish spirit, that will strengthen a sufferer to wear a cheerful face and speak brave, uncomplaining words, even when pain is racking every nerve, that those who love him may not suffer for him, is gaining power to make great sacrifices for the good of others.

It was not a little trial for a lively, active boy, to lie, day after day, unable to change his position; but Charley bore the confinement with a brave spirit. He had a grateful smile and cheerful words for those who tried to make the long day pleasant to him, and his sunny temper and patient endurance endeared him, more and more, to all in the home circle.

This morning, while all was so gloomy without and so cheerful within, Mrs. Meade entered the chamber with Dr. Lee. They paused a moment at the door, to contemplate the pleasant picture before them: little Maggie, sitting on the carpet at the foot of the bed, turning over the leaves of a large volume of engravings; her pet kittens — a white one and a gray one — by her side in a little wicker basket, which she had tastefully decorated with roses and

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dandelions; and Charley, his dark hair brushed back from his pale forehead, his cheek flushed, and his black eyes sparkling, as Cousin Lizzie, sitting by his side, read aloud to him some of the most intensely interesting chapters of Dr. Kane's "Arctic Expedition."

Ah Charley! from such boyhoods as thine come the heroic men, who live grand lives, that the world never forgets.

After the morning greetings had been spoken, and Charley had playfully introduced "My new nurse, Miss Lizzie Chapin," Maggie drew out the large arm-chair for Dr. Lee, and sat in her low chair by his side. At the first pause in the conversation, she said, "Did you catch those nice fish you sent Charley?"

"No, Maggie, I bought them of an old Indian."

"I wish I could have gone up the Lakes with you," said Charley, "I have so many questions to ask you about the Indians, the Lakes, the Copper Regions, and everything."

"And everything?" repeated the Doctor, laughing. "Really, Charley, you must believe me to be an encyclopædia of all useful knowledge. If you go to Marquette, after your recovery, I will send you some old volumes, which will answer your questions more fully than I can. In one of them,—a book written by Father Charlevoix, a Frenchman, nearly a hundred years ago,—you will find many interesting accounts of the strange legends and curious ways of living of the Indians, around the Lakes, at that time. He says, that the savages who a hun-

dred years ago lived near the Great Lake, or Lake Superior, in gratitude for the abundance of fish they found in its waters, offered sacrifices and prayers to the Genius who presided over the lake. They believed that Michabou, the god of the waters, made this lake to hold beavers. Between this lake and Lake Huron, the waters fall in a torrent over steep rocks. The Indians say that this god had built a high bank of rock there, to stop the waters; but the upper portion having broken away, the waters fall over the lower rocks. The French missionaries, who had a church there, called the waters the Fall of St. Mary."

Charley. "Did the Indians discover the copper mines?"

Dr. Lee. "Where copper has since been found in such abundance, they found small pieces of the mineral, which they regarded as gifts from the gods who live in the waters. They preserved them with veneration, but made no use of them. A French missionary, who discovered some of the pieces, made of them candlesticks, crosses, and censers."

Charley. "Did the Indians fish as we do?"

Dr. Lee. "They say that the great Michabou, who was born at Mackinaw and who made the Great Lake, wished to teach their ancestors to catch the fish which were swimming in the waters he had created; but he could not, himself, imagine how to tempt them from their home. One day, sitting in the door of his tent, he watched a spider as it diligently wove the tiny threads of its web and entrapped the unwary fly. He arose, and, taking cords, he

wove a net, in the fashion of the spider's web, and with this net he gave the Indians their first lesson in fishing.

"When the great Michabou was going to die, he chose his burial-place by the side of a mountain, north of Lake Nipissing. To one side of the mountain, he gave the shape of a beaver, and when the Indians passed it, they paid homage to the god who was buried there, by offering him the smoke of their tobacco."

Charley. "A fine offering truly, but good enough for their god, who had to take lessons of a spider."

Cousin Lizzie. "Was Marquette named for a French missionary?"

Dr. Lee. "Yes, Miss Chapin, for one of the most illustrious of them, Father Joseph Marquette. After travelling over many parts of the country, passing from Chicago to Mackinaw, he entered a river he had never seen before, and turning to his companions, he said, 'Here my journeyings will end.' He landed, erected an altar, and said mass. Then he asked his companions to leave him for a little while, for he wished to return thanks.

"They went away, and in an hour, when they returned to seek him, he was dead. Then they remembered he had said this was the end of his journey. It was the end, indeed. They buried him near the river's bank. The Indians say that the river, out of respect to the great missionary, withdrew its waters and made for them a new passage, at a little distance from his grave. They called it the River of the Black Gown."

Maggie. "What a funny name! Why did they call it so?"

Dr. Lee. "They called all the French missionaries, Black Gowns, and therefore they thought this an appropriate name for the river near which Father Marquette died and was buried. The following year, his remains were taken to Mackinaw, and there re-interred. When the French were in any danger on Lake Michigan, they always invoked the good Father Marquette to help them."

The clock striking twelve reminded the Doctor that Charley was not his only patient, and interrupted the conversation. Dr. Lee went away, and Cousin Lizzie resumed her reading.

S. E. S.

VACATION.

I.

O MOTHER, dear mother, I've brought my books home ;
The school-term is ended, vacation's begun !
There's my blotted old writing-book finished, you see,
And now, my old Latin book, good by to thee.
In the closet, high up on the shelf, you may lie,
While the six weeks of vacation pass merrily by.
O won't it be *splendid* ! No lessons to learn !
Yes ; from books and from task-work I joyfully turn.
To-day I'll do nothing but lie on the grass,
Looking out through the gate on the people who pass.
To-morrow, I'll wake and be up with the sun,
To rub up the lock on the rusty old gun ;

I'll roam in the woods to pick berries and flowers ;
I'll fish in the stream for many long hours ;
I'll ride on the pony ; I'll swing on the gate ;
I'll go and eat apples with bright cousin Kate."
Thus shouted young Willie on reaching his home,
And bright were his plans for the six weeks to come ;
But now read the sequel, in which 't will be shown
That happiness comes not from *pleasure* alone.

II.

" Why, Willie, my boy, the time has flown fast !
Five weeks of vacation already have passed,
And but one week is left. Now tell me, my son,
If you are not weary of ' nothing but fun ' ?
You are looking *so* listless and rueful to-day,
That I think you have learned that no work and all play
Is not just the thing to make a boy bright ;
And that wasting our time does not make the heart light."
" O mother," said Willie, " pray what can I do ?
I'm tired of my playthings ; I want something new ;
It is raining so hard that I cannot go out,
To try my new fishing-rod Grandfather bought.
The clouds look *so* black, and the wind, — it is east !
Uncle John thinks 't will rain for these three days at least !
I have read all my books through again and again.
O what did you come for, you stupid old rain ? "
" My child," said his mother, " come, listen to me ;
If I can convince you, contented you'll be.
This naughty self-love must first go away,
That seems to possess my Willie to-day.
No showers for a very long time have we had,
And this rain, which God sends, ought to make our hearts glad :
The farmers no longer will fear for their grain,
While the trees and the flowers rejoice in the rain.
Now, my son, I propose that, for all this day through,
You'll try how much good you can possibly do ;
Drive all selfish feelings away from you quite,
And you'll find yourself happy, contented, and bright.

You know Grandma's eyesight is failing her fast,
And she cannot read now, as she could in times past;
There she sits in her easy chair, placid and calm,
But how happy she 'd be if you 'd read her a psalm!
You can build some block-houses for dear baby brother;
By keeping him still, you 'll be helping your mother.
By and by, when the post comes in, bringing the news,
You can take your umbrella, put on your thick shoes,
And gratify Grandpa by going with speed
To bring him his letters and papers to read.
O sweet to our hearts are the actions of love!
Such missions are given to angels above,
And they smile on the child, when he lies down at night,
Looking back o'er a day by good deeds rendered bright."
Willie came to his mother when going to bed,
To say he had thought much of what she had said,
And the long rainy day had passed off in a trice,
While he thought not of self, by her loving advice,
But had made many happy, by deeds good and kind.
He resolved that in future he 'd keep in his mind,
That "lost was that day, whose bright setting sun
Witnessed no deed of love, no worthy act done."

S. L. B.

DOWN IN THE FIELD.

THERE was only one place that, with us children, bore the title of "the field." All other fields were designated by their owners' names, or by their own peculiarities. Never was there another so pleasant and sunny and fragrant as this, so green in the fresh early spring, so gaily colored with red and white clover in the summer, so tempting in the autumn,

when the old gnarled apple-trees bent under their load of fruit. Down in the field—away down at the very end—was an early apple-tree. Early? So it was *called*; but it was not early enough for our impatient spirits. From the time that the apples began to form, we made a daily pilgrimage to the tree, each day expecting them to be ripe, and if by chance the wind or our vigorous shakings of the boughs loosened one from its stem, we tumbled over each other in our eagerness to get at it. We could not, with good conscience, eat a *green* apple; but one that had fallen, one that could so easily be mellowed and bruised against the stone wall, must certainly be good. At any rate we would eat it, and see whether the seeds were black. Then we could judge better about the others. So day after day we shook them off, and caught them as they fell, and by the time they would have been fully matured, they were nearly all devoured.

The other apple-trees, scattered here and there, were all familiar to us. Their forks and crooked boughs made natural steps for us; but many a cruel pinch have my little feet endured, slipping unguardedly into those narrow forks, and the boughs as often caught my streaming locks, or snapped beneath my weight, or balked me in a spring by a sudden twitch at my dress. We heartily enjoyed our reckless climbing in the old gnarled apple-trees down in the field, in spite of all the tumbles and bruises, and this all the more for the excitement and danger attending it. Among their wide-spread, awkward boughs, we found seats, or rather we imagined them. Balancing

on the end of a branch at the imminent risk of pitching over backwards, our feet swinging in mid-air, our little hands trembling with their convulsive grasp upon the rough bark, we thought there never was, and never could be, a more delightful resting-place. Truly a child's idea of comfort is a strange one. We used to run down to the field in the sultriest part of the day, under a burning sun, to *get cool* perched in our seats. There, with the flickering shadows of the leaves upon my book, and the sunlight streaming on my head, with the heat reflected from the scorching grass, tiny, tormenting insects buzzing around me, and the shrillest, loudest, and fiercest of harvest-flies singing perseveringly in my ear, I have dreamed the time away by the hour. There I was, as contented as possible, while they were wondering, at home, what had become of me. What a charm there was to us children in the very expression, "down in the field"! No plans could be so well talked over, no games went off with such spirit, anywhere else. But there was one thing that we were obliged to confess could not be done in the field. Driving hoops over the uneven, grassy surface was next to impossible. We tried again and again before we would give up our favorite sport. A succession of vigorous blows would send it in bounds a few yards; then, coming suddenly to a larger tuft of grass, a hole, or a hidden stick, it would waver, stagger, topple over, and reel to the ground, with a slow, revolving movement that kept up our hopes to the very last. We let it lie there, finally.

There was one place that we loved best of all, away down in the field, beyond the sunny slopes and the apple-trees. It was a precipitous bank thickly shaded by locust-trees. A narrow footpath, rough with interlacing tree-roots, led safely and easily down to the meadow beneath,—a very swampy meadow, with a sheet of water in it, a pond at some seasons, at others a ditch said to have no bottom. That was a legend that filled me with a wholesome awe. We used to plunge recklessly over the top and down the bank, on the full run, catching at the trees, or bumping violently against them to stop ourselves. Here we have spent long afternoons, now lying at full length upon the grass, (quite regardless of stains upon our dresses, I assure you,) gazing up through the branches into the sky, and anon scratching our fingers and feet in an untiring search for blackberries. From our shady retreat we had the prettiest view of the broad fields, and the green sloping sides of the Hollow, and the farm-house roofs, and in the distance, now and then, a glimpse of the cars leaving a slow-moving wreath of smoke behind them. We could hear their shrill whistle, and also the clatter of carriage and cart wheels in the street. But we seemed to be quite out of the world ourselves. The ceaseless crowing of the cocks, the chorus of frogs and crickets, the low twittering of birds, the hum of voices in the field above us, the sound of the falling grass, and the sharpening of scythes,—all was subdued and dreary, as if far off in the distance. The quiet would have brought slumber to eyelids any less wide awake than ours. We

were too restless, too gay, too thoughtless, to stop long to listen or to look. The time of the haying was the season for our wildest frolics. Ah! how slippery was that bank when the stiff, short stalks crushed beneath our feet, and there was not even a tuft of strong-rooted grass to cling to for help! What scrambling and tumbling, what screams, and peals of laughter, and what exclamations of despair, accompanied our laborious ascent! But we were no sooner fairly at the hill-top than we made some excuse for trying all over again, and if, after toiling half-way up, we rolled back to the starting-point, we shouted with delight. When the haymakers went home to dinner, we gathered all the scattered straws into a little haystack of our own. We could only manage the heavy rakes by taking hold of the end and dragging them after us, combing up whatever happened to come in their way; and very hot and tired we made ourselves over our little haystack. Our exertions were generally rewarded by a ride home on top of the load. I can well remember my sense of insecurity as it swayed to and fro, when I had nothing to cling to but the hay itself, which hung in loose wisps against the wheels, and scattered itself all along the way. I remember too how hot and how dusty was our fragrant bed in the top of the hay-cart, and how deeply we sank in the hollow we made. We looked exultingly down from our high perch, upon the men with their rakes and pitchforks over their shoulders, lounging lazily behind, — upon the broad-backed oxen, half hidden beneath their load, and the impatient teamster, striding ahead,

and turning again to brandish his goad, and shout his mysterious orders. And I remember how we crouched as we jounced over the barn-door sill, so afraid of bumping our heads, when the beams were far, far above us, silly children ! It seemed *so* dark and close in the barn, after having naught but the blue sky above us, and the clear, sweet, sunny air around us, down in the field !

E. A. E.

THE FIRST AND LAST DISOBEDIENCE.

No. III.

Poor John was in little danger of liking the company he was in. He was too good a boy to have any tastes in common with them. There was one boy who appeared so well at first, that he wondered how he came into such a place. But he was a pick-pocket, he found out, and his innocent look was a part of his trade. Johnny was glad that some work was given him to do. It was some comfort to him to be doing it as well as he could. He avoided communication with the others as much as possible, for they spoke in a way to shock his reverence for goodness and his purity of heart. One boy bullied him, and he was afraid of him, where he felt that anything like a quarrel might be visited with punishment upon both the innocent and the guilty one. He was, however, obliged now and then to defend himself from bodily injury with his

clenched fists. And when he was locked up for the night, he wished for lids to his ears, to shut out the disgusting language of his room-mate.

“ Ah, what a place has my disobedience brought me to ! ” he thought. “ But even here, I can do my best, and I will ; and God and my mother will forgive me, now that I sincerely repent of going wrong ! ”

He began to pity his companion, when he found he was poor and friendless, and without a regular home. How so young a boy should be put in jail seemed strange, but it might be that he was better off in the jail than the street, poor fellow ! He had no mother ; he told John he could not remember a mother’s love, or any one’s kind care, all his life. John’s good heart was touched, in spite of disgust. The thought of his own good, tender, faithful mother made him almost frantic with anxiety, grief, and remorse. The disgrace he had brought upon himself, he felt more on her account than his own ; he could not bear that she should no longer be proud of her good, steady, well-behaved boy, but must be ashamed for him. “ O, how can I bear it ! ” said the boy, weeping.

Poor Dicky looked at him in silence, and perhaps with a little disdain, for he could not understand his feelings. Nothing but blows would make *him* weep ; he had nothing to weep for, nothing to lose.

John determined to make a humble confession to his mother, that he was convinced he was not old enough to be trusted to be his own master. Thenceforth, her lightest word of advice should be a law to

him. It should be his highest pleasure to obey her. Happiness and credit were in the path of obedience.

To his surprise, she entered his cell before he was to be called to work in the morning. He supposed it was only a visit. "I am mortified to have you come here to see me," said he. "I am sorry you did, though it is so good to see your dear face. How little I ever thought to make my mother blush for me, by being *here*!"

"The place is nothing, if you were blameless," said she. "I should have no cause to blush, if you had done no wrong, to be shut up here. The disgrace is all in the wrong-doing. Well, don't cry; we will talk about it when we get home."

"Home, mother? *We*?"

"The fine is paid; did you think I was going to leave you in the society you chose for yourself, John? It shall not be any fault of *mine*, if you are with bad boys, *anywhere*."

Chosen! John was speechless. Yes, he had chosen Jim's company, wilfully, and what had it brought him to?

In silent dejection, he prepared to leave the prison. When Dick saw him going, he threw himself flat upon his face on the floor. He was not used to kind words and looks, and John's genuine interest in his forlorn fate had affected him strangely. And now he was going away from him.

But John paused to speak to him, although he longed to get beyond the prison walls.

"Don't cry, Dick," he said, stooping to get hold of his hand. "Your turn to go out will come."

"I am not crying," said Dick pettishly. "Let me alone, will you?" But he had raised his face a moment, and John saw that deep grief convulsed his features. He struck his forehead upon the floor again. "My turn, — what's that, when I ha' n't got any place to go to, where there's anybody wants me? I wish as I was dead! Supposin' I was to jump off o' the Milldam, there a'n't a person in the world that knows me but 'd say, 'Good riddance! it's a massy he's drowned out o' the way.'"

John pulled his mother's sleeve. "Could not you get him any kind of a place?" said he, in a low tone.

"Who'd take *him*?" said she. "But still, if he was clean, and not looking so very, very neglected! — He has not a bad face, poor child, and so young too! Some one might feel for him, and teach him to work. Let us think; you can't squeeze into your oldest suit much longer. It would be large for him, but — if I had time — well, I *could* make it fit — near enough."

"Could he find the way to us, when he gets out, without —"

"Be bound I could!" said Dick, rising from the floor with a sudden spring which made the widow start back. "I knows every street and alley in all Boston, and every one o' the wharves too, by night or day. I'd find my way anywheres where there's e'er a road."

When John and his mother were once more seated at their little table, with everything as usual around them, it seemed as if the past two days had been

only a miserable dream. John looked up at the nail where his father's watch had hung and ticked against the little red cloth mat for many a year. It was gone, — he knew where.

He thought he should leave off going to school, at once. He could not think of showing his face there. His mother would not allow him to leave, *then*. He must go ; yes, the very next day. If he kept on and behaved well, the disgrace would not remain long ; if he left off, it would never, never be forgotten. He must re-establish his good reputation, and then leave. John obeyed. To his surprise, he was received even affectionately by the boys. They had heard that Sam and Bob had been "let off," and they were all strong in John's favor, and full of feeling for him, because he had been punished. The value of his former good character was now very plain. Everybody was bearing him testimony ; all were sorry for him. And John was more diligent than ever in his lessons, more anxious to do well in every way than ever before. He was devoted to his mother, out of school, but he could not give her all his earnings, as he longed to do. They were all for his debt ; and he was often employed for hours at the apothecary's shop.

One day Dick came to take his promised suit. He had had his bushy hair sheared off close to his head, and his hands and face were pretty clean. When he was dressed up, he was a good-looking little fellow enough, and he tried to behave decently, and to speak properly. To be like John was his great ambition, and so John had it in his power to do him a great deal of good.

"Mother, you do not allow me to be with bad boys, yet you keep Dick, and never forbid me to let him come with me anywhere. How is that?"

"It is because he looks up to you, and imitates you, John. If you were old enough and good enough to benefit that German fellow, or our neighbors, Bob and Sam, I would have you try to do it. Some day it will be so, I hope."

Before a great while the watch was redeemed, and John wore it every day. It had measured out the days of an honest man, John's father; he resolved it should not mark wasted and ill-spent time in his keeping. He was so faithful in what he did, that his friend the apothecary took him into his shop, and when he was twenty-one gave him a share of his business. After that, Mrs. Blackwell was not obliged to work hard; John took good care of her as long as she lived.

As for Dick, he went to live with a farmer. After running away two or three times, and returning voluntarily, he settled down into a steady, good sort of boy, and made friends for himself, who took good care of him, in sickness and in health.

A. W. A.

Are not the sorrows of childhood as real as those of age? Are not the morning shadows as deep and broad as those of evening?

The good man grows wiser and better by adversity, as the wounded oyster mends his shell with pearls.

LA FILLE ORPHELINE.

Où courez vous si vite, Emile ?

Je vais demander à Marie une paire de ses vieux souliers.

Qu'en voulez vous faire ?

Je les veux donner à une pauvre petite fille, qui est devant la porte ; elle n'a presque point d'habits ; elle n'a ni souliers, ni bas ; et ses pauvres pieds sont blessés par les cailloux.

D'où vient elle ?

Je ne sais, mais elle m'a dit, que son père et sa mère étoient morts ; qu'il n'y eut personne qui prit soin d'elle, et qu'elle mouroit de faim. Je lui ai donné un morceau de pain que j'allois manger et j'allois lui querir, une paire de souliers. Je croyois avoir faim quand j'ai demandé le pain, mais à présent il ne me semble pas que j'ai faim.

Une bonne action rassasie plus que le boire et le manger. Mais, ma chère, aimeriez vous bien d'être comme cette pauvre fille, de mendier votre pain de ville en ville, et de n'avoir ni bon père, ni bonne mère, pour vous soigner, et vous faire des caresses ?

Hélas ! non maman, que deviendrai-je en ce cas là ?

Soyez donc reconnoissante, aimez tendrement votre père et votre mère, qui prennent tant de soin de vous, ayez pitié des pauvres, et de l'orpheline, et faites tout votre possible pour les soulager et pour adoucir leur misères.

Mais hâtons nous d'aller à cette pauvre fille.

Allez prier la cuisinière de lui donner du bouillon ;
et j'irai lui querir des bas, des souliers, et quelques
habits : puis nous verrons si nous pourrions la se-
courir d'avantage.

LETTER FROM A SUBSCRIBER.*

DEAR EDITOR : —

You ask if the death of the bee always follows the use of his sting. By no means ; it is the loss of it that is fatal to him. It very frequently happens that the sting or a part of it is left in the flesh of some impatient animal or person, who would not take the matter quietly when surprised by its stab, so like a prick with a hot needle. When you are attacked by an angry bee, or a swarm, non-resistance is your safest policy. He understands his own business, and will punish you much more tenderly and delicately if you conduct yourself according to peace principles. Let him alone, and he will withdraw and sheathe his weapon as dexterously as he has used it ; the poison, in that case, is soon dissipated. Let the barbed dart be broken in by your efforts at self-defence, and there it must remain, aggravating your suffering most cruelly. The poor bee, whose mutilation has rendered it defenceless, lingers two or three hours, perhaps, but it always dies.

* The Editor is much obliged to her friend upon the Kennebec for so kindly replying to her query.

There is a droll story, in which the valor of the bees proved irresistible in the defence of their owners.

In 1525, during the disorders which always harass a country in time of war, a party of peasants attacked the house of the minister of Elende. He endeavored to persuade them to desist from the pillage of his house, and to return peaceably to their homes. Finding his eloquence vain, he thought it his next duty to take care of his defenceless family. He therefore ordered his servants to bring his beehives and throw them through the windows, among the besieging boors. This novel mode of defence succeeded perfectly. The peasants fled in all haste, only too glad to leave the family in quiet possession of the premises.

A SUBSCRIBER.

HALLOWELL, September 5th.

MORAL COURAGE.

"MOTHER, my new playmate swears!" said Harry, coming in quite dejected.

"I am glad to see you left him and came home. I hope you told him why?"

"No, mother, I only came away. The barn-door blew to, and pinched his hand. I should have been very sorry for him, but that he cursed the door and the wind, and stamped, and swore again. Another boy was there that laughed. But I could not, though he was so foolish. It shocks me to hear any one swear."

"If you played with him, you might become indifferent to hearing it in time, though you might not be led to use such wicked language yourself. For that reason I wish you to give up his society."

Harry looked thoughtful, but, not being quite satisfied, made no answer. His mother did not interrupt his reflections, but sat still, sewing.

He thought to himself that he certainly could never become indifferent. Should any one speak disrespectfully and lightly of his best *earthly* friend, should he not always be indignant? Could he then hear the name of his Heavenly Father, to whom he owed so much greater gratitude, treated with irreverence, and not be thrilled with pain and displeasure?

"Mother, you know best, but I —"

"Go on, my son; let me know what you think. Perhaps I may see I am wrong; if I do, I will change my mind at once, and let you sometimes play with him. I am not certain but I *ought*, for his sake."

"He is really a good-hearted fellow. It is a trick he has caught, — the other boys say so, — from hearing it down in the ship-yard."

"If you will always rebuke him when he swears, — kindly, but without the least hesitation or shrinking, — you may play with him. He may be angry at first; you can then leave him. He will respect you in his heart, and will soon learn to bear it from *you*. It may help him to break the habit at last."

Harry was a diffident, though not a feeble-minded boy. He was unwilling to undertake what really seemed to him a hopeless task.

"He is older than I. It would be of no sort of use. The boys would laugh, and that would be enough to make it all in vain. No, I had rather avoid him,—not so as to hurt his feelings, but as much as I can,—and leave him the moment he swears, if it is in the midst of a play."

"Very well," said his mother. "But the power of an earnest word is great, and may act long after you think it forgotten. I will tell you a story I have read. O, here is the book; I will partly read, partly tell it.

"'Houseless and homeless,—a dying wife, and a destitute family,—still will I not despair,' said Mr. Atherley, a curate thrown suddenly out of employment. 'He who has supported me through many a trying hour will not forsake me!'

"Dr. Horbury, a good friend of his, comes in.

"'Can't sit down. No time for compliments. Here, read! Give me your decision when I return from seeing your wife.'

"Mr. Atherley reads from a crumpled, dirty, and old newspaper: 'If the Rev. Lawrence Atherley, who in the year 1800 was curate of Plas-Newyd, in the isle of Anglesea, North Wales, or his heirs, will apply personally at the office of Messrs. Allen & Curtis, Solicitors, Broad Street, they will hear of something to their advantage.'

"The Doctor's heavy boots were heard returning as Mr. Atherley was puzzling himself to account for this notice, and thinking how impossible it was for him to make personal inquiry in distant London,

with no money. The good Doctor lent him the money, and hurried him off.

“ Having arrived at the office, and announced his errand, he was received with respect, but a certain degree of distrust. He was asked the most extraordinary, and, it seemed to him, useless questions; among others, whether he ever knew Sir Henry Molineux. ‘ Not at all,’ he said. ‘ Did you ever meet him ?’ asked Mr. Allen. Mr. Atherley could not remember that he had. ‘ You are in the habit of attending the Anniversary Dinner of the Sons of the Clergy ?’ Mr. Atherley gave the date of the last at which he was present, and mentioned that some conversation at that dinner, painful to him, remained in his memory.

“ ‘ This is all we want,’ said Mr. Curtis. ‘ I have now only to congratulate you on your increase of income. You have a legacy of about seven thousand pounds. These papers will explain.’ Mr. Atherley sat down to read, and was scarcely aware that Mr. Allen and Mr. Curtis shook hands with him, ere they left him, so much was he astonished at what had befallen him.

“ At the anniversary dinner which he remembered so painfully, he had been seated near a middle-aged man, who proved a most entertaining companion, until the conversation took an unexpected turn to the subject of religion. The stranger was a sceptic, and brought forward the wildest and most presumptuous opinions in a sarcastic and ironical tone. Mr. Atherley asked him if he had ever even read the Bible. He had not looked into one since his child-

hood, he said, using some contemptuous epithets with regard to its holy precepts.

“‘Then, sir, how can you in common honor, or honesty, or with any show of fairness, presume to deride that of which you are grossly ignorant? Is there any other book in existence you would thus condemn without perusal? Is there any other important question you would settle without understanding its merits? You will find this book the best companion of a dying bed. Read it.’

“What followed is immaterial. The party broke up, and, with a distant bow of courtesy, he and the stranger parted.

“Sir Henry went abroad. He had wealth, and leisure, and health, and talents, — everything but happiness. Whatever he did was unsatisfactory, and left his heart weary and heavy. In the midst of festive mirth, and when he was making all gay around him, in the inner chambers of his soul was the thought of the end. The end! — and no hope beyond the present hour, but rather a dreary and vague dread, such as every human being must feel, without the Christian’s faith, in the thought of death. Soon came loss of dear friends, and no consolation; bitter disappointment, and no higher joys to look to; sudden reverses, and no sustaining power. ‘If this world be all, what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue,’ was his dismal conviction.

Health left him last. On the bed of pain, the words of Atherley came to his mind, and in silence and solitude, with a spirit subdued by suffering, he began to read his Bible. The good Being whom he

had forsaken granted him time for repentance. Now he read with a heart anxious and willing to be convinced. He was humble and earnest. He prayed that the Holy Spirit would help his unbelief. And he did not read in vain. He wrote this account to the man who, years before, had spoken the words which had saved him from dying as he had lived, ignorant of God's word. And the last words before the bequest of the remains of his fortune were these: 'Would to God I had felt the responsibility of wealth! I should not now have to mourn for talents wasted, opportunities lost, the poor despised, and God forgotten.'"

A. W. A.

THE LEAF.*

FROM THE FRENCH.

Poor withered leaf that driftest by,
I pray thee tell thy destiny.
"I 'm from yon riven oak," she said;
"My only stay in life is dead;
And since that day, on breezes borne,
And sometimes by the tempest torn,
Whither the wind may list, from forests dark
O'er widest plains outspread without a mark,
From mountain summit to the deepest vale,
Tearless and fearless, onward still I sail;
I journey to the grave that gapes beneath
Alike the rose's and the laurel's leaf."

H. S. E.

* A translation of Laurent's celebrated lines to "La Feuille."

THE CHILDREN'S TEA-PARTY.

[THE Children's Mission acknowledges the receipt of nine dollars from eight children of Hallowell, Maine, being the proceeds of a tea-party and sale of small wares, of their own collecting and making, for the benefit of indigent children in Boston. We have received a notice of the fête written expressly for the Child's Friend by a gentleman accidentally present, and more minute accounts in private letters from those interested, which may be entertaining to some of our young readers.

"At two o'clock preparations began. Two tables were laid upon the green lawn before the house; one with cups and saucers, and the tea and coffee apparatus, the other laden with tarts and varieties of cake, not without stacks of substantial bread and butter, in slices ready spread. On the wide, old-fashioned piazza two more tables were set out, on which were displayed articles "not only of fancy but fun. Among the latter are specified game-cocks made of peaceable melon-seeds, certain sugar-cakes with birds for handles, and a school-room eight inches square, containing a school-dame in antique costume, hornbook in hand, a class reciting, a bashful new pupil, a delinquent in the corner, and a form full of hard students, moulded in cotton wool, all having intelligent faces, and, without exception, molasses-colored hair.

One other article is mentioned, — a toilet-cushion, so highly valued by the company on account of the perseverance and industry it had required in its maker, a young lady of nine, that it was agreed it should be bought by subscription, and presented to the Rev. Mr. R., a true friend of the children, and their pastor during the summer past.

A ring-cake had been presented, or rather contributed, by one of the party; and it was adorned with a wreath of flowers, and was sold in slices before being cut. Its secretary not being yet in joining hand, the customers recorded their own names as they paid for their chance. The salesmen at the fancy tables are mentioned as having made change with *wonderful* quickness. None of the children were above nine years old. The piazza had a railing and gate, and purchasers bought a ticket giving them a right to

enter, which they were requested to wear pinned upon the shoulder.

After tea was over, the groups, composed of all ages, the ladies wearing bright-colored shawls and scarfs, and the children gay dresses, gave such new life and beauty to the view, that a Claude Lorraine glass was obtained to heighten the enjoyment of it. The *tableau vivant* was then rendered complete by an arm-chair being placed in the midst of the children, and occupied by a dearly loved old gentleman of ninety-one, whose snow-white hair showed like a glory round his head, and flowed down in long, silvery tresses upon his shoulders. This picturesque grouping of all the seven ages was followed by a game upon the green, in which nearly all took a part, and with so much zeal, that the moon shone upon the frolic before it came to an end. A handkerchief was tossed to the very smallest player, by one six feet high, and a chase ensued. He thought himself secure of victory, but off rolled the little bunch with such speed that he could not overtake her before the goal was reached. He tried two or three others, but all "the little humble-bees" were too nimble for him. In despair, he resigned to another tall player, a man of weight; he was as little successful as the first. "Unless he could pull out his legs like a telescope," and thus make long strides a balance for quickness, he could not hope to overtake the little gazelles.

Ice-cream was served in the evening, of better than city quality, being made by the fair hands of one of the ladies. These "creams that *were* creams" were sold by patient little waiters, at so much a saucer, and found a ready market before the general muster of hats and bonnets, and mutual congratulations and farewells, announced the close of the fête. Not an accident had occurred, except a tumble from the swing that was only a fright. There was not a rudeness nor an unkind word, but seven or eight hours of unmixed gayety and enjoyment. An ordinary picnic on a fine day is always agreeable, but this had a motive that lent to pleasure a higher zest. There are two things which will ever be looked back upon with peculiar pleasure: the benevolent industry of the young children who originated the idea, and the union of all ages in the party of pleasure in which it resulted. — Ed.]

ON the banks of the Kennebec, in the suburbs of the city of Hallowell, there is a bluff rising some two or three hundred feet above the river, which commands a prospect of rare loveliness. Here, nearly three quarters of a century ago, Dr. B—— V—— from England, a gentleman of distinguished character, and of the highest philosophical and literary attainments, reared his dwelling. A spacious lawn spreads before the house, descending from it in front in a graceful slope. From the piazza there is a view of the winding reaches of the river, from Augusta, which lies in plain sight two miles above, to a sweeping bend below Hallowell, where it goes out of view on its way to the ocean, by the busy streets of Gardiner, Richmond, and Bath. The wide-spread, elevated lawn, with its fine old trees standing here and there; the dense foliage of the forest which skirts it, covering a portion of the grounds; the blue expanse of the river, enlivened by steamers and white-sailed vessels, with all the variety of craft which floats down our Northern streams; the hills which rise from the opposite shore, forest-crowned and checkered with farms,—present a picture which no one can gaze upon without delight.

One may be pardoned a little enthusiasm in describing a scene which daguerreotyped itself upon his imagination in childhood, which is hallowed by the memory of the dearest friends he has known on earth, and which is associated in his mind with all that is pure, and elevated, and lovely, and noble. For more than half a century this mansion was perhaps more than any other in Maine the seat of a

most refined hospitality. Distinguished visitors from the Old World sought there the welcome which they were sure to receive ; and from that dwelling an elevating influence went abroad in the community, long felt and acknowledged.

In that day books were scarce, and I can never forget, and with gratitude I here record, my weekly visits, and those of my brothers and sisters, to receive books from the extensive library of Mr. V——. The inmates of that house seemed to me superior beings, for such indeed they were. To their genial sympathy, and their liberality in opening their library to us children, I owe in great degree whatever interest I have since been led to take in literary pursuits. Often did I hear my noble mother say, "Children, you will never know how much you are indebted to these kind friends." But I do in some degree now appreciate it, and I love their memory with a gratitude which shall never die.

On a recent tour to Moosehead Lake, I rode, at the close of a lovely summer's afternoon, over the hills into Hallowell. One of the most valued friends of my childhood, with whom I had often sported upon that lawn, now occupied those rooms, which had ever seemed to me so sacred. In passing, I could not refrain from turning in at the familiar gate which opens upon the lawn, and as the carriage came round the corner of the house, a most attractive and unexpected picture met my eye. A throng of ladies, gentlemen, and children were upon the lawn, variously grouped, and all full of joyous animation. Some were swinging, some lingering round

a table under the trees ; little ones were gambolling and taking unexpected somersets upon the grass. The charming picture burst like a vision upon my view, and its central point, and the most powerful attraction, was the venerable man, ninety-one years of age, crowned with those silver locks which are the aged man's glory, yet as youthful in heart, as buoyant in spirits, and as quick in thought as the youngest of all. O how blessed a thing it is to grow old gracefully ; to gain, with the lapse of years, the victory over selfishness and passion ; to become, in approaching nearer the dawn of eternity's morning, only more lovely, more cheerful, more genial, more sympathizing in all the joys and griefs of humanity ! *

It is now midnight. The lawn is silent. The full moon in cloudless brilliance lights up forest and river with night's most impressive splendor. No sound is heard but the distant notes of the night bird. But the very silence of nature, in this its garb of surpassing loveliness, seems to plead for humanity ; and feeling myself the influence of that plea, which the scenes of the evening have so enforced, I have been constrained to write these lines, in the hope that other children, the favored and the blest, may be led to remember the joyless and forsaken ones who need their sympathy.

J. S. C. . A.

* The account of the sale and its object is omitted, as unnecessary after the preceding one.

BERTHA.

No. II.

MRS. HAYWARD lay extended at full length, and motionless, her eyes closed, her colorless lips pressed together as if carved in marble. Her thin hands were clasped upon her bosom.

"Mother is asleep!—Hush!" whispered Bertha, who had come, with all the children at her back, to peep through the door, which stood ajar. "Go away, every mother's son and daughter of you, and I'll come presently."

All obeyed, for Bertha could be minded when she chose. Jane whispered with such a strenuous suppression of voice, in imitation of her elder, that the children were very much impressed, and went off in silent procession. Dudley made extravagant antics in the endeavor to walk on tiptoe, and finally tumbled down, bumping his head against a door, fortunately not his mother's. He made such comical wry faces, in his determination not to cry loud, that the children broke into a laugh. But that was not a sound to break the mother's slumber.

Bertha went to a closet, and pulled out a great basket, which she emptied upon the floor. Bundles of all colors and sizes rolled out, and Bertha's nimble fingers presently unbound two or three of them. Having taken what she chose, she left the rest strewed upon the carpet, and was going out at the door with a light step, when a slight creek of the hinges made her glance back at her mother's face. How death-

like it was, in its pale serenity and stillness ! As she gazed, some thought made the tears gush into her eyes.

She went back, and gathered up the pieces from the floor. At first she tumbled them into the basket in a heap. Then she compelled herself to empty it again upon the floor, and laid the bundles in order, as she had found them. She looked with an air of vexation and discouragement at the pieces which she had unrolled, all in confusion, red, green, and orange mixed in a gay medley. Another glance at her mother, — a sorrowful one, — and down she sat upon the floor, spread the pieces smoothly in three piles, rolled them up neatly, tied them, put them evenly in the basket, and set the basket in its nook in the closet. Then she went to lean over her mother, to listen to her faint breathing, and to leave a kiss hovering in the air above her white cheek.

“Bertha, what have you been prowling after?” said Aunt Marian, coming in just as Mrs. Hayward opened her eyes. “I declare, you have got that remnant of scarlet plaid ! You can’t have it, Miss ! No, indeed !”

“I know it is like Dud’s frocks, Aunt Marian, but they will not need to be repaired. It is long since I heard mother say he ought to be put into unmentionables. I long to have him emancipated from petticoats.”

But Dudley must first wear out his stock of robes, as a matter of economy, and the plaid would be sure to be needed, for he was continually rending his voluminous skirts. Bertha had to content herself, there-

fore, with the old crimson curtain stuff instead, bright on the under side, and too weak to be useful.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Mrs. Hayward, with languid curiosity.

Bertha only laughed and ran. The nursery door was shut, and the children as still as mice for an hour. Aunt Marian thought the unnatural quiet ominous of mischief, but Mrs. Hayward was not anxious. "Bertha is with them," said she. "Yes, I know it," said Aunt Marian, laughing significantly.

Presently Dudley came gravely in, and delivered a note. "Baby's compliments to Mamma and Aunt Marian, and their presence requested in the nursery."

"Why have you a clean suit?" asked Aunt Marian, who had not been told of Dudley's plunge into the water-butt. "Some of Bertha's nonsense, I suppose," she murmured, with an indulgent smile. "Put on the other, mind, to-morrow morning."

Dudley stammered and stuttered something about the water, but was not heeded, as they had now arrived at the door of the nursery. The children stood in corners, with their hands over their mouths, and their cheeks puffed out with suppressed laughter, except Bertha, who was behind the window-curtain, to be an invisible support to the baby. That little personage was stamping and crowing, and rolling its head about in ludicrous unconsciousness of anything unusual. It was dressed in the costume of its great-grandfather, wig, waistcoat, breeches, top-boots, and all. The latter article it presently kicked off in its merry antics, and pranced with its little red socks in a most undignified manner, at the same time mak-

ing passes in the air with doubled fists. The general burst of laughter excited Baby to gabble and sputter and crow, and wag its little pate, till down fell the wig, and was trampled into a mere lump of slate-colored wadding in an instant. The little bald head was even droller than the wig had been, as it rolled to and fro, with its broad and fat cheeks and a great double chin.

"Our venerable friend acts as if he had had a glass too much," said Aunt Marian.

"O, I wish her father could see her!" said Mrs. Hayward. "A hearty laugh would do him *so* much good, poor man! He could not resist this, if he was ever so blue!"

"Blue?" echoed Dudley, musingly.

"Sorry, she means," explained Jane.

"Has it done *you* any good, mamma?" asked Bertha, coming from behind the curtain.

"It tires me a little to laugh so heartily," said her mother, putting her hand to her side. "But it has done my heart good, Bertha, with the good rest I have had, while you were keeping the children all safe, and quiet, and happy together." Bertha sighed, and put her finger upon her under lip, as she always did when she was thoughtful.

Mrs. Hayward returned to her couch, and the baby, in its own character, went with her.

"There, Bertha, you have been nursery-maid long enough," said Aunt Marian, with a pat on the shoulder. "Go, you must be tired."

"If I had been, I am afraid you would have heard from me before now. How people can take care of

children when there is no fun to be had out of it, I do not comprehend. They certainly have an inconceivable amount of patience."

"You have not yet a spirit of self-sacrifice, my child," said Aunt Marian, "but you have good feelings, and that will come in time, with the need of it. You are a child as well as the rest."

"A spirit of self-sacrifice!" repeated Bertha, with a grimace. "No. That I have not. I grudge every useful thing I do, unless it is in fun. Self-sacrifice! Dear me! But I *am* glad to have relieved mother and you this afternoon. I meant to do it, — just for once, — and perhaps I will again, when I feel good. Self-sacrifice is doing what you don't want to, is it, Aunt Marian, instead of what you like? That I never do. I do what I *like*."

The nursery was no place for conversation, especially when Dudley was in it, and Aunt Marian answered only by a smile. She thought to herself that Bertha had good impulses, and they were settling into good principles of action, as fast as could be expected. Bertha was thinking more seriously than her aunt imagined, all the while singing her favorite air, Paddy Carey, and playing with the kitten under the table, with Jane, Sarah, and Dudley watching and admiring, on hands and knees.

"I do not see that I can relieve you, — you are such a magnet," said Aunt Marian, going back to her work in the side parlor.

Mr. Hayward came home late, and seemed very tired and nervous. Bertha brought in his tea, as she often did. His eye followed her fondly, in all her

half-playful motions, and he presently began to smile and talk.

"Here, here, what are you doing with my cream, little witch?"

"Only giving the kitten a little in the palm of my hand, papa!"

"What has she done to deserve it, pray?"

"She and I have been very useful to-day, amusing the children."

"I am afraid you have neglected your music, then. You cannot have any more of these expensive lessons; make the most of them."

Bertha went to the piano. She usually played over her lesson to him, as she knew he liked to listen while eating his solitary meal. There was no hesitation or stumbling, so both parents said, "Very well; very well, indeed." The rogue chuckled, for it was a tune of her own making.

"The term ended to-day," observed Aunt Marian.

"And why was I not reminded, that I might be ready to pay the bill?" cried Mr. Hayward, in a petulant tone. "Excuse me, Marian; I did not mean to speak so, but I have had a great deal of chagrin to day."

"I thought of it," said Aunt Marian, "but Bertha and I together have settled it." And she handed him the receipted bill.

"You did not think my credit was so good, father," said Bertha. "I am to pay Aunt Marian with the very first money that is honestly my own. I don't mean *given* to me."

"What then?" asked Mr. Hayward and his wife,

together. But the answer to the question was only some unintelligible rattle about fairies and magic, mingling with a loud voluntary on the piano, apparently variations of Paddy Carey. Mr. Hayward went on with his supper, looking so grave that Marian was afraid she had rather chagrined than pleased him by advancing the money to meet the music-master's demand. At last he looked round, and, seeing her eyes anxiously fixed upon him, smiled, and said, "Thank you, May. It is a convenience, just now." That it should be so, gave him a feeling of mortification, she saw, and so changed the subject immediately.

"Here is a letter waiting your leisure," said she, laying it by the side of his plate.

It was from the sister who had brought up and educated him. She had heard of his misfortune, and wrote to offer the only kind of aid in her power. She would take her namesake, Jane, and she should be no further expense to her parents. She said she would have invited Bertha, in preference, as there was a fine school for young ladies in the town where she lived, but she supposed the gay girl would not hear of such a thing as living with an old woman, in a plain, *up-country* way; no music-lessons, no dancing-parties, no opportunity to show off nice dresses, and, above all, with nobody to wait upon her, and do her sewing for her.

"Your sister Jane does not know Bertha," said Aunt Marian, indignantly.

"Pretty fair, however," said Mr. Hayward, giving Bertha's flushed cheek a little tap with the back of his hand. "Is not it, little butterfly?"

Bertha said nothing.

"Aunt Jane was always a little satirical," observed Mrs. Hayward. "But of course Bertha could not be happy there. It is not the place for *her*. As for Jane —"

Jane was an invalid. The tender mother could not see that a change of air and a different mode of living might be the very thing she required. Jane was but ten years old, and for her there was only the winter district school, with rough playmates, as well as rough weather to encounter. She had a sickly appetite; how would she fare where there were no delicacies, and where brown bread, baked beans, or boiled beef might often be her only choice in viands? "Jane could not go," her mother said.

Sarah was a stout little thing, always hungry, always merry and contented. She was nearly seven. But Aunt Jane had said *nothing* about her, and would not want the care of so young a child.

"What do you think, Marian?" asked Mr. Hayward. "My sister has tenderness and good judgment. Might not Jane go?"

Marian was Mrs. Hayward's sister. She felt some delicacy, therefore, about expressing her opinion, as it coincided with her sister's. She was silent, that she need not seem to distrust Aunt Jane's motherly instincts.

Mr. Hayward sighed. Bertha told him of the baby's masquerading, hoping to divert him. He only said, without a smile: "Very funny; yes, but the old picture of my grandfather, — do you know, wife, that my sister's husband has offered me a thou-

sand dollars down for that and the mate to it? It shall not go into a different family, however, till I am brought to downright want."

He looked so disturbed that Bertha was silenced. Mrs. Hayward read over the letter, which he offered her, and presently said, "But he says we may have it back for exactly what you get for it, at any future time."

"But I shall never be able; my expenses exceed my income," said he, petulantly. "Saving is out of the question in this family." Bertha looked very sober at this statement, and her finger was laid upon her lip. She knew that she had persuaded her mother to buy her a new stock of dresses, because she was desirous of wearing long skirts. There would be much waste in taking her own for Jane, who was already provided for the whole summer. Other instances of extravagance came up to her roused conscience; each had seemed a trifle in itself, but now she felt that in the year's expenses she had to answer for many unnecessary items. "And what am I good for in the family, after all? I am a burden, and not much else, I am sure," she said to herself.

No one knew what was passing in the young girl's mind, or they might have answered the humble question differently. "Our oldest pet and darling, our musician, the enlivener of many dull hours, the ornament of our fireside circle, baby's favorite playfellow, the champion of Dudley, the ingenious doll-milliner and dressmaker for Sarah, Jane's room-mate and sympathizing nurse, &c., &c." All loved Bertha, and were well content to have her as she was. But

Bertha felt that good impulses, capricious and uncertain and often checked by indolence and selfish habits, were not character. She was not content with herself, for she knew she was capable of greater things.

Aunt Marian obeyed her beckon, and the two walked up and down on the piazza, in earnest conversation, till the bell rang for prayers.

There were tears on Bertha's cheeks as she rose from her knees. She wiped them hastily, and she saw that Aunt Marian's eyes were full also. They exchanged a look, and then both looked at Mr. Hayward.

"Shall I tell him to-night?" she whispered.

"Yes," answered Aunt Marian; for she saw that the exercise of faith had calmed the spirit of the weary man of business, and his brow was clear and open.

Bertha went to lean upon his bosom; he kissed her, and said, "Good night," but she lingered.

"You loved Aunt Jane?" said she.

"She was both mother and sister to me," said he. "I am sorry she should be disappointed in this."

"She shall not," said Bertha; and added, choking with emotion, "I will go, father."

Her mother consented, on condition that she should come back as soon as she was discontented, or at any rate at the end of the first school term. And so Bertha went.

A. W. A.

THE PASSENGER AND THE PILOT.

A FABLE.

It had blown a gale at sea, and a large vessel had with difficulty escaped shipwreck. A passenger who had never been to sea before, observing the unconcern of the pilot, entered into conversation with him.

"What death did your father die?" said he.

"My father? Why, he perished at sea, as did my grandfather before him."

"And are you not afraid to trust yourself to an element which has proved fatal to your family?"

"By no means. Why, must not all die? Is not your grandfather dead, too?"

"Yes, but he died in his bed."

"Then why are you not afraid to trust yourself to your bed? We are nowhere out of the reach of Providence; it is equally extended over all places, to protect and to punish us. Let us ever do our best, and we may trust that we are safe both at sea and on land, for God is everywhere."

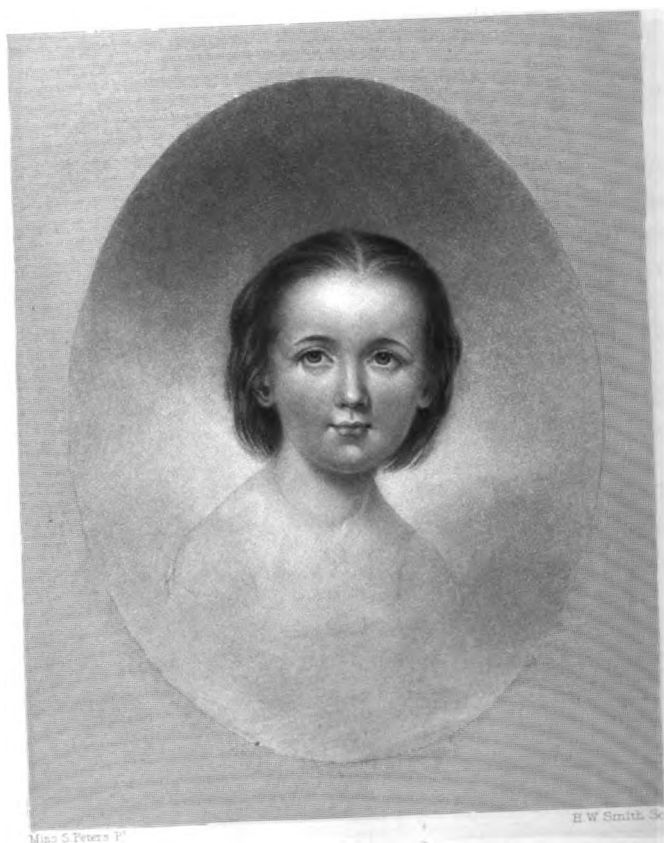
MRS. TRIMMER.

SONG OF THE FLOWER-GIRL.

Come buy, come buy, — I've flowers of every sort;
I have pinks and daisies; from my garden they are brought.
I've mignonette and roses, and all that you might choose,
And lady, kind lady, I hope you'll not refuse.

Here are violets in plenty, and cowslips wet with dew,
And here are roses also, and tulips not a few;
Now look at my forget-me-nots, — I know you will like these;
And here 's the pure white lily, and clusters of sweet peas.

NANCY O'BRIEN (aged ten years).



LILLIE WELLS TO SOPHIE.

Funchal, Island of Madeira.

DEAR SISTER SOPHIE:—

I have flown away from Algiers, and here I find myself in Funchal. The city looks like a little gem set in the ocean. I expected to have written you again from Algiers, but Uncle George was very suddenly summoned to Madeira, to take charge of the two little children of an old friend who recently died there. He was from England, and came to Madeira for the restoration of his health. But it was too late. Maud and Herbert Gilmore are sweet little children; they do not seem at all aware of their loss. Their father told them he was going to another world to see their mother. He requested they should not be allowed to see him after death, or be present at the funeral. They ask very puzzling questions; they want to know whether their father went in a steamer, or by railroad,—whether he will have nice horses to ride with mamma, and can skate in winter. They wish to learn to write, that they may write to him.

I must now tell you something of this city of Funchal. It has steep hilly streets,—so very steep that it is impossible for wheels to be used. I have not seen one wheel-carriage since I came. When we get tired of using our feet, (which we do very soon here,) we must ride on horseback, or be carried in a palanquin or a hammock. Many of the houses here have a square turret rising above the main building, having two rooms, one over the other, with win-

dows on each of the four sides. I occupy one of these turret chambers, and the prospect is very delightful. From the windows on one side, I gaze upon a lofty mountain; from another, I see low ranges of hills, terraced with vines, and dotted with pretty white houses; on another side, I have a fine view of the ocean, which is always beautiful to me, in sunshine or storm; from the remaining window, I look down into the steep streets of the city, where I see no omnibus, cart, or wheel-carriage of any kind, but oxen, donkeys, and sledges; also people carrying bundles of wood upon their heads, having brought it in from the country. On Saturday, the market day, there are crowds of people bringing fruits and provisions.

I awoke quite early the first morning of my arrival, roused by the ox-drivers shouting loudly to their cattle. Hearing the pattering of little feet under my window, I looked out, and found it was the donkeys. Soon I heard the tinkling of small bells: I ran to the window again,—it was the Funchal milkmen. You will think they carried little bells, and rang them to let the people know they were coming. But no,—they had neither carts nor cans, but were driving along little flocks of she-goats, tied together two and two. One of the milkmen had just stopped opposite the door of our landlady; she sent out a vessel, and he milked into it as much as she required. I ran down with a tumbler; he milked into it, and I paid him two cents.

The climate here is very delightful. And such a profusion of splendid flowers, growing luxuriantly

everywhere, I never saw before. I have my room filled with vases of roses, heliotropes, geraniums, and many other flowers. And there are wreaths and festoons all around, emitting a delicious perfume.

I shall write you again very soon, dear Sophie, as we shall remain here several weeks. Maud Gilmore feels quite sure she shall love my sister Sophie and Mary Claudine very much, and wishes a kiss to each transmitted in this letter. Herbert Gilmore thinks my little brother Franky would be his favorite, because nearest his age, and he seems to think it would be pleasant to have him sent here by telegraph! He can scarcely realize that it would not be practicable.

Good night. Do not forget your distant but loving

SISTER LILLIE.

THE PALACE OF MEMORY.

I WANDERED through spacious halls, alone: the walls were covered by panels, each of which contained a picture. The hues of some were fresh and vivid, of others dim and fading; some were half effaced, and on some panels remained scarce enough lines to show what had been traced thereon.

"What," said I, "is this mystery, and where shall I find an interpreter?"

Even as I spoke, a majestic form advanced to meet me. "Welcome," she said, "to the Palace of Memory: these that surround thee are the creations of my art, the representations of scenes long past."

“Why are some so bright, and others so faded?”

Thus she replied: “Time, in his ceaseless course, again and again passes through these halls; and still in passing his wing touches these panels; o’er some he but throws a softened light; others he almost effaces. Yet is he capricious in his destruction, for many of my earliest treasures he almost entirely spares, while later ones pale before his approach. Perhaps the tracery is not so firm as it once was; but be that as it may, this I know and will reveal, and let it warn thee to be heedful of the lines that shall be traced for thee. These colors belong not to this world. The breath from the wings of passing time is blighting and deadly. But when time shall be no longer, the great change shall come; then shall these scenes, in the purer air and clear, unclouded light of another sphere, beam out anew. There shall they remain, bright, unfading, imperishable, for ever.

L. A. S.

A FAIRY STORY.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST.

THERE was once a little queen, and she had a little daughter of a year old, named *Laurentina*, who was continually fretting and crying, though everybody was trying to please her.

“Why do you wear yourself out with that cross little child?” said the king, one day. “Leave it to its nurses, who know better than you how to still it.”

"I dare not leave it," said the poor queen, "for no one loves my Laurentina but I." So she watched the nurses by day and by night, and the child had no rest from being amused, from the moment its eyes were opened, till it fell asleep from exhaustion.

The queen of the fairies pitied the cross baby. So she one day came to the nursery in the form of an old woman, named Irene,* and stood looking on, while one attendant offered the little Laurentina sweet-cakes, which it angrily pushed away, another rattled a bunch of keys, another blew a penny whistle, and another danced before the weary and dazzled eyes. The queen, meanwhile, trotted and jumped the tired little body, and patiently bore the passionate kicks, slaps, and scratches which its little legs and arms gave her.

"She must be a changeling," said the nurses; and the queen said, sighing, "I wish, then, the wicked fairies would bring me back my own little Tina."

Then the old woman said: "Send all your women out to gather dew-drops, and when they have filled a basin, let the child dip its hands in it. Your majesty, meanwhile, must learn the words on this talisman, so that you can repeat them without a mistake. Meanwhile, I will hold the baby myself."

No sooner had the old woman laid the child's head upon her shoulder, than it fell asleep. It took so long to collect dew-drops that Laurentina had a comfortable nap, and waked up in a happy mood; and when they put her hands into the vase, she paddled, and splashed, and threw about the dew-

* Peace.

drops in great glee. No sooner had the queen recited her spell, than some airy little creatures flew in, and hovered in the air over Tina's head. They had wings like butterflies, and their green dresses shone in the sunbeams like the wings of a diamond beetle. Each had a little silver wand.

"I endow thee with beauty," said one of the little fairies, in a voice like that of the harvest-fly in the distant fields.

"I endow thee with wit," said the next, as she touched Tina's head with her wand.

"I give thee gracefulness and persuasion," said the loveliest of the little flying ladies, as the air waved her silken robes and golden hair.

"I will teach thee to paint flowers," said the fairy Tulipa.

"I will teach thee to sing," said the fairy Crique-tella.

At this moment Tina took her hands out of the dew-bath, and the fairies disappeared. The child would not willingly leave the arms of the good old woman, and the queen was therefore obliged to hire her as an additional attendant in the nursery. How beautiful was the innocent baby in the arms of the white-haired old nurse, and how brightly it gazed on everything around, learning to speak its name! How it laughed and sang and waved its little white arms! Soon it learned the use of its little feet also, and how charmingly it jumped and danced and capered and ran! The queen was never tired of following it with her eyes. If she caught her up to kiss and hug her, the little princess would often

struggle and cry out angrily ; and if the attendants crossed her wishes, in their attempts to amuse and gratify her, she would be cross, as any indulged child is prone to be. The old fairy was sad at this. " I must endow her with a better gift than beauty, wit, or address," said she ; " for without my gift, they will not make her happy."

So she made her a little cap, with a gold band. It had two snow-white plumes, and when she put it on the child's head, the queen and all her women were enchanted. It was so becoming, that the little face, beautiful before, drew all eyes, and touched all hearts with love.

" There are letters on this band, — I cannot quite make them out," said the queen to the fairy.

" They will deepen in time," said the old woman, smiling, " and then you will not be in doubt. It is a spell that in the course of years becomes irresistible."

Sometimes the little princess in a passion would throw her cap down, and trample it under her feet. Then her face was no longer lovely, and nobody loved it ; her voice was no longer sweet, and everybody disliked to hear it ; her motions were no longer graceful, her words were foolish and unreasonable, and so all her fairy gifts faded into nothing for a time. The plumes were all soiled and dirty when she took up her little cap, after the storm of passion had gone by. Then, ashamed and sorry, she wept, and as soon as a tear fell on the beautiful white feathers, they became clean as before.

As Laurentina grew up, the gold band still fitted

her pretty head, and more constantly encircled it. It was truly wonderful and magical in its effect upon all who approached her; and even upon animals, who are never known to flatter a princess. Her father had sent to a distant kingdom for a famous horse, but when he came, no person could mount him. Laurentina, by the power of her magic gift, made him perfectly submissive. Once she met a fierce dog, and all her companions fled in terror. Laurentina stood still, and he fawned upon her, and followed her like a lamb. She even tamed lions and tigers, and made them lie down at her feet.

A very warlike king, named Furibund, came to make war upon her father's people, because they sometimes hunted upon lands which he claimed as his own. He sent messengers to announce his coming, and demanded tribute. "Do not answer them haughtily," said Laurentina, seeing her father very angry. "Send me to treat with him." But her mother would not allow it; the old fairy offered to accompany her, and yet she was not permitted to go. Laurentina remembered her snowy plumes, when tempted to throw down her cap, and she withdrew in haste, to hide her disappointment and impatience. The king's army went out to fight Furibund, but were driven back, and, the gates of the city being opened to receive them, Furibund and his soldiers entered also. The princess, hearing the noise, hastily put on her cap, which she had laid upon her pillow as she wept. She then begged her fairy nurse to go with her into the street. Furibund and her father met face to face, and challenged

each other to mortal combat. But when the princess, radiant with beauty, and smiling like the sunny sky above, came between, the hostile monarch could not but pause to gaze upon her in his surprise, while his sword dropped from his hand.

"Art thou mortal?" said he. "Or is it a celestial being, that comes to rebuke our wrath and unholy strife?" As he spoke, the words upon the golden circlet sent out a bright light, which was like the rays from the stars of heaven in a dark night.

"I am mortal," said the princess, "but my message is more than earthly. Let the king read it, traced by no mortal hand, above my brow."

LOVE.

But the soldiers were eager for battle and plunder. They rushed forward, and, at the command of three malignant fairies, or furies, who led them on, would have destroyed the talisman, but for the two kings, who kept Laurentina between them, and defended her with their own bodies. The old nurse took the plumes from the little scarlet cap, and a branch of olive, and went forward into the struggling throng. Wherever she went, the uproar ceased. The wicked fairies fled before her, and with them the spirit of malice, rapine, and false glory. The men awoke from the spells that had bound them, and wondered at the ruin they had made in the fair city. The wounded were tenderly cared for by those whose weapons had pierced their flesh, and those who had lately hated each other went arm in arm to a banquet which the king com-

manded to be spread in the public square, for all who were in need.

The two kings planned a great hunting-party in the disputed land, and meanwhile the lawyers in the two kingdoms were commanded to assemble, and bring all the old records which could be found, to settle the boundaries with justice. An old and wise king, whose dominions were far from that country, offered to hear them, and to decide impartially.

The princess called for her noble steed, who would obey no other rider, and rode with her father to the chase. The son of King Furibund, a youth of her own age, gazed at her rudely, and presently began to laugh. Laurentina blushed, and turned away her head.

"Forgive me, sweet lady," said the young man, affectedly, "but really, I must be allowed to smile. That little cap of yours is *so* old-fashioned, and gives you such a prim, comical air, that I wonder you do not lay it aside. The diamonds are fine, to be sure; but might they not be transferred to a crown or worn in a bracelet?"

Laurentina was for a moment ashamed of her precious gift. She took it off and placed it behind her. Then she answered the prince, and her wit, no longer tempered by the sacred talisman, became keen and ill-natured. The prince was enraged, but he dissembled; he flattered the witty lady, instead of laughing at her. Flattery is much more to be feared than ridicule. It encouraged the princess to go on, and, giving loose to her powers of satire, she

spoke of the enterprise of King Furibund against her father as a ridiculous piece of folly, and made merry at the idea of settling a question of justice by violence. Prince Osman presently rode to his father's side, and the old nurse suddenly appeared, bringing with her the white plumes.

"Gentleness and good-nature, — how much mischief has been done for the want of you!" said the fairy, as she replaced them in the little scarlet cap. "My child, you must ride after the prince and obtain his forgiveness."

"What!" said Laurentina, pouting. "He began it, and I only said what was true, and is true, and will be true, of foolish King Furibund."

But when she once more felt the soft pressure of the golden band upon her forehead, she was ashamed, and spurred her horse after the prince. She found both Furibund and her father in a passion, and the war might have been rekindled but for her coming between them once more, and making them friends by her humble confession and apology.

"You have spoken but the truth," said the generous Furibund. "It is I who was wrong in being angry at it."

"But I did not speak the truth in LOVE," said Laurentina.

The young prince had not been charmed by the beauty and graces of the princess, but now his heart was moved by her gentleness and sweet humility. It was settled, finally, that the two kingdoms should be united, and all danger of future disputes done away, by the marriage of Osman and Laurentina.

"Ever wear this becoming tiara, and I shall not cease to admire and respect you," said the prince. "I shall never again feel disposed to laugh at it. Teach me how to obtain such an ornament for myself, and I shall feel it to be far more honorable to me than the crown of our united realms."

A. W. A.

RIDDLES.

WE are airy little creatures,
All of different voice and features :
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you 'll find in jet ;
Another you may see in tin,
And a fourth a box within ;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

'T is the riddle of riddles ! It dances and skips ;
It is seen in the eyes, but cheats on the lips ;
It seldom is known, though sometimes 't is read ;
Now light as a feather, now heavy as lead ;
If it meet with its match, 't is exchanged, but not bought ;
If money can buy it, 't is not worth a groat.

DESPISE not me, though I am small,
For I might cause your house to fall ;
And should one letter disappear,
I might enclose a herd of deer.
Omit one more, and you will find
I once held all of human kind.

MANY men my first will take
Entirely for my second's sake ;
But very few indeed there are
Who both together well can bear.

EMMA'S DREAM. ●

LITTLE Emma had been a long time very ill. All through the bright, glad May she had been lying in a darkened room; and with noiseless tread those who loved her had moved around her bed, and had silently asked God to spare their dear one.

In sunny June, when the earth was robed in beauty, the sunlight came once more into the chamber which had been so long darkened. The color was once more coming into the pale, wasted cheeks, and her brothers and sisters no longer moved with almost silent tread, nor spoke with hushed voices.

One afternoon she awoke from a long sleep. "O mamma," she said, "such a beautiful dream! I can see it all now!"

"What did you dream, darling?" said her mother, coming to the bedside. Her heart was throbbing with emotions of joy and thankfulness to the good Father who had given back to her her little daughter.

"I dreamed you were all gone away from me; you and Jenny, Willie, Aunt Alice, and all. I was in a little, low, dark room, and there was nothing pleasant there,—no pictures nor books nor flowers. I could n't tell how I came there, and I was very tired, waiting for you to come, when a little figure, more beautiful than anything I had ever seen, came quietly into the room. She wore a thin white dress, almost like tissue, with blue violets twined around her waist, and lilies of the valley in her light-brown hair. She

came to the bed and looked at me; placed her soft hands on my forehead, and then looked around the room.

“‘What a dreary place for a dear little child,’ she said, ‘away from the sunlight, the clear streams, the green trees, and the dear flowers! What a dreary old room! I must make it very pleasant for the little one.’ Then, although she had brought nothing in at the door, and I could see nothing in her hands, she moved around the room and hung beautiful pictures on the walls. There were pleasant faces looking *so* kindly at me, and a house, like our dear, old home on the Penobscot River. There was the river itself, and the old elm-trees, where Willie and I have a swing. Then she took a little bundle of twigs in her hand. They were brown and bare, but she moved her hands over one of them, and little green leaves covered it. They increased in size, and then little rose-buds came out among the leaves and partly unfolded their crimson petals. Another little bare twig was soon covered with geranium leaves and flowers like those on your rose-geranium. I cannot remember all the flowers she made out of those little brown sticks, but when she went away the room did n’t look like the little bare room she came into. It was all so pleasant. O mamma, don’t you wish there were good fairies now, to make beauty out of nothing, and do such things like miracles?”

“The world is already full of beauty, my dear Emma, and there *are* miracles done for us every day; but the beauty is so common we forget to look at it, and the miracles are so continually repeated, we see

them unmoved. I saw something as beautiful and wonderful as your dream. I looked out upon the earth and it was all dreary. The earth was brown and bare, the rivers were silent as rivers of glass, the trees lifted their bare branches to the sky, and there was not a flower in the garden when I looked. I was growing very weary of the desolation, when it seemed to me that invisible fingers were at work. Not quickly, as in your dream, Emma, but very slowly, they spread a carpet of green over the hills and the valleys. The dry, bare branches of the trees they covered with leaves of different forms and shades of color, till they wore full garments of beauty. They touched the silent rivers and streams, and soon the air was filled with the music of their flowing. In our garden, I watched the working of these unseen fingers. The brown stalks of the rose-bushes were, day by day, covered with leaves of deepest green; then tiny flower-buds silently arranged themselves, swelled, unfolded, and there were the pure, fragrant, white rose, the rich crimson, and the delicate blush-rose. Up from the green carpet which had been spread over the brown earth there came the little daisy, the blue violets, and the snow-drops, in obedience to a voice too low for me to hear.

"I cannot tell you, my little daughter, all the wonders of the change, which filled the air with warmth and fragrance, unfettered the silent waters and gave them a voice, and placed pictures before my eyes more beautiful than human artist ever painted. This is indeed a miracle, I thought, and my heart was filled with gratitude to the One who had done so much for his children."

Putting aside the muslin curtain, the mother let the little one look out upon the world, in its wondrous July beauty.

"O mamma!" she said, "now I know who has done all this; I never thought of it so before. He is very good."

"Yes, Emma, mine was no dream. No fairy created the beauty I saw. God is the great Creator of beauty, and his work is never done. Every spring he fills our earth with beauty and our hearts with gladness. Thank him always, my child, for all that is beautiful and good." Then, folding little Emma in her arms, a silent thanksgiving went up to Him who had restored her child.

S. E. S.

DETROIT.

AT HOUSEKEEPING.

MY DEAR OLD SCHOOLMATE:—

You have heard all about our sudden reverse of fortune, my husband's failure, and our heroic resolutions about economizing and paying all our debts; and now, doubtless, you are anxious to know how we succeed. I can tell you, it is very much easier to form visionary plans in an elegant parlor, than to carry them out in narrow quarters, and with narrower means; but we are very cheerful and brisk, and make ourselves very merry, in the evening, over the day's experiences. You would laugh to see me keeping house, Rose. I sweep and dust, and cook, scrub the skin off from my

hands trying to wash, burn my fingers trying to iron; I run up and down stairs a dozen times for nothing, and slam the doors energetically; and I look so exceedingly practical in my wide calico apron, and head-kerchief, that I have inspired a wholesome awe in my poor little simple Meg, my girl of all work. In reality I know very little more about kitchen matters than she, never having been accustomed to trouble my head about them. Would that I had! O the blunders that I have made! The strange, unheard-of dishes I have served up under familiar names; the outrageously simple bargains I have struck with crafty market-men; the red-hot pots and kettles I have cracked with cold water; the window-panes I have demolished with my broom-handle; my unfortunate experiments with dickeys, which *will* always lie down, limp and flabby, after my ironing; the continual fragrance of "something burning," which is diffused through the house after any of my attempts at cooking; the avalanches of china that have plunged from the waiter or shelf to the floor in my awkward management, — in short, the confusion and destruction that one pair of inexperienced hands can cause in a small household, you can scarcely believe till you have tried it as I have, Rose! I am learning something every day, however; and, by constant study of receipt-books, shall soon, I flatter myself, become an accomplished housewife. But there is one thing that completely baffles me; that is, making fires. If it were not for Meg, who goes far beyond me there, we should have to warm ourselves by the solar lamp in the evening. I have

taken the sole charge of one particular stove, a very eccentric one I am inclined to think, it is so capricious about harboring a fire. Sometimes it will burn, and sometimes it *won't*, and no coaxing can make it. I go into the wood-shed to split up kindlings. The axe comes down sideways, or upside down, as often as any way, or glances off the wood, jarring my arms to the shoulder, rarely chopping twice in the same place, or indeed doing anything but make a prodigious racket. But as main strength will do sometimes what *skill* cannot effect, a furious blow at last shivers the chip into bits. One flies to the remotest corner of the cellar, another salutes my forehead, a third takes a frantic leap into the basket. Hastily ascending the steps with my arms full, I trip into my dress, and drop two or three ponderous sticks on my feet. Shavings are not to be had for love or money; so I burn two or three newspapers to cinders with no effect, and then try to manage with matches and chips. I swallow the fumes of the brimstone, and, turning my head aside to cough, look back just in time to perceive that I have been holding my kindling about a foot away from the blaze, which is approaching alarmingly near my fingers. I smoke my hands over the smouldering embers. My tongs twist and scatter them all over the carpet. The draught is wretched, so that the blower will not work. Bending down to see what is the matter, my eyes are filled with smoke and ashes which the saucy wind blows down the chimney, and my black hair is strewn with the signs of mourning. A faint light awakens in me the liveliest hope! I snatch off the

blower, and discover a pale, blue, feeble flame flickering in the farthest corner. Alas! the choicest bit of bark, the merest sliver of wood, is too much for it. It trembles a moment, makes one ineffectual effort to catch at something, and expires, leaving only what we used to call a train of nuns disappearing one by one into the convent. My wood is green, very green, as the present owner was when she bought it, and the sap oozing out keeps up a constant frying and sizzling. The kindling-wood sparks and snaps, and I scarcely dare to leave it; but my little handmaid calls me to receive company. In distracted haste I wash my hands (no longer *lily-white*), and enter the parlor, all cordiality and courtesy, quite unconscious that I have one sooty streak on my cheek, and another above my eyebrow. I do not care very much, as only *friends* come to see me now. They all seem pleased with our neat little house, our small parlor and plain furniture, and I myself, as I learn how to manage, am beginning to like this simple style of life. Come soon to see me, Rose, and I will initiate you into the mysteries of cooking. And now I must run! I entirely forgot to take off the blower, and I suppose the *plaguy* little stove is red hot!!!

Your busy friend,

ELEANOR.

BE always well, when you are not ill, and pleased, when you are not angry.

THE HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

"FLEDA," said Mrs. May, one night, as she laid her hand gently on her daughter's head, "I am very sorry to disappoint you so much; but your father is really ill, and you must give up all idea of your little party to-morrow. And the cook has so much extra work to do, that I do not even like to ask her to make your annual plum-cake. So my dear little girl must lay aside all her plans of enjoyment, and try to make it a happy birthday without them."

For weeks little Fleda had been looking forward to this festival; it was no slight sacrifice to give up her pleasant schemes so suddenly. So she hung her head and was silent for a moment. Her heart swelled and her eyes glistened. But presently she raised her sunny little face, and answered her mother with a kiss and a close hug, which were warmly returned, and then, taking her candle, she went up to bed.

The next morning Fleda waked very early, and, springing out of bed, she drew back the white curtain, and looked out. It was a glorious morning. "O," thought she, "what a good time I shall have to-day!" But then she remembered what her mother had said the night before, and her face looked very grave, as she quietly dressed herself, and went out into the garden.

How beautiful it was there! The sun sparkled and glistened in a thousand little drops of dew; the

air was cool and moist, and filled with the early fragrance of flowers; the birds were singing, and O how deep and blue the sky seemed to Fleda, as she looked up in admiring wonder! A feeling of deep peace filled her heart. She stood still a moment, and then said, half aloud, "I *will* make this a happy birthday, as mamma said; I will try to do all the good I can, and help everybody. Just then her eye fell upon a poor rose-bush that was bent over towards the ground, and nearly broken. "Fido must have done that mischief," thought she; "it is papa's favorite moss-rose!" Gently drawing the drooping branch up into its natural position, she spent many minutes in securing it thus, working patiently and steadily, and never heeding scratches and pricks from the thorns, till it was fixed to her satisfaction. Then she flitted about the garden, admiring the pure and almost holy beauty of the exquisite morning-glories, stooping over to inhale the sweet fragrance of the roses and violets, and now and then breaking off a pretty blossom to make a tiny bouquet to lay beside her mother's plate. She ran down to the brook, and, at the great risk of getting a wet foot or soiling her neat dress, rescued a reckless grasshopper that had leaped headlong into the water, and was in danger of falling a prey to the minnows. At length the sound of the breakfast-bell brought her back to the house, all rosy and out of breath from her morning ramble.

"Let *me* carry up papa's broth," said Fleda to the cook, as she went out into the kitchen after breakfast; "you have not eaten your breakfast yet."

So she took the brimming bowl, and went cautiously up the stairs, holding it with both hands, and watching anxiously that it should not run over.

Papa could not take his nice broth after all. He was very feverish and uncomfortable, and his head and eyes ached badly. Fleda moved round on tip-toe till she found a comb, and then, climbing up on the bed very carefully, so as not to shake it, she began to comb the long, black locks that were so tumbled and tossed about by a sleepless night. Mr. May lay quite still. It was very soothing, — that gentle, regular touch; and how soft the little hand felt when it smoothed down a rebellious curl! After a time he closed his eyes, — dozed, — opened them again to glance up at the sweet, serious little face, and then gradually sank into a quiet slumber. After a while Fleda crept away from the bed, and stole noiselessly out of the room, to run and tell her anxious mother that papa had really fallen asleep.

In the middle of the forenoon, Fleda heard a loud, fretful cry in the nursery. There she found her little three-year-old brother struggling in the arms of the nursery-girl, who looked heated and weary.

"How is your toothache to-day, Katy," she asked, in a kind voice, — "better?"

"O, it jest aches awfully all the whole time, Miss Fledy," was the peevish reply. "'T ain't no use at all botherin' me with questions. Better! I did n't sleep a wink all last night."

Another scream, and vigorous kicking from Charlie.

"Katy," says the little girl, kindly, "go and lie down. I'll take care of Charlie while you go to sleep. He is always good with me, you know."

After a little hesitation, the worn-out girl consented, and Fleda, bringing out the box of blocks, set herself patiently to work to build towering pyramids for Master Charlie to demolish. This diversion soon restored him to noisy good-humor. It was rather tedious work, at first; but at length she became quite engrossed in contriving new and ingenious edifices. She was amply rewarded by Charlie's enthusiastic demonstrations of affection and delight. When Katy returned, after an hour's sleep, refreshed and good-natured as usual, the children were in the midst of a romping frolic, by which Charlie was so tired as readily to consent to be taken to his crib at once for his morning nap.

"Fleda," called Mrs. May, softly, over the banister, "do you think you could go down to Mr. Nason's for some medicine for your father? It is a long walk for you, but Arthur will not be home till late to-night, and I do not like to wait." With eager alacrity Fleda put on her hat and cape, and started with the prescription for the apothecary's, with her luncheon in her hand. It *was* a long walk, and she was very hot and tired before she reached the village. As she was passing hastily along the street, her attention was caught by a most miserable object. It was an old man, lame, dirty, and ragged, who hobbled stiffly along on the opposite sidewalk, stopping every now and then to utter profane abuse in return for the stones with which a boy was pelting him. Fleda ran up to the boy and caught his arm, "O, please don't throw that stone, Sam!" she cried, in a tone of tearful entreaty, "please don't!"

Sam Randy was a big, coarse, ugly boy, and Fleda had always been very much afraid of him. He turned and looked at her in amused surprise. "Why, he's an awful old rascal! Don't yer hear how he swears?"

"Perhaps he has never been taught any better," said Fleda, bold in the consciousness of being right; "but *you* used to go to the Sunday school, and —"

"O, yer need not talk to *me* about Sunday school," cried the bad boy, — "I don't care for it now; I left off long ago."

"Some day you'll be an old man if you live, and then you won't want the boys to stone *you*," persisted Fleda, boldly.

"Well, now, what 'll ye give me if I'll stop, — that piece o' cake?"

"Yes, indeed I will; but I wish you would stop because *it is right*."

"O, I don't want your cake, little gal," said Sam, pushing away the eagerly proffered bribe, for he had a touch of manliness in him. "I won't fire any more stones at him. It ain't much fun." And he walked away, whistling.

Fleda procured the medicine promptly, and started on her long trudge homeward. She felt in such a great hurry that she would not stop even to eat her cake, and had only nibbled off a corner while waiting in the shop. She saw two ragged little children sitting on the edge of the sidewalk, and as she passed, she broke her cake in two pieces and dropped one in the lap of each. Then she ran on as fast

as she could, not looking back, though she heard their shrill shout of surprise and exultation.

Towards night Fleda was walking alone on the veranda, when she suddenly received a provoking clap on the back, and a loud voice shouted in her ear, "Halloa, Flea!" "O Arthur!" she cried, in an irritated tone. Her brother laughed in boisterous triumph. But with a great effort she smothered the angry reproach that rose to her lips, and tried to laugh too. Arthur had a boy's love of teasing, and often vexed and annoyed his sister. But he was not ill-natured on the whole. "The beehives have come," cried he, suddenly recollecting what he had come to tell her; "let's go and see them set up. Whoever gets there first shall feed the rabbits to-morrow morning." And off they started on a wild race, in which he, of course, was the winner.

They played in the garden very merrily till tea-time. In the evening, while Arthur worked at his lessons for the morrow, Fleda, with infinite labor, composed a letter to her young governess, who had gone home sick. Fleda did not love to write, but she felt very glad when she had finished this letter, because she knew it would give much pleasure to her kind friend.

When Mrs. May came to Fleda's bedside that night, to give her the good-night kiss, the little girl threw her arms around her mother's neck, and drew her face down close to her own.

"O, I have passed a *very* happy birthday, dear mother!" she cried.

"I do not doubt it, my darling," said Mrs. May,

with a serious smile. "God grant, my little daughter, that when the night of life draws nigh, and you lie down to sleep to wake no more on earth, you may be able to look back on well-spent years, as you do now on a well-spent day, and say you have passed *a very happy life*."

*

TO AN ABSENT SISTER.

BY A BOY OF THIRTEEN.

HAD I an eagle's wing, I'd soar
From hill to hill, from shore to shore,
That I might see thy face once more,
My sister!

I often call to mind the hours
When straying 'midst our lovely flowers :
O then sweet happiness was ours,
My sister!

And Molly, too, our joy did share,
(Our favorite cat and common care,)
With her sweet purr and silken hair,
My sister!

And when some luckless bird she caught,
And in thy sight her prey had brought,
And, proud, to show her game she sought
My sister,

I hear thy soft and trembling cry,
"Hasten, brother, quickly fly,
Save the victim ere it die!"
Dear sister!

But now for thy return I long,
And could I sing, with joyous song
I'd sing thy welcome all day long,
My sister !

1843.

BERTHA.

No. III.

"AND did papa let his darling come in the stage all by herself?" asked Aunt Jane, as she received Bertha and her baggage upon her broad doorstep, and saw the empty coach go tilting away.

"Papa longed to come with me to see you, but business is such an unmerciful tyrant lately," said Bertha, looking hard at Aunt Jane, whom, strangely enough, she had never seen, so far as she could remember. She liked the face, she liked the plain cap, the snowy hair, the kind voice with quick utterance, the lively, decided movements of Aunt Jane.

"Brave girl for one who, I calculate, has never had to depend on herself for anything!" said Aunt Jane. "Come in, come in. Tired? No? And you have not felt frightened or anxious?"

"Anxious, yes. Frightened, no 'm." Bertha was not timid. "Aunt Marian offered to come, if I was afraid."

"Ah, did she?" said Aunt Jane, with a smile. "I should ha' liked to ha' had her, or your mother either. They never have honored my old house so far."

"Mother is an invalid. Aunt Marian's coming

would have been a needless expense ; and at present—" Bertha stopped, embarrassed.

"Times are indeed changed, if that is a consideration with Miss Marian Graham," said Aunt Jane, dryly.

"Yes," said Bertha, simply, and began to run about after a kitten, that was not quite ready to be on familiar terms with the stranger. Presently, she sat down flat on the floor with her struggling prisoner, who was presently reconciled and purring.

Aunt Jane was delighted. "A child still," thought she. "They have not made a fine lady of her, like themselves, yet awhile ; and if I am to have her, they won't have the chance."

Presently Bertha was called on by Aunt Jane to help to remove her boxes and bags from the door-step. She went, hop, skip, and jump, but rather surprised that the man she saw at work close by was not called to do it. "Nothing very heavy, I calculate," said Aunt Jane, taking one handle of a large trunk, while Bertha took the other. "I imagine you have brought nice dresses, by the space required for packing into ; it's a mistake, my dear, if you have done so. It will only make you uncomfortable to be over-dressed among us plain farmer folks."

"I brought just what I happened to have ; there was no time to make any change," said Bertha, blushing a little. "I don't want to be singular, anywhere."

"A sensible remark," said Aunt Jane, with animation.

"O, what a dear little room !" exclaimed Bertha,

as the trunks were deposited. "I never did sleep down stairs before; how strange it will be!"

"It opens into mine, you see. You will be right under my wing, my chicken!"

"So cosey! No great entries, no stairs to race over before I can get to my things. What is this picture? A boy peeping over a red curtain."

"Your father at five years old, dear little fellow!" said the mother aunt, looking fondly at the picture, and at Bertha, who resembled it in complexion and feature.

"Thank you for letting me have it at the foot of my bed. I love it already. I can never be homesick or lonesome here, I know." But she sighed in saying it.

Aunt Jane heard the sigh, and, putting her arm round the girl, drew her close to her side, and kissed her cheek. "This is your father's room," she said, "and many's the time I've tucked him up in that bed; and when he had told me everything that lay on his mind, and said his prayers, I blessed and kissed him, and went into my bedroom to sit up late working for him."

Bertha's heart warmed more and more to her new old friend.

"I sometimes think I could be a comfort to him now, if I were where he could tell me all his troubles. He writes me he cannot talk about his business to his wife, because she is not able to bear any worry but her own family care. That's enough for any feeble woman, Bertha," said she, in answer to a grieved look. "Enough, and too much, where life

is made so hard by style and false wants. I wish I had her and the rest under my wing here, as well as you. I could mother 'em all; my heart's large enough, and the old farm-house too. Well, here's your supper, darling. Aint you hungry after your ride over the hills?"

To be sure; Bertha was at the growing age, when, in health, an appetite is never wanting. She was full of exclamations at the delicious butter, the nice cream, the pressed curds, — like cheese, but not cheese, — the baked apples from the tree her father had often climbed, the light bread, made of fine bolted rye, the old, old china, the table-cloth of Aunt Jane's own weaving, &c.

"I never ate any rye bread before," said she, "and I like the new flavor extremely."

"Yes you have, but not since you were four years old. Your father left his wife at the sea-side, and brought his first-born up to the mountains to show me."

"That is why I have felt as if everything was familiar to me here, and as if I had seen it all in a dream," said Bertha, laughing joyously. "I felt at home as soon as I came in. Was not there a dog, who had had a foot cut off in some way? Or did I dream it?"

"Yes; poor old Brutus, who had his foot caught in a fox-trap. He's been dead for years."

"I remember a truckle-cart, and my fear of being overturned in it. Let me think, — I can't imagine what it can be, but a great red object, higher than the trees, and waving its arms, rises in my memory like a ghost."

Aunt Jane laughed with a humorous twinkle of the eye. "We 'll see if we cannot show you the giant, when you 've done your tea," said she.

It was an old red windmill. The hill on which it stood being concealed by trees, the round tower had, to a child's eye, which could not measure distances, a portentous height. It was only after looking at it long, that Bertha was convinced it was the same object which so loomed up in her recollection. Three or four barns, a cider-mill, poultry-yard and coops, bacon-house, ice-house, and dairy, pig-paradise and sheep-fold, duck-pond and its flat-bottomed boat, and finally a small cottage, where a part of Aunt Jane's farm family were housed, were all visited by Bertha before she would acknowledge herself tired. When she retired to her room, she saw it had a large light closet adjoining it which she had not observed before. There were pegs for dresses, and an antique chest of drawers, all at her service; and here was a bathing-tub which could be filled at pleasure, a log bringing the water from the spring upon the hill-side.

"Mother need not have been worried about my comforts," thought she; "there is no real comfort to be missed here." But as she lay down alone in the comfortable bed, she thought of Jane and the other children with a regretful tenderness that was like remorse for leaving them. "Dear little Dud, I almost feel his little arms round my neck, now, he gave me such a squeeze at parting. And the baby, — O the baby!" She was growing homesick, when the door at her bed-head opened, and Aunt

Jane, partially undressed, which made her seem less a stranger, came and kissed her as she lay in bed, smoothed her pillow, laid a blanket where she could reach it if the air should grow chill, and went back into her own apartment, talking all the while. The door being open, the conversation was prolonged till Bertha suddenly lost her consciousness of everything around her in sleep.

The next day she went to school. And as she found herself classed with a dozen bright, ambitious country girls, some of them better scholars than herself, she had not much leisure for being piteous and self-conscious. Aunt Jane was such capital company for a leisure hour, too, she could not feel lonely. She was never tired of relating anecdotes of "Papa"; and the affectionate daughter kept a journal, in which they were all fondly recorded for his future diversion.

One night, the silver urn and the rarest china upon the large table announced to Bertha that company was looked for. Aunt Jane sent her to the back of the house on an errand before she had a chance to observe that the stage had turned round the great elm, and was almost at the door. So it was a complete surprise when she came in and found Aunt Marian, and the delicate Jane, the latter hid behind the door, and ready to burst with joyous laughter. Strange to say, Bertha's first hug was for Aunt Jane, who had procured this great pleasure for her, she knew, because she had so often wished that Jane could share with her the pure mountain air, and country life. They stayed till the foliage had

put on its gorgeous autumn hues, and went home with cheeks as much changed in color as the maple-leaves.

"My heart is the better for your aunt's visit, Bertha," said Aunt Jane, looking after the stage, as it rattled away. "I love her, now."

"And she too has got rid of a prejudice; she told me she loved you, heartily."

"I don't doubt it an atom. Now she and little cosset are gone, you will be wanting some young thing about the house like yourself, and I have thought of inviting your young teacher in drawing, Miss Cleveland, here."

"Not on my account, I hope," said Bertha, turning very red. "I would rather not have anything to do with the daughter of the man who has gone away to California, and made my father so unhappy. No, I shall avoid her as much as I possibly can, even at school, though I like drawing-lessons."

What made Bertha look out of the window as she spoke? Was she conscious of Aunt Jane's eye fixed upon her with an unusual seriousness, or did she forget her presence, and talk to herself?

"O," said Aunt Jane, "I thought she might perhaps have some feeling that would make it awkward for *her* to meet *you* —" and she stopped a moment. "But I had thought you a Christian, Bertha, and had not a doubt of a kind reception for her on your part, and your best endeavors to set her at ease in this home which I offered her."

Bertha was ready to defend herself hotly, and was disappointed that Aunt Jane did not stay to hear.

But being left alone, her good heart soon took Aunt Jane's side of the question. "*Am I a Christian?*" she asked herself very seriously, and could only say she hoped to be so at some future time, and would strive now, and pray to become a true follower of Christ. Aunt Jane's rebuke set her thinking earnestly, and she thought her mother and Aunt Marian might have been in fault as well as she. They had said nothing to her that was not carefully qualified and measured; but she had overheard their heated and petulant expressions, without appearing to pay any attention to their conversation with friends or with each other. People influence the minds of children indirectly more than they are aware of, and what a parent *is* often neutralizes what he says. Mrs. Hayward had been "*very much occupied*" when Mrs. Cleveland wished to see her, and Aunt Marian had hastened her steps not to be overtaken by her in the street, Bertha recollected musingly. Her father had forbidden Cleveland's name to be mentioned in his presence. Was it because he forgave him, and would not hear him abused? She was afraid not.

Still, there was such a thing as righteous indignation, she reflected. At what point it became unchristian, she could not decide. She longed to ask Aunt Jane's opinion, and when she came to give her the good-night kiss, she put both arms round her neck to detain her. After all, she let her go without speaking.

She rose in the morning calm and thoughtful. Her aunt had been in the habit of laying her Bible open while dressing, to read a verse or two to reflect upon. It was lying on the bureau, open at the

twenty-second chapter of Luke. Bertha's eye fell upon it, as she stood there brushing out her long tresses. The gentle reproach of Jesus to his betrayer seemed to her very touching, as she dwelt upon it. No wonder it awakened such remorse in the heart of Judas! "Is it with a *kiss* that thou betrayest the Son of Man!" How tempered with love and compassion was the indignation of Jesus! How tender and forbearing the expression of it! She turned to the other accounts of the betrayal, and sought to understand the spirit of the blessed Saviour. Her heart glowed as she read, and she felt herself drawn near to him in a way she had never known before. "I will read every morning; I shall love to do it," she said, as she left her room at Aunt Jane's summons.

"My dear child, I can manage another way to have Rowena's living cost her nothing, since it would be uncomfortable for you to have her here."

"Do, do let her come! I did not think when I spoke as I did," said Bertha.

"O, now you have thought, I may send for her? Are you sure you wish it?"

"I am sure I do not want to hinder it. And if I did —"

"What?"

"You ought not to indulge me in anything so wrong," said Bertha, blushing and almost tearful.

"Good!" said Aunt Jane, and immediately changed the subject. After breakfast a kind note was despatched to Rowena, and there was a message from Bertha in it, although she was personally almost a stranger. Rowena came.

ANN GREEN.

A CHAPTER FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK.

WHEN Ann Green came to Elm Hill, she had made herself so neat, and her face bore so much pleasanter an expression than usual, that Miss Ellis received her quite cordially, and, after talking with her for a few minutes, called to Annie to take her up stairs to a book-case, which contained some of Miss Edgeworth's tales and other stories, which she thought would interest her.

No sooner were the girls alone together, than Ann, fixing her large black eyes full upon Annie, said: "Do you like it?"

"Like what?" asked the other.

"Why, living here, shut up in a house and having to study and sew? I should n't."

"I'm not shut up in the house, Ann," was the smiling reply, "and I do like to study and sew."

"La now, that's cur'ous. I don't like to do nothin', and don't see the good of it either. Marm works and works all for nothin'; nobody thanks her, and I'm sure we have a dull time enough of it at home."

"But what would you do if your mother did not work? You would starve."

"Reckon not; there's the poor-huss."

"You don't mean you would like to live there?"

"Should n't care where I lived, if I did n't have to work. Don't see no good in it. Once, when I was little, I used to like to help do chores and things, but

dad was ugly and swore at me; kicked me once; and marm, she was cross, and used to shake me. 'Tween kickin' and shakin', reckon it got all the work out of me."

"You are older now, Ann, and know more of your mother's troubles; do try to help her."

"La, what do you care? It can't make no difference to you."

"Yes it does; and it will make more difference to you than you think. Some day, when you are older and wiser, you'll be sorry you did n't do more to help your parents. You can't tell how sorry."

"Reckon I sha'n't. Don't see how you know."

"I know," said Annie, in a firm but sad voice, "because, when I was a child, I did n't always do as I ought for my mother, or my father either; and now that they are gone, it makes me very sad to think of it."

"That's queer. I never feel sorry for nothin' that I do. Wonder what makes folks so different?"

"You don't feel sorry, because you don't know or think what you are doing; some day you will, and then, I tell you again, I'm sure you'll be sorry."

"Did you have a good time, when you were little? If you did, you don't know nothin' about my home."

"No, Ann, I did n't. I had no more pleasures than you, no more comforts, no more luxuries, no more sources of happiness. I had great trials, but for the most part I tried to do my duty; where I failed to do it, is my greatest trouble now. I had so sad a lot in my childhood, Ann, that I feel for yours very

much, I should be glad to assist you. I will teach you anything I can, and will try to make it pleasant to you to learn ; won't you let me ?" And the fair young girl laid her soft white hand upon Ann's coarse, dirty one.

She looked up with astonishment, and then, in a tone almost like a cry, said, withdrawing her hand as she spoke : " Don't, don't, you make me feel so ; most as if I wanted to cry, and I haint cried I don't b'lieve since dad kicked me."

" But you will let me teach you ? Once I knew very little, and Mrs. Norton let me come to her to study and recite ; if I could do as much for you, I should be very glad."

" Well, p'raps I 'll come ; but," resuming her old look of obstinate defiance, " don't you go to makin' bargains with me. If you don't want to larn me for nothin', you need n't, I don't care ; but I aint a going to be made or bargained into workin' at home. If I've a mind to work, I 'll work ; if I haint, I won't."

" I don't wish to bargain with you, Ann ; you can do as you please. I will consult Miss Ellis, and will come down to-morrow to tell you what hours I can best spare for you."

" You wont, will you ?"

" Yes I will, surely."

" I'd like that. Marm thinks I aint no account to nobody. Reckon she 'll be 'stonished when she sees what you 're arter. May I take this book ? I'm tired stayin' in the house."

In a few minutes more, she was tearing down the avenue of Elm Hill with all her speed ; and as Miss

Ellis and Annie watched her progress, the former remarked: "A wild creature that for you to tame, my dear. Do you think it best to persevere in your undertaking?"

"If you are willing; I should like to do some good to some one, and I believe I have some influence over her, and I think I see how she has become the girl she is."

"She will tax your patience more than you imagine. I would n't be by, for a good deal, at her lessons."

But Annie Clarke had been taught in a good school for the exercise of patience; for that was a quality which her brother, in his wayward selfishness, had pretty thoroughly tried. So she succeeded admirably with her unpromising pupil. Occasionally, to be sure, her fair brow would contract slightly, or she would utter an involuntary Oh! as Ann either galloped over her words with a sublime indifference to sense and sound, or spoke in a voice so thick and indistinct that only her throat could possibly have been the wiser for what she said; or again, if the sullen mood was upon her, spell out her reading with a slowness and stupidity requiring no small amount of self-control calmly to listen to. She came to her lessons four times a week quite punctually to the hour, and at the end of the month had made marked improvement in reading, spelling, and arithmetic; could hem quite tolerably, and was a little more civilized in her manners. In the mean time she had made herself of some service at home, although her duties there were performed with the

capriciousness to have been expected from her disposition and character. Her admiration for Annie Clarke was unbounded, which she sometimes expressed in the most undisguised terms. One day, after an unusually free utterance of her opinion of her youthful teacher, the latter said: "I wish you would n't talk so to me, Ann; I don't like to hear you."

"La, now, you don't? Why, you must know you are as pretty as you can be, and I should think you 'd like to have folks tell you so. I should."

"I should n't suppose you would, Ann."

"Should n't! Why not?"

"Because you are very good-looking yourself, — if you would only take care of your person, — be neat, and —"

"Well, and what? I can bear it from you; you aint like most folks, — they makes me mad with their advice, they 're so sot up."

"So what, Ann?"

"Sot up; jest like as if they said to me, 'Ann Green, you dirty, bad girl, hear what we say to you, we who are so nice and handsome and good. You are a dreadful wicked child, a great slut, and a sarcy thing, too. Learn to be good and clever as we are; then you may come and clean our shoes.'"

"Ann, Ann!"

"O, you need n't try to make me think it is n't so, — all but Miss Norton, I mean Mrs. Norton, and p'raps Miss Ellis, only she has a kinder orderin' way with her I don't like. Now you aint a bit so. You seems as if you wanted to ax my pardon for bein'

so different from me, and that's why I almost worships you, and mean to try and do as you wants. So now tell, and what? I say I can bear it from you."

Annie laughed at her pupil's novel idea, and said, pleasantly: "My and is, if you will endeavor to cultivate your better feelings, Ann, and let them shine out through your face."

"Don't know exactly what you mean; don't see what difference it makes."

"Did you ever see Linden Brook, near Silver Lake, Ann, after a storm, when it was muddy and dark-colored?"

"Reckon I have, many a time; but I don't think it's pretty then."

"Not so pretty as when, clear and smooth and sparkling, it flows peacefully on, reflecting all beautiful objects on its calm surface."

"No, not by a great sight."

"Well, Ann, your face is something like that brook; when you don't feel kind or good, it is muddy and unpleasant to look upon; when you do, it is as pleasing to the beholder as the clear, calm water."

"Well, now, that's odd enough to think my face should be like anything so pretty as that when I feel good. I'd like to be good-lookin' at least, and p'raps I'll try to be neater and pleasanter. That's what it means, I s'pose, by 'handsome is that handsome does'?"

"Yes, Ann."

"Well, now, this is the first time I ever heard I

was anything but bold and sarcy-looking. Reckon it does folks good sometimes to let 'em know they aint all ugliness outside and in too. I've heard so much of that story, I believed it, so I did n't care. But I will tell *you* somethin', Miss Annie; I never was happy all the time. Now sometimes I do feel light as a cork somehow, and as if this was a beautiful world arter all. But I declare I never did think I was anyhow decent-lookin' afore; but if you say so, it must be true."

And Ann Green took her departure homeward that day with a new feeling in her heart. It at least began to dawn upon her mind, that it rested with herself, in a good measure, whether she was to be liked and respected or not.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he"; and if a child is constantly reproached with his faults, and is hearing from every one how wicked he is, he is very likely to come to think himself as bad as he is said to be, and to grow up in the character ascribed to him. Kicked and abused by her father, shaken and fretted at by her mother, with the continual chorus of her ugliness and sauciness and disobedience ringing in her ears, Ann Green had thus far justified the judgments which had been passed upon her. What revolutions the new influences under which she has come will work in her character remains to be seen. In the short period that has elapsed since her first visit to Elm Hill and Rosedale, she has evidently changed for the better in several particulars. When the fitting time comes, Annie intends to ask her to go to the Sunday

school to become a pupil in her class ; but she still finds it necessary to move with caution, fearing lest she may lose the hold she now has upon her.

From "Here and Hereafter."

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

"THE Orphans"* shall have a second chapter, as requested, but they are wholly imaginary personages, and the story was suggested to the writer by the picture.

"What became of Felix?"†

His master, introduced to the reader under the fictitious name of Gilbert, was one of those happy individuals who find friends everywhere. He had a loving disposition, which gave to his manners a winning grace ; he possessed a rare talent for telling a story, and a fine barytone voice for songs and glees. These agreeable qualities were not long in bringing him into pleasant society in Cumana. He was invited to a dinner-party one day, and his seat at table was next to a bright-eyed Senorita, who could speak a few words of English and French. His attentions to his fair neighbor had a gentlemanly deference which inspired her with confidence, and the deficiency of the means of conversation only made them better acquainted, by the mutual endeavor to

* July Number.

† May Number.

help each other out, by guesses and suggestions. When soup was served, a small red pepper was laid by the side of each plate. It looked like a little live coal, and it resembled it in more ways than one. Gilbert observed that each guest stirred his soup with the little red pepper, before tasting it. He therefore took the stem between his thumb and finger and slowly moved the pepper about in the hot liquid, his attention being fixed upon something at a distance. After some time, he perceived his lively neighbor to be convulsed with silent laughter, and wiping the tears from her eyes. He smiled unsuspectingly, and proceeded to cool (as he thought) a spoonful of his soup. But as soon as he swallowed it, he supposed for a moment that he was dreadfully scalded; the soup was like liquid fire; the little pepper had seasoned it to such a point, that he was unable to taste anything through the whole of the next course.

After dinner, the dessert was brought on, and a specimen of every kind of fruit laid upon the plate of the stranger. He carefully avoided a large, glossy pepper among them; it looked much like a green case-bottle, in shape. Observing how respectfully he treated this shining fruit, eating all around it, the roguish Senorita was again in an ecstasy of mirth. She entreated him to taste it; he refused, with a look of arch reproach. This made her laugh again till her eyes sparkled through tears. She then set him an example, coolly devouring her pepper in large slices; he opened his eyes in comic wonder. He was at last persuaded to try a minute morsel, as she offered

it on the point of her own knife, and to refuse such a favor would have been an affront, by the rules of Spanish etiquette. He found it had no pungency at all; it was like a cucumber with a pepper flavor. He joined in the Senorita's mirth with a very good grace. Nothing ripens an acquaintance so rapidly as a social laugh: from that time the Senorita and Gilbert were friends.

He sang a song after dinner. The Senorita desired her father to ask him for the air, and the words, as she had taken a fancy to it, while sitting in the balcony, listening to the music below. He carried them to her the next day, with an attempt he had made to turn them into Spanish. His mistakes made the merry young lady laugh heartily, and she atoned for the rudeness by offering him assistance in the study of the Spanish language, in exchange for some instruction on his part in the pronunciation of English. This improving kind of friendship proved lasting and valuable.

When Gilbert left Cumana, he could not take Felix with any hope of making him comfortable on board the vessel. It was doubtful if he would even survive the voyage. That his pet might have a home where he would be safe and happy, he offered him to the Senorita. She received him with a sensibility which made him very sure Felix would never be neglected or sacrificed. Before he left the country, he saw the beautiful creature safe in the park that had been enclosed for him on the Senor's estate.

THE CHILDREN'S MISSION TO THE CHILDREN OF THE DESTITUTE.

THIS is a society supported by the contributions of children, and its object is not merely to rescue exposed children from vice, ignorance, and degradation, but to foster the spirit of Christian benevolence in the minds of the young who are growing up in more fortunate circumstances. It answers an excellent end in enabling children to perceive how they can, by self-denial and personal exertion, do more for the wretched than give them a mere sentimental pity ; many even at a distance are beginning to take an interest in this plan of uniting the small amounts they can obtain, and thus accomplishing the most important results for the children of the destitute, or the vicious.

It is eight years since this excellent charity began, and the children are not yet weary of their work. I see by the account current that they have occasional assistance from older people, and late increased receipts have induced a larger plan of operations. A colony of homeless children were sent to the Western country. They went well clothed, and prepared for their new homes, and in high spirits at the fair prospects opening before them. They excited great interest on their passage, and were treated with much kindness and hospitality at the various places they visited. Most of them were placed with farmers and mechanics, where they will remain till they are twenty-one years of age ; not without a parental oversight from the agents of the mission. The remainder were adopted.

In a country where labor is at a premium, there being more work to be done than hands ready to do it, these children have a fine prospect. One of the earliest of those saved by the mission happens to be mentioned in the report as having just found means and opportunity of doing for himself what is now done for them. He was found about eight years since, without any friends, sleeping under carts, and wherever he could get shelter. He was sent by Mr. Barry, the agent of this charity, to a home in the country, where he remained till last year. He is now twenty-two years of age, industrious and respectable, and ardently interested in Sunday-school instruction. He has by his industry acquired two hundred dollars. Mr. Barry did not at first recognize him, when he called on him on his way to the West, where he is now in a good situation.

The experience of the last eight years has proved that the influence of domestic life in well-ordered homes is the surest method of saving children rescued from haunts of vice and intemperance. The young easily yield to the power of surrounding influences, for good as well as for evil. Boys thrown out of employment for dishonesty have been saved by being removed from scenes of temptation in the city. The Reform School is an excellent institution, but the Christian home is a better one, to restore the young wanderer to self-respect and right feeling. A boy does better by himself in such circumstances, especially if he is encouraged and tenderly cared for, and made to feel himself worth saving, through the interest of others in his cause.

"The Child's Friend" may with peculiar propriety be devoted to such an object as this, and the editor has sought an interview with Mr. Fearing, the President, with the intention of making it the property of the Mission, on condition that the publishing work, as well as the editing, should be done without charge, leaving the whole surplus over the bills for printing and paper for the charity. There are now four hundred subscribers, and the surplus cannot be far from a hundred and fifty dollars, making no allowance for loss, by some falling off or failing to pay. The state of the times making the continuance or increase of subscribers unusually uncertain, it is thought best that the transfer shall not take place until January, when the bills for 1858 will be sent out, and the prospect will be rendered more definite.

The editor makes this plain statement, that her young readers may see for themselves that every new subscriber will be a subscriber of two dollars a year to the Children's Mission. And she writes this article now, rather than in January, because there are on hand ninety sets of back numbers, which can only be rendered available to the concern by subscribers for 1857. If desired, she will put these at a reduced price, to make it an object to subscribe immediately.

EDITOR.



THE OISE.

MISANTHROPY.

“ WOULD that the whole race of man had but one neck, and that lay beneath my chariot-wheel,” said Osman, to whom a mischievous Genius had given a magic sea-shell, in which he heard all that was said of him in his absence. He had discovered that his obsequious servants were deceitful ; he was not content with his bosom friend, long known and trusted ; his love had been given to one not blind to his faults ; his superior made him his tool ; the viceroy had given him a nickname on account of his red beard ; the very beggars made sport of him, while the bread he gave was yet in their mouths ; in short, he found no one whose speech was exactly the same before his face and behind his back. He felt a desire to fly from all mankind, and to wear out his miserable days in a wilderness, where all was true, at least, if barren and dreary also.

“ Would that I might never again behold a human face ! ” he cried, throwing himself on the ground.

Presently he felt a creeping chill, and his limbs quivered, as if an unearthly hand had touched him.

“ Thou canst have thy wish,” said a voice, soft, low, and sweet, like distant music borne upon the evening breeze. “ The condition is, that thou shalt dwell apart from thy fellow-men one moon, without once wishing for their presence.”

“ How can I do so,” answered Osman, — “ I who have never been accustomed to serve myself ? I

fear lest I be not able to provide for my bodily wants. When my sandal is worn, how shall my foot be protected from the sharp flints of the mountain paths? When I am hungry, how shall I be fed? And where shall I find my couch in the desert? Yet do I hate my bondage, and my dependence on those who minister to my need, not for love, but for their own petty and selfish profit."

"Come with me, and thou shalt lack nothing, neither food, nor shelter, nor any comfort, so far as thy body is able to be made happy without the soul. Wilt thou leave all, thy friend, thy pleasant occupations in which thou hast labored for others, thy charming Zara, thy master the vizier, who leans on thee, and —"

"No more. I am no longer fooled; I no longer judge of the hearts of others by the throbbings of my own. When I think how all men have proved traitors, I desire to hate them; and if I yet love, it is my torment. Ah! let me go, and for ever; but once more let me put my ear to the enchanted shell, which has broken my happy delusions."

The young Zara was talking in a petulant mood to Elhamah, the bosom friend.

"Is not distrust death to love?" said she, and her red lips were wreathed with anger and disdain. "Since Osman has grown so suspicious, my love dares not go out towards him; it comes back, like a frightened dove, to my own bosom. Once I could scold him, and he would believe me in sport; I laughed in the gayety of my heart, and he was never offended. Now if I but smile, he questions my

meaning; and if I smile not, from constraint, he is displeased. He complains that I love him not well and truly; and if this be love that shows itself only by jealous caprice, may Heaven save me from it."

Elhamah did not plead for his friend, albeit she looked towards him with expectant eyes. He thought to serve Osman more truly, by making it her own impulse to defend him. He railed at love, ever selfish and exacting, and bade her be content with friendship, always generous and indulgent.

"Will he then supplant me!" cried Osman, as he dashed the shell to atoms. The blood rushed to his brain, and he became insensible.

He awoke from a dreamless sleep, to find himself lying upon a flowery bank. The sky was full of bright, beautiful clouds, between which he gazed into the deep, heavenly blue; he was in the shade of stately trees, whose trunks and boughs were draped with vines, and birds of varied plumage were singing in the branches. The air was soft and full of sweet scents, and of that luxurious temperature which makes it happiness but to breathe. Osman extended himself upon the elastic turf, and said to himself that at last he had found peace; here would he end his days, without a regret.

Rest is delightful to the weary body, the weary mind, the weary heart; but quiet soon ceases to be rest. Man is not made for inaction. The first want that made itself felt in Osman's paradise was the want of something to do. He rose and explored his little kingdom, which was an oasis in the midst of a sandy plain. It was rich in all that could please

the eye, and at first he did not feel himself to be alone, for there is a spirit in nature that speaks to the human soul; there is an expression of love and intelligence in a scene of natural beauty which comforts the heart, like that we see in the face of a friend. Osman praised God, kneeling with clasped hands; he thanked his Creator that he had eyes to behold and a heart to feel the wondrous beauty that surrounded him.

He studied nature with a perfectly new delight, the world and its distracting cares being shut out from his thoughts. He was weary at last of giving names to what he examined, classing them by the observation of their resemblances. Of what use would this mass of new knowledge be to him, with no one to whom he could communicate? He ceased at last even to note and admire, for want of sympathy; for who can long admire alone?

Then he amused a few listless hours by calling upon his invisible attendant, by virtue of a talismanic ring, for splendid dresses, pavilions, and banquets. Empty pageantry, to be gazed upon by no eye but his own! It is for others that men love to surround themselves with such shows; he was soon wearied and disgusted with solitary vanity. He cast a simple mantle about him, retained a linen turban to shield his head from the sun, and the fairy splendor melted away like the shows of a vision.

Then he called to him the rare and beautiful animals that gambolled in the forest or the meadows; he tamed them so that they would follow wherever he went. They loved him in their way, and he had

pleasure in their attachment. Here was no flattery and no guile; it was a triumph to conquer their shyness, or their natural dislike to man, and win them first to endure, then to seek his caress. The dog looked up to him with almost a human intelligence; the giraffe looked down with a strange, dumb love in its brown eyes, shaded by black, curling lashes; the dove nestled in his bosom; the wild gazelle came to his very feet, and licked his hand; the young tiger purred, and laid its soft cheek upon his, while the haughty lion crouched still and submissive behind him, unfear'd by the frolicking kids and lambs. The sun went down, and the moon rose; peace still reigned in Osman's paradise, but not in his bosom. There was a void unfilled, for pets are not companions.

The moon was yet young, when Osman confessed to himself in secret, that he longed to see a human form. He wished to hear a human voice. But he would have the form that of a stranger; the voice he would desire to hear only in a foreign and unknown language. "No pretended friend, with the heart of an enemy, no fickle woman, no artful menial, no fawning beggar!" he cried.

And immediately a horse with dangling rein galloped to the fountain to drink. Osman found the fallen rider almost insensible upon the desert sands; he tenderly raised him, and gave him water. Then he helped him to mount the horse, and gently led him to his bower. The stranger was a fair young man, in the garb of a Frank; and when he spoke, though his voice was music to Osman's ears, it was

like the gabble of an infant, conveying no idea to his hungry mind. By gestures the guest signified his wish to buy one of Osman's pet doves for his supper. Did he refuse, and call on the Genius to supply the wants of his guest? Not so. It was a pleasure to make a sacrifice; the gift was granted, and Osman served the repast with his own hands. He washed the stranger's feet, and spread his couch, and while he slept, he watched over him as a mother watches by her child, allowing nothing to disturb his slumbers. In the early morning the traveller went on his way. Osman gazed after him as long as he could see the tiny speck moving upon the sands towards the dim horizon. Then his eyes filled with tears, and his heart was sick with longing. His blissful paradise was become a prison. He looked forward to the grave, and wished he were already old and ready to die; but he was young, and strong, and had many years to live.

The moon was still but a crescent, when he heard the voice of the Genius, as it were within the chambers of his own heart.

"What made thee unhappy when thou wast among men?"

"Self-love," said Osman, humbly.

"What makes thee unhappy in seclusion?"

"The need of loving others. I cannot endure to abide in solitude, through the waxing and waning of this sluggish moon. Take me home; let me be derided, defamed, cajoled; I will bear reproach, when I have not deserved it; I will resign love and friendship, if need be; I will ask nothing for myself,

for this have I learned, that I have more need to love than to be loved."

Immediately he felt a hand upon his shoulder; no fairy touch was that, but an honest, human grasp, followed by a hearty shake.

"Awake, awake," said the voice of Elhamah, "for thou art groaning in thy sleep as if a mountain were on thy breast. Come, for Zara is pining to forgive thee. I have cheated her anger by feigning to blame thee; she will have no one abuse thee but herself, and will accuse me hotly to thee as a false friend. But thou knowest, and wilt never doubt me, Osman."

It was a happy waking, and Osman never forgot his dream of the oasis in the desert.

A. W. A.

NOTES OF A SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADDRESS.

CHILDREN, in reading the life of a great and good man, not long ago, I was somewhat struck with a remark which he made to one of his friends, who was grieving very much over some small trouble or disappointment that he had recently suffered. "Consider," said this friendly adviser, "only consider how insignificant all this will appear a year hence." It seems to me that, by attending to this simple remark a little, we may get from it some religious instruction that will be of use to us. I wonder if the thought ever occurred to you, at a time when you

were enjoying yourselves very much, or when you were crying over some little cause of anger, or pain, or disappointment, "Well, what will it matter a week, or a month, or a year hence?"

How much *will* it matter? Apply the test in your own case. Try to recollect, each one of you, something which happened to you a year, or at least a month ago, which seemed very trying at the time, which excited, perhaps, some wrong passion, which made you feel much vexed, or angry, or brought on perhaps a fit of crying. You must be either very good, or very lucky, if you cannot recollect one such case. Well, how does the cause of all that trouble and ill-feeling appear to you now? Does it not seem very trifling, very insignificant? Don't you think of it now quite calmly, and rather wonder how it could once have troubled you so much?

I am sure you think so now. Try to recollect this, then, if in future you should be much pained or vexed or disappointed,—if you are tempted by some little occurrence to be angry or violent. The greater part of the difficulty of being good, and doing good, proceeds from allowing some strong excitement to get the mastery over you, and to hurry you on to do that which you will afterwards be sorry for. You will avoid this, if you learn to rate the cause of the excitement at its true value, and always to think how insignificant it will appear a year hence.

Do not think that I am applying this only to your little causes of childish trouble or anger. It is the religious view of life, for those who are grown up as

well as for you. All those trials, and pains, and disappointments of this life are *really* trifling, which will seem trifling when we come to leave it, and enter upon another world. You are at school here for only one hour in the week, and you see no probability that any little thing happening here, causing you a moment's pain, will be of consequence enough to be recollected in your future lives, when you will have ceased to be scholars, and will be teaching others. Well, we are all at school in this world, — we are all learning a lesson, forming a character, which will abide with us in another and an endless life. Most of the things which we grieve at or rejoice over now, will appear of no importance to us when we *get out of school*.

I have said that everything is really of trifling importance which will seem to us trifling either many years hence, or at the close of life. But is it true that every work we are engaged in now will appear insignificant at that future time? By no means; and it is right that you should know how to distinguish those things which are of permanent and real, from those which are of little and temporary importance. What you *do* is always of great moment; what you *suffer*, whether you laugh or cry over it, will soon pass away, and perhaps be forgotten; in most cases, it will be of little consequence a year hence. Take an instance. Some one offends you, and you are angry and wish to punish him for it. Now the cause of the offence, the reason of your anger, is that which will appear insignificant to you a year hence. But if you give way to that

anger, and seek to strike or injure him, this will not appear insignificant afterwards, for it will have aided to form your character. It will go towards creating a habit; you will afterwards find it more difficult to forgive.

F. B.

STEERAGE LIFE.

No. I.

MANY years ago I stepped for the first time on the deck of a ~~man~~-of-war. She was riding quietly at her moorings in the harbor of Norfolk, Virginia. Within a stone's throw of her quarter-deck were the grounds of the Portsmouth Hospital, — that great, white, desolate-looking home for battered and worn-out seamen, with which every navy-man is so familiar. A quarter of a mile to the south of us lay the city. Three or four times as far up the river was the navy-yard, with its immense ship-houses, tall flagstaff, and fleet of frigates laid up "in ordinary," among which towered like a giant the huge line-of-battle ship Pennsylvania.

Our own vessel was a beauty; one of those graceful models on which sailors look with admiration, and naval architects with pride. She seemed to swim on the surface of the bay as buoyantly as the albatross, whose slumbers she so often disturbed in mid-ocean, as she ploughed over the billows that cradled them. Her lofty spars reached ambitiously upward to the clouds, and were interwoven with

such a maze of ropes, running up and down, lengthwise and crosswise, that it almost seemed as if some huge spider had been spinning its web all over her. The decks were alive with a crew of more than two hundred. The open ports frowned with black, murderous-looking guns. Boarding-pikes were stacked around her masts, — cutlasses, battle-axes, pistols, and muskets were arranged in their proper places, all ready for use.

All this was new to me. I never had been on board a man-of-war before. And now a man-of-war was to be my home for four long years, — a longer time than I had ever spent in any one place before in all my life. It took me some time to become accustomed to my new abode, and acquainted with my new companions. It was many weeks, even months, before I learned the names and uses of the various objects around me. And indeed the whole cruise passed before I had mastered all there was to be known about the cordage, sails, spars, battery, and equipment of my floating home. I soon became familiar, however, with my own immediate quarters. I lived in the steerage, — a pair of little nests in which were stowed midshipmen, passed midshipmen, and clerks, — situated on the lower or berth-deck, just forward of the ward-room, the quarters of the lieutenants and other commissioned officers. It required very little time or labor to learn all about these two little snuggeries, in which our two messes lived. They might have been each about ten feet square, but so much of that space was taken up by lockers, that nothing more than a narrow pas-

sage was left around the heavy square table which occupied the centre of each steerage. There were eight of us; three passed midshipmen and myself ("the clerk") formed the port steerage mess; the four midshipmen lived in the opposite room, and styled themselves the starboard steerage mess. It was pretty close stowage; but in the daytime we were scattered in different parts of the ship, on duty, and only felt how crowded we were at meal-times, or when our cots and hammocks were slung for the night. But we all bore with easy good nature the inconveniences and laughed at the annoyances we could not help.

Of course there were a great many things to be done before we could be ready to commence our long voyage. But the time came at last. All our stores and provisions were finally on board and packed away. Wood and water were taken in for the last time. The last friends bade us adieu, — the last letters were written, — the sails were hoisted, — the anchor dragged from its muddy bed, — and we were off at sea! By nightfall the capes of Virginia had vanished behind the distant horizon, and we were alone on the ocean, — "Water, water, everywhere!"

It is great business, this going to sea. Did you ever try it? If you have, then you know all about the calms and storms, the little ripples and swelling billows, — the sea-birds and dolphins; you have watched the little petrels skimming about in the air and pattering on the waves; you have gazed up the dizzy masts and shrouds, and wondered how the

sailors could hold on up there while the ship was tumbling and pitching about in a tempest; you have seen the beauties of a sunset at sea, and perhaps, if you rose early enough, the glories of a sunrise even. And then, too, you have listened to the call of the lookout aloft, "Sail ho!" and have watched the little white speck growing larger and larger while it approached, until it became a tall ship, spreading its snowy wings to the breeze, and dancing its way over the rolling waters. You have heard the cry of "Land ho!" and have strained your eyes to trace the dim outlines of the distant coast; and, as it grew more and more distinct, have wondered at its ruggedness or rejoiced in its beauty. You have been rocked by the long, lazy swell of the sea in a calm, when the ship seemed to stop and rest after toiling with the boisterous elements. Then, again, you have seen a storm descend on the deep; have felt the driving rain and spray; have heard the roaring waters and the wind howling in the rigging; have seen sail after sail blown to pieces and scattering away to leeward like great flakes of snow; have no doubt received many an unexpected shower-bath from the sea that came dashing in over the bow or bulwark.

And were you sea-sick withal?

Sea life is monotonous, and would be dull enough without some incident or accident to spice the daily routine. We had the usual variety. Sometimes we saw whales, grampuses, porpoises, splashing and gambolling about on the surface of the deep,—and they make no small stir, I assure you,

when they get playing, especially the whales. Sometimes the sea sparkled with shoals of flying-fish, whose silvery wings gleamed in the sunlight as they darted from wave to wave; they must be Neptune's grasshoppers and crickets, they are so merry and lively. Sometimes, in tropical seas, a bright-colored water-snake would be floating coiled up asleep, and, suddenly waking, would dart far down into the clear watery depths; or a tiny "Portuguese man of war," disturbed by the approaching ship, would fold its little pink sail, withdraw into its shell, and sink out of sight beneath the waves. And we were always attended by flocks of sea-fowl, of many different sorts and sizes, that followed us in storm and shine until they seemed to become a part of our family. Occasionally we were greeted by varieties not altogether so pleasant. Sometimes the ship would launch down a steep billow and plunge into another one as if she would bury us all together, sending the spray on board in blinding sheets. I remember one night, in a heavy gale of wind, we were bowling along towards the northern coast of China, when all at once a big green sea came tumbling in over the bulwarks, like a small cataract, upon the heads of eighty or ninety men who were pulling and hauling on the ropes,—of course drenching them all through and through. Sailors have to laugh at such a misfortune; besides, it comes so often they get used to it.

On board a man-of-war there are still other things to vary the "even tenor" of sea life. There is the drilling of the marine guard in the musket exercise,

and of the sailors in the use of the battery. Sometimes the drum would beat to quarters, and the whole crew would muster at the guns to practise firing at a target; and you can readily imagine it requires no little skill to aim a thirty-two pounder at a floating cask a mile off, especially when the ship is rolling. Sometimes different companies of the crew would be exercised in firing with muskets and pistols at a small target hoisted at the foreyard arm. Every afternoon, regularly, we went to quarters, and the men were mustered to see that all were in order and none missing. And once a month the whole ship's company — officers, men, and all — were summoned to the quarter-deck to hear the "Articles of War" and the "Rules and Regulations of the Navy" read by our First Lieutenant, for whom a match-tub served as a stand, and the capstan as a desk. But after all, our greatest and best resource for "variety" was books. We had two pretty good, though small, libraries, which furnished us with good reading. And when there was nothing else to interest us, or to while away the time that often hung heavily on our hands, we could always resort to our books. We had histories, travels, scientific works, essays, stories, voyages, &c., &c. We could accompany Parry and Franklin among the ices of the frigid zone, while we ourselves were sweltering in the tropics; could wander with the Prince of Abyssinia in the Happy Valley, while we were buffeting the storms off Cape Horn; could live over again Western life, while we were ourselves in the extreme East; could study geology, when the nearest rocks

were thousands of fathoms beneath our keel; or surveying, when there was not an acre of land within ten days' sail; and could talk with the great and good of all ages, when we were separated from the countries that gave them birth by hundreds and hundreds of leagues of ocean and continent.

J. S. S.

HOLBEIN THE PAINTER.

KING Henry the Eighth had a taste for the fine arts, and invited the best foreign artists to his court. Raffaele and Titian excused themselves; but Hans Holbein, Sir Antonio More, and others, went to England, and were treated with much distinction and liberality. Holbein had an apartment assigned him in the palace, and received a pension of two hundred florins a year, besides being paid for every picture he painted for the king. That genius is the truest nobility was acknowledged, — notwithstanding the rude state of manners at that early period, — as appears from the following incident.

Holbein was engaged one day painting a portrait of one of the queen's ladies, when a nobleman, wishing to see him at work, came to his door, and would take no denial of the sergeant. He was about to force his way into the apartment, when the artist, coming to see what was going on, resisted his attempt to push into the room, and in the scuffle his lordship was tumbled down the stairs and hurt.

The painter, on seeing this mishap, was prompt in his next step to secure the king's ear. He made his way privately to his apartment, and the king pardoned him, on condition that his statement was the whole truth.

Very soon the haughty antagonist of the artist was announced. He had come to demand Holbein's head. Henry told him also to give a true statement of the facts. He suppressed a material one, with which the king had been made acquainted. His Majesty told Holbein to make an apology, but his lordship disdained such an atonement, and demanded the execution of the painter to repair the insult to his dignity. The king became angry, and declared that he was not entitled to any satisfaction, having disregarded the first law of honor, adherence to the truth. "My lord," said he, "you have not now to do with Holbein, but with me. If you contrive any revenge against him, the same punishment shall assuredly be inflicted upon yourself. And remember that I can, whenever I please, make seven lords of seven ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holbein out of seven lords."

Holbein appears to have continued in favor during the remainder of Henry's reign. He was also employed by young Edward, and died of the plague in London in 1554, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

THE good man grows wiser and better by adversity, as the wounded oyster mends his shell with pearls.

RURAL HYMN.

THEE we invoke, Father of all,
Thou Infinite and Holy One !
Nature and man united fall
In adoration at thy throne.

No temple raised by hands is here :
The boundless canopy above —
Temple enough for hearts sincere —
Shows forth thy yet more boundless love.

No organ peals thy praises high,
No choir exalts in lofty strains ;
The smiling scene — lake, wood, and sky —
Best speak of Him who endless reigns.

The birds which pour their artless lays,
The breeze, the hoarsely-murmuring sea,
Are thine appointed choir, to raise
A never-ceasing hymn to thee.

F. E. A.

THE OLD ATTIC.

AWAY up stairs in the fourth story was the old attic, our play-room. It reached from front to rear, and was our little world. There we did as we liked, and were free to make as much noise as we pleased, and we generally pleased to make a good deal. In the entry at the head of the stairs were three little cupboards. In them we kept our treasures, and woe to any one who dared to encroach

upon their privacy. We had nothing which we wished especially to hide, but for the principle of the thing. Secrecy was our delight; and we did not choose that our little regiments should be reviewed by any strange officer.

The great pride of our hearts, however, was our navy. All other possessions were trivial; this was the fruit of long study, much work, and many newspapers. Water was not at all necessary to its efficiency. Indeed, we found the paper keels better adapted to dry land; and, after a few trials, we did not aspire to a more stormy deep than a curiously defined portion of the attic floor.

Our world was peopled by three persons, an older brother, a younger brother, and myself; and to promote the interests of commerce, our dominion was divided into three countries: America, then governed by my eldest brother; England, where I ruled with rigid sway; and sunny France, where then was blooming the youngest offshoot from the paternal stalk. Except in name, our realms did not much resemble their prototypes. America was the dominant power, and was most despotically republican. It filled at least three quarters of all the land, on the plea that America, being the New World, was of course much larger than England and France, which were only part of the Old World. This logic was not altogether satisfactory to all concerned, but the Queen of the Waves could not resist, and, with Imperial France, was forced to yield to the pretensions of Young America. I fared better, however, than my young brother. America, with its clearly defined

principles of manifest destiny, could not consistently object to any aggression of mine. Among the Chinese it is said that, when the imperial Son of the Moon cuffs his Prime-Mandarin, that honorable minister very respectfully bows, and sweetly smiles upon his royal master; but, as soon as he has a chance, returns the compliment to his own Mandarin by kicking that functionary down stairs. By a similar principle, America being marked out, I claimed about nine tenths of the remaining quarter of the room. The above-mentioned youngest blossom, therefore, was forced to vegetate in only about one fortieth of the entire attic, which was not large enough adequately to represent the territory of France. The poor little Frenchman, therefore, was obliged closely to curl his diminutive limbs under his small red petticoats, and even then portions of his legs would lap over into England, to the great indignation of England's ruler.

The nature of the bounding lines, too, was essentially different. A chalk-mark divided America and England, for sometimes there were annexations and dismemberments. France, however, was bounded by twine nailed firmly to the floor, an immovable frontier. America and England were both agreed on one point, — that France should not be enlarged; and since it was already too small to leave a sufficient seat for the little French monarch, no effort was to be made further to contract its shrunk proportions.

The power was divided nearly in the same way as the territory. The American navy maintained

incessant war upon English ships, which were always forced to yield. English men-of-war were not, like the American ones, armed with large pins in the bow, nor were they able to break in the sides of their antagonists. They were built to be conquered, not to conquer, and lo! the "meteor flag of England" was not able to "brave the battle and the breeze," but was forced to droop before the stars and stripes, and furious democracy, of Young America.

Our old play-room, however, was not merely a home for navies. A large and complicated system of traffic centred there. The current coin was made of bright bits of paper, cut round on the bottom of a spool, and marked with the value of the piece. Like other paper currencies, ours was subject to great depreciation, or, to speak more accurately, it never rose above a state of most absolute depression. Three cents in specie was enough to balance the entire circulating medium of three mighty empires, and the most immense sums were not sufficient to purchase a single empty spool. To compensate for their lack of absolute value, the coins were nominally of inconceivable worth. I say inconceivable, because the combined mathematics of America, England, and France were unable to read the figures which expressed it. Nor was that fact entirely inexplicable, since our method of notation was to write a "1" and then fill the remaining surface with zeros.

On one memorable occasion, however, stimulated by a wish for wealth, we formed a partnership with a little boy in our neighborhood to sell lemonade and peony-leaves in our attic to all individuals who

should visit that region to buy. Our partner was to furnish the lemonade, while we agreed to supply a large stock of peony-leaves from a family bush which wasted its delicate fragrance on the desert air of our back-yard. How our joint concern came to an end I do not remember, nor am I able to state the balance in our favor which the books of the corporation showed when they were closed. The negative result, however, was obvious; the project did not raise any of its authors to a position of oppressive opulence.

We had even our animals, and the annals of our Natural History are not altogether without interest. In the dead of night the roaring of wild beasts might be heard, and the cracking of wood, as the ferocious creatures sought after the relics of luncheons upon which the kingdoms daily fed. Nor were the rats the only animals who roamed the solitudes of America, or boldly swam the ocean to tread the streets of London. America one afternoon received the present of a small dog, a little treasure which was actually alive, and could bark. Alas, poor little fellow! that last qualification was his destruction. He not only *could* bark, but he *would* bark, in spite of the associated influence of three empires. The natural result was, that he did not long roam through the wilds of America, or the cities of France, but was miserably limited to the streets of Boston alone. At sunset we brought him home in joy, and, after much entreaty and some diplomatic conference with our mother, were allowed to keep him on trial. We then bore him to our attic, and

generously allowed him free range over all our territories, while we retired to our beds. In the middle of the night we were roused from our slumbers. Evidently there was some confusion in our domain. Now a sharp howl was borne to our ears from the distant summit of the Alps, and I must say that it was, considering the distance, astonishingly distinct. Now from the dismal recesses of the Great Swamp a yell proceeded, so like its predecessor that, had not the great distance rendered it impossible to believe the sound to come from the same being, you would almost feel certain that the same lungs produced the fearful tone. Then a rapid succession of squeals from various parts of Europe and America was heard, and it was evident that some terrific convulsion was disturbing the peace of two continents. As the awful echoes pealed through the paternal mansion, we lay quaking in our beds, foreboding in horror the fate of the Fauna of half the world. Our anticipations of evil were well founded. Such fearful tumult was too much for the endurance even of an indulgent parent, and soon a slight noise was heard in the adjoining chamber where our father slept, the door was heard to open, and the stairs to creak beneath his tread. A fearful yell *crescendo* burst upon our ears as the attic door opened, and then followed a series of sharp, convulsive yelps, which accompanied our father's descent, and by their modifications and direction showed plainly that his course was tending toward the cellar-door. We heard the bolts drawn back, a farewell howl, the shutting of the door, and the replacing of the bolts.

A solemn stillness then settled on the startled air, broken only by the paternal tread upon the stairs. The result was plain. Our beloved acquisition was to pass the night in the domestic Bastile.

In the morning solemn sentence of eternal banishment was passed upon the imprisoned cur, whose midnight turmoil had so curtailed his freedom. Never again did he visit the Alps, at least so far as we know, and all his race were likewise laid under ban by the supreme court of judicature, whose decisions America, England, and France alike obeyed.

I have told you a story of a time long since gone by. The old attic exists now only in memory, and its continental divisions have been wiped away. Even the perennial boundary of France has disappeared amid the dismemberment of empires in this modern age. The little French king has long since abandoned red frocks and petticoats, and increase of years has diminished his weakness. He has probably forgotten the injustice of which he was the object. England, however, remembers it well, and assures you, O reader, that, when the mimic crown and sceptre are laid aside, and the play-room is only a reminiscence, your pleasure in recollecting the scenes and events of your childish plays will be much increased if you are not forced to recall unjust acts and unkind words.

P. & S.

INDIAN CORN.

SEVILLE's soft, luxurious clime
Yields the orange and the lime ;
And the cool, refreshing shade
By their clustering branches made
Seems to hold the perfumed air
As a willing captive there.

CEYLON, isle of spice and balm,
Boasts her groves of stately palm ;
Where the sunbeams lingering rest,
As they loved that land the best ;
Where the birds amid her bowers
Are like gorgeous wingéd flowers.

In thy vales, fair, sunny FRANCE,
Peasants love the vintage dance ;
When the vines their clusters yield,
Songs are heard from every field ;
All the land, in festal dress,
Overflows with happiness.

But of all the precious stores
Nature's bounteous hand outpours
O'er each hill and vale and plain,
Flower, fruit, or waving grain,
Dearest to the Northern born
Stands the graceful Indian Corn.

When in Spring the verdant leaf
Bursts the seed's enclosing sheath,
Or, in Summer's glowing light,
The feathery tassel greets the sight,
Grace and beauty still adorn
Every change of Indian Corn.

When the Autumn's gorgeous dyes
Reflect the hues of sunset skies
O'er the glowing harvest-plain,
There the ears of clustered grain,
In the yellow sheath enrolled,
Seem like topaz set in gold.

L. A. S.

BERTHA.*(Concluded.)*

ROWENA had a commanding figure, and her face might have been pleasing, but for an expression of discontent, almost amounting to sullenness. Bertha was sure at first sight she could never like her, especially as she wore a dingy silk dress, loaded with trimming, evidently, and somewhat unsuccessfully, made over to a new form in order to be in the latest fashion. Her collar was a coarse, showy one too, and she had a large, ugly brooch to fasten it.

"No,—but I will do my best to make her look happier," thought Bertha; "I pity her."

Pity is one step towards love. The shabby silk was soon superseded by school dresses of the neatest and prettiest kind, and the brooch,—no one ever saw it again. The brow cleared amazingly, in a few busy days, and the cloud came back only at leisure times, on Sundays and holidays, or after the receipt of letters. Bertha grew more and more anxious that it should be entirely and for ever dispersed. She was really interested in making Rowena cheerful

and happy. Instead of "Can I like her? Could I ever love her?" the question was, "Does she like me? Can I make her love me dearly?"

"O, I never went to a grown-up party in my life! I am so glad I am invited!" cried Bertha. "I think it is a great deal pleasanter to be in the country, where the parties have old and young all together! O, won't it be rich pleasure, to go to a real party with Aunt Jane!"

"I shall not go," observed Rowena, with a portentous gloom upon her brow. "I am not asked as an equal. I am considered merely a kind of upper servant, a drudge paid by my entertainers; I am invited in condescension; I accept no such favors."

"You ridiculous creature!" cried Bertha, shaking her, till she could not help laughing and giving Bertha a shaking in return, as a large Newfoundland dog might a saucy terrier.

"Ask Aunt Jane if it is not so," said Rowena. "To be sure, I am not a regular schoolmistress; I give lessons, which is thought a little more genteel, I fancy. How I do despise pride!" Bertha bit her lip to keep from laughing outright at that. "I do hate pride!" Rowena repeated this exclamation as if she herself doubted the truth of it. "Pride is the meanest thing in the world."

"If you had a little of the right kind," said Aunt Jane, "you would not be afraid of being looked down upon."

The argument was carried no further, fortunately, for absurd notions are confirmed by arguing with them.

Rowena rather repented when she saw Aunt Jane and Bertha go away chatting and laughing in the best social mood. "How queer, — making her own butter and cheese in the morning, and as gay as that child in her delight at going to a party in the evening! From the old-fashioned farm-house to that elegant mansion! The same cap she wears at home! Is she a silly or a wise old woman, to go there, I wonder. I somehow do not feel that anybody will look down on *her*, go where she will. Why?"

Here was a subject for thought, and Bertha's wearing a clean muslin gingham in preference to a more ambitious dress was another. "The *first* party, too!"

In her lonely cogitation upon these matters, she came to the conclusion that she had been taught to measure respectability by a false and petty standard. She opened her eyes all at once to the fact, that this foolish pride had been the ruin of her father's happiness, and the original cause of the degraded position of the family; degraded not by poverty, but by owing everybody and paying nobody. Show — show — show, — and nothing under it; the constant struggle to appear *respectable*, in a wrong use of the word! How her heart sickened as she remembered the private parsimony and ostentatious extravagance, the alternate meanness and prodigality, in which she had had a share! She had but one thing to think of with self-respect, and that was her thorough scholarship, which had made her education at the best school in the city a most profitable instance of ambition. The conscientious and highly-principled teach-

er would let no pupil waste time or advantages, and she had graduated with a knowledge and discipline that would enable her to teach in any school, if she chose.

Aunt Jane and Bertha came back more chatty and animated than they went. They came talking into the house,—“Such a loss!” “Dear me, what shall we do without her?”

“Who? Is anybody *dead*? I conclude not, by your tone,” said Rowena, half peevishly.

“Only going to be married,” said Bertha; “and it is about as bad, for *us*.”

“A lady who could manage a school so admirably will conduct a household as well,” said Aunt Jane.

“Who? Who? I beg to know,” said Rowena.

“Engaged this ever so long, but would not leave till the end of the year,—so attached to her oldest class.”

“Worth waiting for,” said Aunt Jane.

“The class, or the lady? Is it Miss M——, our preceptress, you are talking about?” asked Rowena, but got no answer, directly. How could they talk so fast, and hear at the same time?

“And she wants you to be her assistant, Rowena, if you will, with a view to taking her place. You are recommended to her by your teacher.”

“Now, then, I shall learn *who* it is,” said Rowena, laughing, with a blush of mingled feelings at the idea of being recommended before she had asked any testimony in her favor. She was pleased, yet doubtful about being grateful. But when she found

that Miss M—— was regarded as a near friend by the parents of her scholars, and with affectionate reverence by the pupils themselves, and especially that she was about to marry one of the first men in the county, absolutely a member of Congress, she thought she might dismiss any idea of condescension in becoming her successor.

She had a very inadequate view of the real dignity and honor of her office at that time, however. It came with experience, when, with Bertha for her assistant, she took the school into her own hands, and felt all the responsibility and importance of her position. She looked round with a beating heart upon the thirty young faces turned towards her, and looking up to her. So many young hearts were there, to be influenced for good or ill, and so many young minds to be led, trained, and filled. The task was a solemn one to undertake, and she sincerely doubted her sufficiency. But it was not a time to hesitate. She was placed in this relation to the immortal spirits before her, and must go right on, learning how to do her work in doing it. "At least, this work came to me; I did not seek it, and take it from any one more likely to do it well," she thought.

Bertha's feelings were of a similar cast. Not quite sixteen, she was young to assume even an assistant's care, and she was still a pupil in the advanced class, in certain branches. She had a peculiar tact, or perhaps it was only the experience gained in elder sisterhood at home, which enabled her to rule, without an obvious assumption of authority. But she had not yet tried this power upon

girls her equals and even superiors in age and height, and besides, her best qualifications and attainments seemed to her insufficient. "It is only an experiment, and I will not write home about it, not even to Aunt Marian," she said, in her humble and modest beginning of usefulness in a regular routine.

"I am glad you are in a way to support yourself," wrote Rowena's mother, some time after. "I told Mr. Hayward I did not see why *his* daughter should have to do anything of the kind, — the first he knew of it! He said the little rogue had not said a word about it; and he seemed pleased, which I a little wonder at. He came to bring me some money; your father sent it to him, as he felt all he could get was his, he said. But Mr. Hayward would not take it, thinking we had the most need of it. It made him feel kindly to your father, though. I shall buy Sally a dress-bonnet, I think; it is of no use to think of paying any debts, there are so many; it would be nothing but a drop in the bucket, you know; and though boarders are coming in pretty well, I could not spare *much* of it."

Rowena wept over this letter; she was ashamed even to mention it to Bertha or Aunt Jane. She was become a different being in a few short months, like a young tree transplanted from a bad situation, where it was twisted and cramped and ill developed, and made to stand by itself in open ground. Her natural qualities were fine, and she became upright, as a matter of course. Not without some care from Aunt Jane, perhaps, — not too obvious

to be successful, — and a warm, sunny, fostering influence from the love of Bertha, and the thirty pupils.

Aunt Marian was duly astonished at the remittance of her thirty dollars, with a demand for a receipt, Mr. Hayward having kept Bertha's counsel. The aunt was much more proud of this money than the niece. She privately deposited it in a Savings Bank, in Bertha's name. "When she comes home, we will consult together for a worthy use to be made of it," she thought. Jane was her confidante, and the little bank-book was a favorite study of hers, enjoyed in mystery, and with closed doors. One day, as she was taking a private peep, Dudley being in the room, a corner of the bright blue cover caught his eye. He saw Jane hide the book as soon as she perceived that he had peeped at it. In a day or two it mysteriously disappeared. Marian and Jane searched for it in vain, without thinking of going beyond the precincts of their own apartment. Dudley had made it his prize and carried it to school, where he and his fellows in mischief had made a picture-book of it. No bank-book was ever so illuminated before. The drawings were not only highly original in design, but were gorgeously colored with gamboge and vermilion and indigo, with which the smaller urchins had been allowed to daub woodcuts, to keep them busy and quiet. Great was Mrs. Hayward's surprise, and the vexation of Marian, when the book was sent home one day, with a polite note of regret from the schoolmistress, who had rescued it, the important record being yet legible.

After that, Bertha's *fortune* was a great subject for joking in the family. Even the children quizzed Aunt Marian about it. She found it very tiresome. She concealed her annoyance as well as she could, knowing that good temper is death to quizzing, and at last it was forgotten. But by that time, it was taken up by neighbors. "So Bertha is become an heiress!" said one of them, an old playmate of the young teacher. Marian, in a pet, took her book and went to the bank to withdraw the deposit. There were some depositors waiting,—others coming in,—her ridiculous book must be displayed, if she recalled the money,—it would be flourished abroad by the cashier,—it would draw attention to her. No, she would make an excuse to depart without producing it.

The cashier bowed, to signify that it was her turn. "I wish to ask, sir, whether the children of the comparatively wealthy families,—not the rich,—ought not to scruple to take advantage of this institution, which is intended to aid the comparatively poor?"

There was a dead silence all around.

"No, madam. The sums they lend us are an advantage to the institution; so they take nothing away from the poor, you see. One object we have is to teach the value of money, by showing its increase; rich children have need to learn that lesson, as well as others, and will by having something of their own. Such depositors are not liable to those sudden panics in which the ignorant are led to injure their own interests, by a sudden demand for their money; we have to let out a proper share of our

funds, of course, that they may be productive, and a run upon the bank deprives the depositors of all accumulation of interest."

"I am glad to understand it," said Marian, retiring to make room for the next in turn.

"Some people think saving makes little folks parsimonious and covetous," pursued the gentleman, while counting a roll of bank-notes; "(twenty-seven — twenty-eight, all right;) but I think it makes them generous, by giving them the means of being so, *really*."

Marian smiled, and went away. She wrote to Bertha, calling the deposit their mutual charity fund, and offering to put in dollar for dollar with her, till some occasion when both should think it proper to draw out and employ their hoard. Very soon there came a letter enclosing ten dollars. Marian was rather taken aback. She thought it would not be hard to keep pace with Bertha, but if such sums were to come at such short intervals, she must be more economical than she was accustomed to be, to do so.

"I never was so happy in my life, dear Aunt Marian," wrote Bertha. "The days are too short for me. I grudge the time I spend in sleep. There is interest in every moment, for it has an important object to be spent for. I use all my leisure in painting screens for my charity fund; Rowena disposes of them, as she knows all about such work. She sent a magnificent pair of her own making to her best friend, as she calls him, with the money due for unpaid school-bills; and I wish you could see his letter

in return! It made Rowena very happy, for some time."

Jane was admitted to the charity partnership, and great were the savings occasioned by her mother's offer of so much a day for the renunciation of sweets, and other unwholesome articles, to which the indulgence of years had given the puny child a sort of right. As she nibbled a bit of bread, instead of a piece of rich cake, her enjoyment of her luncheon was increased in two ways; her health improved, and with it her appetite, and she felt the joy of self-denial for a worthy end.

We bid good by to Bertha for the present. Perhaps at some future time our readers may like to hear how the fund grew, and what was done with it.

A. W. A.

NEW-WORLD CAMELS.

THE Llama pastures upon the Andes, just beneath the line of perpetual snow. They hold the same useful position among the aborigines of South America that the camel does among the Arabs. They will carry a load of a hundred pounds, over roads too dangerous for the mule or the ass, and difficult for man. The Indians are very fond of them, and, though they drive them with a whip, seldom use it; when one of them lags behind, or lies down upon the road, its driver talks to it, and persuades it to forget its fatigue, and go on again. Their loads are

taken off at midday, so that they may feed, and it is said that they never eat at night. They require little food, drink little water, and usually subsist on what they find on the mountains. Though they are feeble animals, they can travel fifteen miles a day. But they must have rest after three or four days' journey, or they perish on the road. The motion of the head and neck of the llama, as it crosses the mountain crags, may be likened to that of the swan when it floats over smooth water. Their masters hang little bells about their graceful necks, and decorate the tips of their ears with bits of bright-colored ribbon. They are gentle and inoffensive, both the masters and their animals, except when imposed upon. The llamas have but one defence; they cast their saliva upon their drivers or each other, and it is presumed to be poisonous. The llama wool makes good coarse cloth, not of one even color.

The Alpacca and Huanaco are of the llama kind. The huanaco is known by its being of a larger size than the common species. It is difficult to train, even when caught young; it never gives up the idea of liberty, but will regain its companions in the wilds whenever opportunity occurs.

The Alpacca is the smallest species, and it has the finest and longest wool. Its body resembles that of a sheep; the head and neck is that of the llama. The alpacca wool is well known in the markets; the Indians trade it off on the coast. For this purpose, great numbers of these animals are raised. It has been observed that they seek the south side of the mountains, probably for better pasture than can be found on the north.

Akin to these is the Vicuña. It is a more delicate and neatly formed animal than the llama, with a coat of fine curly wool; its color is like that of the smaller deer. The vicuna (as well as could be judged by the hasty observation of Lieutenant Gibbon*) prefers a region a little warmer than that occupied by the llama.

"Ascending a rough, rocky road, over deeply washed ravines, we gain the smooth grass-capped mountains. Yonder is a lake of clear snow-water, and there stand five beautiful vicunas, gazing intently at us. What pretty animals, and how wild they look! They come here to pasture with their kinsfolk, the llamas.

"'Richards, ride round the mountain; José, go steadily along the road with the baggage, while I take this ravine, and try for a shot.'

"We all start. The male gives a whistle which sounds among the hills like the cry of the wild turkey; the four females are off. He stands still. As I near him he calls louder, and long before I get within ball range he is away over the mountain brow. The sailor-boy, Richards, will never give up the chase; he has run his mule out of breath, and now he takes after them on foot." Nothing is said of his success, however. "The vicuna is very swift and difficult to capture. The Indians take them by driving them into pens. Now and then a young one may be found tamed, a pet among the children. They are never used as beasts of burden. Fine

* "Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon," 1854.

cloths and valuable hats are manufactured from the fleece of the vicuna."

The experiment of introducing the llama into the United States is about to be made.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES.

1. A, E, I, O, U.
 2. The Heart.
 3. Spark.
 4. Misfortune.
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GRANDMAMMA'S STORY.

Grandmamma. Come near, and sit very still, for I'm very old; I am apt to forget, you know, if I am troubled by noise. Here, Anne; you may have the end of my footstool to sit on; and Sam may bestride the arm of my chair. All ready now?

Children. Yes; all ready. Only Sam must not play he's on a horse; it makes us laugh.

Sam. I will only trot a very little.

Children. He must not trot *any*, must he?

Grandmamma. There was once an old man who

had three daughters; they had very odd names. Hark now, all of you!

Children. We 're harking.

Grandmamma. The oldest was named WAIT-AWHILE; the second he called MAKE-HASTE; the youngest was a great chatterbox, and he called her HOLD-YOUR-TONGUE.

Children. Oh! was it her real name?

Grandmamma. I never heard that she had any other. The story was told so to me, when I was as young as you. It is seventy years ago, now.

Anne. How *can* you remember so long! I have forgotten the names already; only MAKE-HASTE!

Grandmamma. Well; MAKE-HASTE was sent out to get something for dinner. She scattered some corn on the ground; down came the pigeons to eat it. But when she ran to catch one, they all flew up again to the dove-cote. Then she ran after the ducks; they could not waddle very fast, but the pond was close by, and they all swam off into the middle of it. Then she tried to catch a rabbit; they all got away, into their burrows in the ground. The turkeys flew up into the trees, and the hens all got through the fence into the neighbor's grounds. At last poor little MAKE-HASTE came in, hot and tired, and ready to cry.

Children. Silly MAKE-HASTE! She scared them all away.

Grandmamma. Then the old father said to his oldest daughter, "I wonder if *you* can get us a dinner?" She gaped, and put out one foot, but did not get up till she had stretched, and waited awhile.

Children. Lazy thing! She will get no dinner, I think.

Grandmamma. She took a basket and went out into the road. She thought the baker or the butcher might come by. But they did not. Then she took the fishing-lines, and went down to the brook. But though she waited a great while, the fish would not bite. Then she thought she would wait for the hens to lay some eggs, but they had stolen a nest in a neighbor's barn. She went and looked in the garden; the beans, and the potatoes, and the corn, they were growing, growing, growing,—but she could not wait for any of them to be grown enough to gather for her father's dinner. POOR WAIT-AWHILE sat down and cried. The old man began to be very faint and hungry.

Children. The youngest is always the smartest, in stories. Did he not send her, at last?

Grandmamma. She was talking to her dolls up in the attic. She was chattering so fast she did not hear her father, who called as he sat in his great arm-chair. He got his cane, and rapped, but she did not attend. He went to the staircase to call her, and—and—let me think—what *was* her name? I am *so* forgetful!

Children (all together). HOLD-YOUR-TONGUE!

Grandmamma (pretending to be affronted). Well, so I will. Yes, I *will* hold my tongue.

Children. But we did not mean so! Dear grand-ma! Do go on.

Grandmamma. So disrespectful! *Hold your tongue*, to me!

Children. O grandmamma! Tell the rest; do tell us whether the old father had any dinner at last.

Grandmamma. I cannot tell. For my grandfather always, when I told what the youngest daughter's name was, *held his tongue*, and that ended the story.

A. W. A.

LABOR AND WAIT.

"PLEASE to buy my cactus, ma'am." "What, that ugly thing?" "Only a quarter, ma'am!" "Why, I would not give it house-room for a quarter; no, nor for a half-dollar, either!" "O ma'am, if you could only see the flower, you'd be as unwilling to part with it as you now are to harbor it." "What! a pretty flower from that ugly, prickly lump of a thing! I might as well look for a kiss from a porcupine or a smile from an alligator." "Have n't you seen a bright day come from a dark night? or a rainbow from a thunder-storm?" I could not deny either wonder, so the quarter-dollar was dropped into one palm, and the cactus taken from the other.

"Now," thought I, "the young folks will not be in want of something to aim their shafts at for some time! I really cannot feel very hopeful, myself, about this promised beauty. But I'll put a good face on a doubtful matter. The best way is to treat my new charge as if a great deal was to be expected of it, and who knows what may be the result? Now what do you want, you little ungainly, homely

bunch, to give you the fullest development? What is required to bring all those hidden beauties to light and perfection?"

Fresh air, plenty of sunshine, the morning and evening dew, and the early and the latter rain.

"What! nothing else? Is there nothing for me to do but to place it where it can enjoy God's rich gifts? That's all! It is an exotic, and wants only what would be freely bestowed upon it in its own natural situation."

The little flower-pot soon found a nice place on the roof of the piazza, where it enjoyed a tropical heat at noon, and the refreshing dews of the evening. Now and then, my pensioner looked to me for an extra allowance of water. This, and placing it in its proper aspect, where it might have a shelter from chilly winds, was all I could do for it. Its growth and improvement depended entirely on its freedom to enjoy God's own precious gifts,—and even to them it seemed long insensible.

At last a bud really appeared, or rather a queer-looking excrescence that might be a bud, but looked much more like a prickly wart. By and by a little soft, white down began to cover it. Then there seemed a contention, the bud being determined to keep its tiny form clear of the down, and the down to persist in its officious protection of the young bud. Thus it remained for weeks, and but little progress was made.

One morning, it shook off its laziness, and took a noble start! For two days it grew like the wonderful bean we all know so much about. The third day the flower, the long-hoped-for flower, showed its

streaks of white between its unfolding leaves, and when the cool, soft, quiet evening came, all was perfect. The ungainly plant had produced the bud, the ugly bud had now become the most beautiful, pure, clear white flower, surpassing in its rare gifts the loveliest of lilies. I put it under the brightest light of the lamp, and called friends and neighbors to admire it, and rejoice with me in the full fruition of long-deferred hope,—hope that had often faltered, hope that seemed to struggle against impossibilities.

Children of the Mission to the Destitute! To you are daily offered plants that will yield flowers a thousand times more beautiful than this little cactus,—plants that appeal to every heart to take them home in all their present deformity, and place them where they can enjoy the pure sunshine of love and kindness, the morning and evening dew of good companionship, the early and the latter rain of wise counsel and wholesome instruction.

For you the way is clear, the path open. Every penny you can give helps some little human plant from the sickening, contagious air of vice, and the irritation of suffering, harsh treatment, and grinding poverty, to richer blessings than any of us can understand, with our present dull vision. But we shall know the issue of our work with thankfulness when we see the buds we have helped to foster on earth blooming in the everlasting sunshine of heaven.

Can this lovely task be offered to unwilling hands? Can we think of it except as a blessed privilege? Freely ye have received, freely give.

M. H. F.

HALLOWELL, November 12.

LETTER FROM LILLIE.

Cadiz, Spain.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

We remained in Funchal only a few *days*, instead of *weeks*, as the affairs of Mr. Gilmore made it necessary for my uncle to go immediately to Cadiz. I was very desirous to have the charge of sweet little Maud and Herbert Gilmore, but my uncle vetoed my proposal, and my aunt also disapproved it; they engaged a nice, pleasant Portuguese girl named Tina Lomelino to go with us, and said they should put me also under her care. But I claimed the right of taking care of myself; for I am never sea-sick at all, for which comfort I am very grateful. We had a very agreeable voyage of six days from Madeira to Cadiz, which is, you know, a port in the southwest corner of Spain. The *entrance* to the harbor is three miles wide, and the harbor also is very broad and capacious. My uncle says it is one of the finest in the world. Brother Eddie, who is so fond of shipping, would have been delighted with the busy scene. Hundreds of boats and other vessels were lying at anchor; some were getting under way, spreading their huge sails to the breeze, others were taking them in and preparing to anchor; many were fishing-boats, emptying the scaly things into baskets for the market. It looked very strange, to my American eyes, to see the city surrounded by walls and battlements, having two gates, with arched passages, a sentinel with a bayonet standing at each

gate. One gate is for people to enter the city, the other for them to go out. The gates are closed at night, and no one can enter the city or go from it till morning. There were such crowds of people all around each gate that we could not see which was the right one, and went towards the one from which they were pouring out; the sentinel turned us back with his bayonet, and pointed to the other gate. As soon as we were within the gate, we entered a large room something like a barn in its rude appearance; here the custom-house officers examined our baggage in quite a gentlemanly manner. Little Maud Gilmore, fearing that her large, handsome wax Dollie would be drowned, or have her limbs or nose broken, insisted on carrying it in her arms, enveloped in various scalloped blankets. One of the officers, fearing, I suppose, that auntie was smuggling something into the country that she ought not, requested to have Miss Maud's bundle unrolled for his inspection. Little Maud displayed her handsome doll with great pride; but when the officers and people around saw what it was, there were shouts of laughter, which very much offended Miss Maud, and disconcerted the officer, who walked away looking quite ashamed. Cadiz is quite a venerable city. My uncle says it was founded three thousand years ago, and had formerly very great commercial prosperity; but its commerce has declined; it is now a very quiet city, without much life. The streets are narrow, but very clean; the houses are tall and stately, four or five stories high, dazzlingly white, with balconies projecting into the street. The

houses are most of them built around the four sides of an open court, which is sometimes paved with marble. We have a very nice landlady; she has four very handsome and very intelligent daughters. Donna Inez assists me very much in my Spanish lessons. I commenced the study of Spanish before I went to Madeira. It is a very sweet, melodious language, and much less difficult to me than the French. We have nice, large, *clean* rooms, and everything comfortable as we could wish, which uncle says is very unusual in Spain; he thinks it is because our hostess was educated in England, and acquired some English habits and customs. The house we occupy is five stories high, built around a court open to the sky; each story has a gallery with an iron railing running all around the four sides, with doors opening into the different apartments; it affords a fine run for us children. To our great amazement, we found the kitchen was in the upper story; we inquired how they carried the heavy articles needed to such a height, and they showed us the pulleys in the court-yard by which they were raised. Maud and Herbert were much delighted when they found that one room not far from the kitchen was devoted entirely to doves, and the next one occupied by a large household of hens and chickens, with nests all arranged for them in the most approved manner; they amused themselves very much with the doves and chickens, as they were quite tame, living in the house, and seeing the visitors. We remain a few days in Cadiz, long enough to see all the objects of interest. The new Cathedral is of white marble; the interior

was completed not long since, after a hundred and twenty years of labor. I think the exterior is not yet finished. I saw some workmen about, who seemed to be busy. We all went to walk in the Alameda, which is the public walk of the city; it has little beds of flowers, some pretty shrubbery, and statues; but its shade-trees seemed to be mere apologies for trees. I suppose it is because they are so near the sea, that, in high gales, salt spray is dashed upon them, which checks their growth. We had a delightful walk upon the city walls, from which there was a grand view of the shipping in the harbor. Looking over the bright blue waters, we saw two pretty villages, the country beyond, and some mountains in the distance; I think Auntie said they were the mountains of Ronda. Turning to the north, we saw a rocky ledge extending far out into the sea, and at its extremity the light-house tower, one hundred and seventy feet high. We go in a few days to Gibraltar. Tell dear brother Eddie I shall write to him from thence. I should like to see dear mamma and all the loved ones at home, this very moment; but as I have not Aladdin's lamp, or the enchanted carpet, which would transport one sitting upon it a thousand miles in a minute, I must content myself with imagining that I see you all, and that you are all talking with tones of love to sister

LILLIE.

Will any young reader send a translation of LA FILLE ORPHELINE?

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

THROUGH the disinterested kindness of a friend, the Editor is enabled to withdraw from the troublesome office of Publisher. She will retain the ownership of *The Child's Friend* for the year to come, as the times render all calculations of profit uncertain, and a possible loss ought not to fall upon the funds of the Children's Mission. If there is a surplus, which seems probable, it will still be devoted to the cause.

It may be necessary here to allude to a misapprehension which prevented some friends from subscribing in the summer, and which was confirmed by a mistake in a very friendly notice of *The Child's Friend* in the *Boston Courier*. *The Child's Friend* had stopped, it was said, but would go on *as soon as the Editor could be saved from loss*. The Editor read this with a feeling of rueful mirth, and hopes that the friends who have been waiting to subscribe in January will not forget their intention. *The Child's Friend* would have expired, had it been allowed to stop. The Editor is willing still to carry it on at a loss, if it must be so, through the coming year, in hopes that it will be preserving a good old tree, which shall bear much fruit, not only pecuniarily, for the Children's Charity, but in a more important way, through its moral influence.

Except contributions to the Editor's Portfolio, all future communications are to be addressed to John Bartlett, Esq., University Bookstore, Cambridge. His services as publisher are gratuitous. The subscribers and the Editor have reason for mutual gratulation that the management of the business affairs have passed into abler hands than hers. Those subscribers who, through her ignorance of post-office regulations, received duplicates of the last number, are requested to lend, or give them, with a view to making the work known, and if any person failed to receive a copy, he can obtain one on application to Mr. Bartlett.

